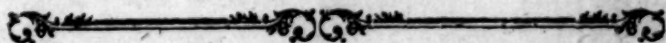


THE
WORKS
OF
Dr. JONATHAN SWIFT,
DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.

VOLUME VIII.



EDINBURGH:

Printed by A. DONALDSON, and sold at his Shops
in London and Edinburgh.

M. DCC. LXVIII.

W O R K S

DR. JOHANN SWIFT

Dean of St. Paul's Church



VOLUME VII

EDINBURGH

Printed by A. DODD, and sold by the
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M. DCC. LXXV.



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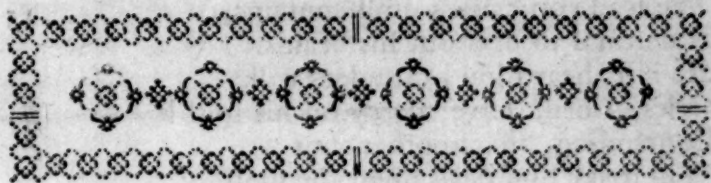
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MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

To Dr. DELANY, on the Libels written
against him.

———*Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi.*

Written in the year 1729.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start, 5
And feel a trembling at his heart ;
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound ;
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops : 10
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the world with fear and shame :

Vol. VIII.

A .

When

When first in print you see him dread
 Each pop-gun levell'd at his head :
 The lead yon critic's quill contains, 15
 Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
 As if he heard loud thunders roll,
 Cries, Lord, have mercy on his soul !
 Concluding, that another shot
 Will strike him dead upon the spot. 20
 But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
 He cannot see one creature dropping;
 That, missing fire, or missing aim,
 His life is safe, I mean his fame ;
 The danger past, takes heart of grace, 25
 And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
 To poison'd arrows from the dark,
 Yet, in yourself when smooth and round *,
 They glance aside without a wound. 30

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art ;
 How Pain they might from Pleasure part ;
 But little could their strength avail ;
 Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
 Thus Fame and Censure with a tether 35
 By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
 In wit before the common herd ?
 And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
 To pay the penalty annex'd ? 40

'Tis eminence makes envy rise ;
 As fairest fruits attract the flies.
 Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
 You soon a remedy may find :

* In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

3

Lie down obscure like other folks
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
'Their faction is five hundred odds;
For ev'ry coxcomb lends them rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning tea.

45

50

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.
Then, if you find the terms too hard,
No longer my advice regard:
But raise your fancy on the wing;
The Irish senate's praises sing;
How jealous of the nation's freedom,
And for corruptions, how they weed 'em;
How each the public good pursues;
How far their hearts from private views;
Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys
Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys *;
Thus grown a member of the club,
No longer dread the rage of Grub.

55

60

How oft am I for rhyme to seek!
To dress a thought, I toil a week:
And then how thankful to the town,
If all my pains will earn a crown!
Whilst ev'ry critic can devour
My work and me in half an hour.
Would men of genius cease to write,
The rogues must die for want and spite;
Must die for want of food and raiment,
If scandal did not find them payment.
How chearfully the hawkers cry
A satire, and the gentry buy!
While my hard-labour'd poem pines
Unfold upon the printer's lines.

65

70

75

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

A genius in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down; 80
 'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.
 Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
 Point out the surest men to rise;
 That club of candidates in black, 85
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With grace and learning unendu'd,
 Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob *; 90
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
 Than suffer men of parts to rise;
 They croud about preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight.
 For, as of old mathematicians 95
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
 So academic dule ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit freethinkers.

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends. 100
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times:
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
 For though the muse delight in fiction, 105
 She ne'er inspires against conviction,
 'Then keep your virtue still unmixt,
 And let no faction come betwixt:
 By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
 Though it would make you England's primate: 110
 First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull;
 If not, however seated high,
 Your genius in your face will fly.

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

5

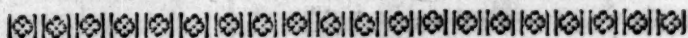
When Jove was from his teeming head 115
 Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There follow'd at his lying-in
 For afterbirth a Sooterkin;
 Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the muses hill; 120
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
 From hence the critic vermin sprung
 With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
 Who fatten on poetic scraps, 125
 Too cunning to be caught in traps.
 Dame Nature, as the learned shew,
 Provides each animal its foe:
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks: 130
 Thus Envy pleads a nat'ral claim
 To persecute the muses fame;
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain? 135
 You try to take revenge in vain.
 A rat your utmost rage defies.
 That safe behind the wainscot lies:
 Say, did you ever know by sight
 In cheese an individual mite? 140
 Shew me the same numeric flea,
 That bit your neck but yesterday:
 You then may boldly go in quest
 To find the Grubstreet poet's nest;
 What spunging-house in dread of jail 145
 Receives them, while they wait for bail;
 What alley they are nestled in,
 To flourish o'er a cup of gin:
 Find the last garret where the lay,
 Or cellar where they starve to-day. 150
 Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
 With each a libel in his hand,

6 MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

What punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kickt?
'These they have often try'd before; 155
You but oblige 'em so much more:
'Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know,
What fool officious told you so? 160
Will you regard the hawker's cries,
Who in his titles always lies?
Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
It might be something in your praise:
And praise bestow'd on Grubstreet rhymes 165
Would vex one more a thousand times.
Till critics blame, and judges praise,
'The poet cannot claim his bays.
On me, when dunces are satiric,
I take it for a panegyric. 170
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.



On D R E A M S.

An Imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

THose dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
And with false flitting shades our minds de-
lude,

and W

8 A

Jove

Jove never sends us downward from the skies ;
Nor can they from infernal mansions rise ;
But are all mere productions of the brain, 5
And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
'The mind unburden'd sports in various whims ;
'The busy head with mimic arts runs o'er
'The scenes and actions of the day before. 10

'The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The soldier smiling hears the widow's cries. 15
And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
With like remorse his brother of the trade,
The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
And dreams of forfeitures by treason got. 20
Nor less Tom t——d man, of true statesman mold,
Collects the city-filth in search of gold.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job, 25
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long-expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for dead mens shoes. 30

The grave divine with knotty points perplexed,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :
While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days 35
Bedaubs the guilty great with neaseous praise :
And

And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

To STELLA, visiting me in my sickness,
October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit,
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for humankind, 5
Fix'd honour in her infant mind.

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vitious age),
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine: 10
As nat'ral life the body warms,
And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
So honour animates the whole,
And is the spirit of the soul.

Those num'rous virtues which the tribe 15
Of tedious moralists describe,
And by such various titles call,
True honour comprehends them all.
Let melancholy rule supreme,
Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm, 20
It makes no difference in the case,
Nor is complexion honour's place,

But, lest we should for honour take
The drunken quarrels of a rake;
Or think it seated in a scar, 25
Or on a proud triumphal car,
Or in the payment of a debt
We lose with sharpers at Picquet;

Or

Or when a whore in her vocation
Keeps punctual to an assignation; 30
Or that on which his Lordship swears,
When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
Let Stella's fair examples preach
A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd, 35
All passions must be laid aside:
Ask no advice, but think alone;
Suppose the question not your own:
How shall I act? is not the case;
But how would Brutus in my place? 40
In such a cause would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to humankind;
Ambition, avarice, and lust, 45
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flatt'ry tipt with nauseous flier,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside. 50

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were inroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record 55
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best: 60
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd 65
Courage to man alone confin'd:

Can

Can cowardice her sex adorn.
 Which most exposes ours to scorn?
 She wonders where the charm appears
 In Florimel's affected fears ; 70
 For Stella never learn'd the art
 At proper times to scream and start ;
 Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.
 Doll never flies to cut her lace, 75
 Or throw cold water in her face,
 Because she heard a sudden drum,
 Or found an earwig in a plum.
 Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense ; 80
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud ;
 While gracefulness its art conceals,
 And yet through ev'ry motion steals.
 Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind, 85
 And, forming you, mistook your kind ?
 No, 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul ;
 Then, to complete it every way,
 He moulded it with female clay : 90
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.
 How would ingratitude delight,
 And how would Censure glut her spight,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide 95
 In silence, or forget with pride ?
 When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains ; 100
 Then Stella ran to my relief
 With chearful face, and inward grief ;
 And, though by heav'n's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

11

No cruel master could require 105
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd:
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes; 110
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the hand from whence they came, 115
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends, beware:
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours; 120
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

VERSES



VERSES on the Death of Dr. SWIFT, occasioned by reading the following Maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplait pas.

In the adversity of our best friends, we always find something that doth not displease us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest 5
Is thought too base for human breast:
" In all distresses of our friends
" We first consult our private ends;
" While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
" Points out some circumstance to please us." 10

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
Who would not at a crowded show 15
Stand high himself, keep others low?

I love

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

13

I love my friend as well as you :
 But why should he obstruct my view ?
 Then let me have the higher post ;
 Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
 Rather than thus be overtop'd, 25
 Would you not wish his laurels cropt ?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
 How patiently you hear him groan !
 How glad, the case is not your own ! 30

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he ?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when Emulation misses, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastic race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ? 40
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station ;
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.
 I have no title to aspire ; 45
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six ; 50
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit.

VOL. VIII.

B

I grieve

I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own hum'rous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John *, as well as Pultney †, knows
 That I had some repute for prose; 60
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside;
 If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em, 65
 Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
 I tamely can endure the first;
 But this with envy makes me burst. 70

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The time is not remote, when I
 Must by the course of nature die;
 When, I foresee, my special friends 75
 Will try to find their private ends:
 And, though 'tis hardly understood,
 Which way my death can do them good;
 Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak;
 See, how the Dean begins to break! 80
 Poor gentlemen! he droops apace!
 You plainly find it in his face.
 That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.

* Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

† William Pultney, Esq; now Earl of Bath.

Besides, his memory decays: 85
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 Forgets the place where last he din'd;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before. 90
 How does he fancy, we can fit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 'Faith he must make his stories shorter, 95
 Or change his comrades once a-quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round:
 There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
 I'd have him throw away his pen;—
 But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears: 105
 By adding largely to my years:
 He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing:
 I wish he may hold out till spring.
 They hug themselves, and reason thus; 115
 It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes.
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can match a friend. 120

With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, "Worse and worse!")
 Would please them better, than to tell, 125
 That, God be prais'd! the Dean is well.
 Then he who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest:
 "You know I always fear'd the worst,
 "And often told you so at first" 130
 He'd rather chuse that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretells I shall recover;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135
 Just in the parts where I complain;
 How many a message would he send?
 What hearty prayers, that I should mend?
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For though you may mistake a year,
 Though your prognostics run too fast, 145
 They must be verif'y'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 How is the Dean? he's just alive.
 Now the departing pray'r is read;
 He hardly breathes — The Dean is dead. 150

Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town is run.
 Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?

I know

I know no more than what the news is; 155

'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.

To public uses! there's a whim!

What had the public done for him?

Mere envy, avarice, and pride:

He gave it all—but first he dy'd. 160

And had the Dean in all the nation

No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,

Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now Grubstreet wits are all employ'd; 165

With elegies the town is cloy'd:

Some paragraph in ev'ry paper

To curse the Dean, or bless the Drapier*.

The doctors, tender of their fame,

Wisely on me to lay the blame. 170

We must confess his case was nice;

But he would never take advice.

Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,

He might have liv'd these twenty years:

For when we open'd him, we found, 175

That all his vital parts were found.

From Dublin soon to London spread,

'Tis told at court the Dean is dead †.

And Lady Suffolk † in the spleen

Runs laughing up to tell *** 180

The

* The author imagines, that the scribblers of the prevailing party, which he always opposed, will libel him after his death; but that others will remember him with gratitude, who consider the service he had done to Ireland, under the name of M. B. Drapier, by utterly defeating the destructive project of Wood's halfpence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read universally, and convincing every reader.

† The Dean supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.

† Mrs. Howard, then Countess of Suffolk, and of the bedchamber to the late Queen, professed much friendship for the Dean. The Queen, then Princess, sent a dozen times to the Dean, then in London, with her commands to attend her: which at last he did, by advice of all his friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and al-

The *** so gracious, mild, and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should."
 "He's dead, you say, *** rot;
 "I'm glad the medals were forgot †.
 "I promis'd him, I own; but when? 185
 "I only was the *** then;
 "But now as comfort of the ***
 "You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."
 Now Chartres *, at Sir Robert's † levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy: 190
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries Bob), I'm sorry for the news:
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will †!
 Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead ‖!
 Now

ways treated him very graciously. He taxed her with a present worth ten pounds, which she promised before he should return to Ireland; but on his taking leave the medals were not ready. *Dub. edit.*

† The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months, but ———.

* Col. Francis Chartres, though originally possessed of only a small paternal estate, amassed a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of insinuating himself into all ministers under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at seventy for a rape, and came off by sacrificing a great part of his fortune. *Dub. edit.*—See his character by Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, vol. 7. p. 333.

† Sir Robert Walpole, then first minister of state, afterwards Earl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends, chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, &c. for which the Dean would see him no more; and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another visit. *Dub. edit.*

† William Pultney, Esq; since Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, he opposed his measures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to represent his conduct, in an excellent paper, called the *Craftsman*, which is still continued. *Dub. edit.*

‖ Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, of blessed memory. He was reckoned the most universal genius in Europe. Walpole dreading his abilities, treated him

Now Curll * his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains!
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, More, and Cibber †, 200
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters †;
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent 205
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 " I'm sorry.—but we all must die!"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies:

him most injuriously, working with King George I. who forgot his promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless importunity of Walpole. *Dub. edit.*

* Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character in part may be found in Mr Pope's Dunciad. He published three volumes all charged on the Dean, who never wrote three pages of them. He hath used many of the Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner. *Dub. edit.*

† Three stupid verse-writers in London. The last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called *Jemmy Moore*, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan in Ireland. See the character of *Jemmy Moore* and Tibbalds [Theobald] in the Dunciad. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Curll was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn. He was in custody of the house of Lords, for publishing or forging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords enter a resolution in their journal-book, that no life or writings of any Lord should be published without the consent of the next heir at law, or licence from their house. *Dub. edit.*

For how can stony bowels melt 215
 In those who never pity felt?
 When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
 Are tortur'd with suspense and fear; 220
 Who wisely thought my age a screen,
 When death approach'd, to stand between:
 The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
 They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
 Have better learn'd to act their parts,
 Receive the news in doleful dumps:
 "The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps?)
 "Then Lord have mercy on his soul!
 "(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.) 230
 "Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
 "(I wish I knew what king to call.)
 "Madam, your husband will attend
 "The fun'ral of so good a friend:
 "No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight; 235
 "And he's engag'd to-morrow night;
 "My Lady Club will take it ill,
 "If he should fail her at Quadrille.
 "He lov'd the Dean,——(I lead a heart),
 "But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240
 "His time was come; he ran his race;
 "We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a diff'rent scene! 245
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas! is no more mist,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
 Departed:——and his works must follow, 250
 Must

Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country 'squire to Lintot || goes,
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, " I have heard the name ; 255
" He dy'd a year ago." The same.
He searches all the shop in vain.
" Sir, you may find them in Duke-lane* :
" I sent them with a load of books,
" Last Monday to the pastry-cook's 260
" To fancy they could live a year !
" I find you're but a stranger here.
" The Dean was famous in his time,
" And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
" His way of writing now is past : 265
" The town has got a better taste.
" I keep no antiquated stuff ;
" But spick and span I have enough.
" Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :
" Here's Colley Cibber's birthday-poem. 270
" This ode you never yet have seen
" By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
" Then here's a letter finely penn'd
" Against the *Craftsman* and his friend :
" It clearly shews that all reflection 275
" On ministers is disaffection.
" Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication. †.
" And Mr. Henley's ‡ last oration.
" The hawkers have not got them yet :
" Your Honour please to have a set ?" 280
" Here's

|| Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and letters.

* A place in London where old books are sold.

† Walpole had a set of party-scribblers, who did nothing else but write in his defence. *Dub. edit.*

‡ Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to get preferment; or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he calls an *oratory*. There, at set times,

" Here's Woolston's || tracts, the twelfth edition ;
 " 'Tis read by ev'ry politician :
 " The country-members when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down ;
 " You never met a thing so smart ; 285
 " The courtiers have them all by heart :
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed,
 " The Rev'rend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension : 290
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priestcraft* down :
 " He shews as sure as God's in Gloc'ster,
 " That ——— was a grand impostor ;
 " That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats :
 " The church had never such a writer :
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre,

Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose. 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without ;
 One quite indiff'rent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws,

times, he delivered strange speeches, compiled by himself and his associates, who share the profit with him. Every hearer payeth a shilling each day for admittance. He is an absolute dunce, but generally reputed crazy. *Dub. edit.*—He is commonly called *Orator Henley*, whose rhapsodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country.

|| Woolston was a clergyman ; but, for want of bread, did in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempt to turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was much caressed by many courtiers, and by all the infidels ; and his books were read generally by the court ladies. *Dub. edit.*

The Dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv'd at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave: 310
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own.

" Sir, I have heard another story;
 " He was a most *confounded* Tory.
 " And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315
 " Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget?
 Is not our nation in his debt?
 'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters*!—

" He should have left them for his *bettters*: 320
 " We had a hundred *abler men*,
 " Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*—
 " Say what you will about his *reading*,
 " You never can *defend* his *breeding*;
 " Who in his *satires*, running riot, 325
 " Could never leave the *world* in *quiet*;
 " Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
 " *Court*, *city*, *camp*,—all one to him.

" But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
 " Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert 330
 " Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r
 " To save the nation ev'ry hour?
 " What *scenes* of evil he unravels
 " In *satires*, *libels*, *lying travels*!
 " Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*, 335
 " But *eats* into it, like a *moth*!—

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it. 340
 Yet

Yet malice never was his aim ;
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant :
 His satire points at no defect, 345
 But what all mortals may correct ;
 For he abhorr'd that senseless tribe
 Who call it humour when they gibe :
 He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux. 350
 True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 Those who their ignorance confess,
 He ne'er offended with a jest ;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote 355
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame ?
 He neither knew *you* nor your *name*. 360
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke* ?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind ;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed, 365
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or pow'r,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower,
 He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face. 370
 On rural squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented oft his wrath in vain :
 — Squires to market brought ;
 Who sell their souls and — for nought ;
 The — go joyful back, 735
 To — the church, their tenants rack,
 Go snacks with * * * * *
 And keep the peace, to pick up fees ;

In

In every job to have a share,
A jail or t—np—e to repair;
And turn the — for public roads
Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and chuse
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen careffing Chartres.
He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration.
Of no man's greatness was afraid,
Because he fought for no man's aid.
Though trusted long in great affairs.
He gave himself no haughty airs:
Without regarding private ends,
Spent all his credit for his friends:
And only chose the wise and good;
No flatt'ers; no allies in blood;
But succour'd virtue in distress,
And seldom fail'd of good success;
As numbers in their hearts must own,
Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He follow'd David's lesson just
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.
The I—sh f——te if you nam'd,
With what impatience he declaim'd!
Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
For her he stood prepar'd to die;
For her he boldly stood alone;
For her he oft expos'd his own.

Two kingdoms *, just as faction led. 415
 Had set a price upon his head ;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men : 420
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valu'd not a groat :
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pity'd those who meant the wound :
 But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 To merit well of humankind :
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour †,
 To reconcile his friends in power ; 430
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursu'd each other's ruin.
 But, finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an address from the house of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public spirit of the Whigs*: and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation, promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who could discover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The Drapier's fourth letter*, &c. writ against that destructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean discovered. *Dub. edit.*—See vol. ii. and vol. iii.

† Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after their ministry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were discontented with the Treasurer Oxford, for his too much mildness to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day untill the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible: and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanry in Dublin; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels writ against him in England. *Dub. edit.*—

And,

And, oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 Here ended all our golden-dreams.
 What St. John's skill in state-affairs,
 What Ormond's *va'our*, Oxford's cares,
 To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroy'd by one event. 440
 Too soon that precious life was ended †
 On which alone our weal depended.
 When up a dangerous faction starts †,
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts ;
 By solemn league and *coo'nant* bound, 445
 To ruin, slaughter, and confound ;
 To turn religion to a fable,
 And make the government a Babel :
 Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 Corrupt the f——te, rob the c—— ; 450
 To sacrifice old E——d's glory,
 And make her infamous in story.
 When such a tempest shook the land.
 How could unguarded virtue stand ?

With horror, grief, despair, the Dean 455
 Beheld the dire destructive scene :
 His friends in exile, or the tower,
 Himself within the frown of power * ;
 Pursu'd by base invenom'd pens,
 Far to the land of S—— and fens † ; 460
 A servile race in folly nurs'd,
 Who truckle most, when treated worst.

† In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the Queen died. *Dub. edit.*

† Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was restored to power which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge ; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church-party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had, &c. *Dub. edit.*

* Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin at the deanry-house. Numberless libels were writ against him in England as a Jacobite ; he was insulted in the street, and at night he was forced to be attended by his servants armed. *Dub. edit.*

† The land of S—— and fens, is Ireland. *Dub. edit.*

By innocence and resolution,
 He bore continual persecution;
 While numbers to preferment rose; 465
 Whose merit were to be his foes.
 When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
 Intent upon their private ends,
 Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels. 470

The Dean did, by his pen, defeat
 An infamous destructive cheat †:
 Taught fool their int'rest how to know,
 And gave them arms to ward the blow.
 Envy hath own'd it was his doing, 475
 To save that hapless land from ruin:
 While they who at the steerage stood,
 And reap'd the profit, sought his blood.

To save them from their evil fate,
 In him was held a crime of state. 480
 A wicked monster on the bench *,
 Whose fury blood could never quench;
 As vile and profligate a villain,
 As modern Scroggs, or old Treffilian †;

Who

† One Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum 108,000 l. which in the consequence must leave that kingdom without gold or silver. *Dub. edit.*—See the Drapier's letters, in vol. 3. and 4.

* One Whitshed was then Chief Justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures [vol. iii. p. 205.] Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict. He sat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter, [vol. iii.]; but the jury, against all he could say, or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and pamphlets. His sign was set up in most of the streets of Dublin. (where many of them still continue), and in several country towns. *Dub. edit.*

† Scroggs was Chief Justice under King Charles II. His judgment

Who long all justice had discarded,
Nor fear'd be God, nor man regarded ;
 Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 And make him of his zeal repent :
 But heav'n his innocence defends,
 The grateful people stand his friends ; 490
 Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the the c——,
 Nor witness hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile with a steady heart †. 495
 He spent his life's declining part ;
 Where folly, pride and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John *, Pope, and Gay.

“ Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only scope
 “ Was to be held a *misanthrope*. 500
 “ This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
 “ Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him*.
 “ His zeal was not to lash our *crimes*,
 “ But *discontent* against the times :
 “ For had we made him *timely* offers 505
 “ To raise his *post*, or fill his *offers*,
 “ Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 “ Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
 “ For *party* he would scarce have bled :
 “ I say no more, — because he's *dead*. — 510
 What writings has he left behind ? —
 I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :
 A few in verse ; but most in prose —
 “ Some *high-flown pamphlets*, I suppose ? —

ment always varied in state trials, according to directions from court.
 Tressilian was a wicked judge, hanged above three hundred years ago.
Dub. edit.

† In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile ; to
 which country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen's
 death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the
 Duchess of Somerset, &c. *Dub. edit.*

* Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke. *Dub. edit.*

" All scribbled in the worst of times, 515
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
 " To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *pretender* :—
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spight : 520
 " Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
 " A lie at ev'ry second word —
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :—
 " But — not one sermon, you may swear.—

He knew an hundred pleasant stories, 525
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 Was chearful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those. 530
 Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 'To-please, and to reform mankind :
 And, if he often miss'd his aim, 535
 'The world must own it to their shame,
 'The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
 He gave the little wealth he had
 'To build a house for fools and mad ;
 'To shew, by one satiric touch, 540
 No nation wanted it so much.
 'That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 I with it soon may have a better *,
 And, since you dread no farther lashes,
 Methinks you may forgive his ashes. 545

* See vol. 7.

To the Earl of PETERBOROW, who commanded the British forces in Spain *.

Written in the year 1706.

Mordant fills the trump of fame,
The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
And prints are croud'd with his name.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host,
Talks politics, and gives the toast. 5

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

* This noble Lord had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here described him in a very particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give a most perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's person and military virtue. His wit in the letter, vol. 9. is easy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and disgusted with state-men. *Orrery.*

From

From Paris gazette A-la-main, 10
This day arriv'd, without his train,
Mordanto in a week from Spain.

A messenger comes all a-reck
Mordanto at Madrid to seek;
He left the town above a week. 15

Next day the postboy winds his horn,
And rides through Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown, 20
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure, 25
His meagre corpse, though full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition. 30

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading, 35
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.



The FABLE of MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

* **M**idas, we are in story told,
 Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold :
 He chip'd his bread ; the pieces round
 Glitter'd, like spankles on the ground :
 A codling ere it went his lip in,
 Would strait become a golden pippin :

* The Dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his versification. But it may be remarked, that verses of eight syllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the first, and not repeated till the third or fourth. The first, fourth and eighth verses are, among others, examples of this rule ; which will be illustrated by changing the structure, so as to remove the accent from the first syllable to the second. If instead of,

“ Glitter'd, like spankles on the ground.”

the fourth verse be read,

“ Like spankles glitter'd on the ground.”

the ear will easily determine which should be preferred. It is however true, that when the accent is placed on the first syllable, and and repeated at the second, the measure is not only harmonious, but acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verse is of this kind,

“ Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders.”

which would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

“ It pass'd untouch'd between his grinders.”

though the cadence would still be poetical, as the first accent would fall on the second syllable.

He

He call'd for drink ; you saw him sup
 Potable gold in golden cup ;
 His empty paunch that he might fill,
 He suck'd his victuals through a quill ; 10
 Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
 Or't had been happy for gold-finders :
 He cock'd his hat, you would have said
 Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head :
 Whene'er he chance'd his hands to lay 15
 On magazines of corn or hay,
 Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
 Of paltry provender and bread ;
 Hence by wise farmers we are told,
 Old hay is equal to old gold ; 20
 And hence a critic deep maintains,
 We learn'd to weigh our gold by grains.

This fool had got a lucky hit ;
 And people fancy'd he had wit,
 Two gods their skill in music try'd, 25
 And both chose Midas to decide ;
 He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
 And gave it for Pan's oaten reed :
 'The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
 Clapt asses' ears upon the judge ; 30
 A goodly pair erect and wide,
 Which he could neither gild nor hide.

And now the virtue of his hands
 Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
 Against whose torrent while he swims, 35
 The golden scurf peels off his limbs :
 Fame spreads the news, and people travel
 From far to gather golden gravel ;
 Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
 Had lost his art, and kept his ears. 40

This tale inclines the gentle reader
 To think upon a certain leader ;

To

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

35

To whom from Midas downdescends
That virtue in the finger ends,
What else by perquisites are meant, 45
By pensions, bribes, and three *per cent.*
By places and commissions sold,
And turning dung itself to gold ?
By starving in the midst of store,
As t'other Midas did before ? 50

None e'er did modern Midas chuse
Subject or patron of his muse,
But found him thus their merit scan,
'That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
He values not the poet's praise, 55
Nor will exchange his plumbs * for bays.
To Pan alone rich misers call ;
And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
Here English wits will be to seek,
Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek. 60

Besides, it plainly now appears
Our Midas too has asses' ears ;
Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
And whispers in a thousand lies ;
Such gross delusions could not pass 65
Through any ears but of an ass.

But gold defiles with frequent touch ;
There's nothing fouls the hand so much :
And scholars give it for the cause
Of British Midas' dirty paws ; 70
Which while the senate strove to scour,
They wash'd away the chymic power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
To swim against the pop'lar tide,
'The golden spoils flew off apace ; 75
Here fell a pension, there a place :

* A cant-word for 100,000 l.

The torrent merciless imbibes
Commissions, perquisites, and bribes ;
By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
“ Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em.”
And Midas now neglected stands
With asses' ears and dirty hands.



The Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN to
Dr. SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEAR Dean, since in cruxes and puns you and I deal.

Pray, why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?

'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this morn-
ing,

In bed as I lay, Sir, a toffing and turning.

You'll find, if you read but a few of your histories,
All women as Eve, all women are mysteries. 6

To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,

And make every one of the sex a Bel-phagor.

But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em :

I swear without jest I an honour intend 'em. 10

In a fieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,

In a riddle I give you their power and their title.

This I told you before, do you know what I mean, Sir?

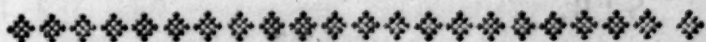
* "Not I, by my troth, Sir." — Then read it again, Sir.

The reason I send you these lines of rhymes double,
Is purely through pity to save you the trouble 16

* The Dean's answer.

Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last ;
When your Pegafus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses, 20
He goes flow and fure, and he never is jaded ;
While your fiery steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, basti-
naded.



Dean SWIFT's answer to the Reverend
Dr. SHERIDAN.

S I R,

IN reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did rack
nigh,

And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin),
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in, 6
And that she's a riddle, can never be right;
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is light.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen searcher. 10

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid *, was the first man's dam-
nation?

If your worship will please to explain me this rebus,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11.

1712, past 12 at noon.

• Vir Gin, Man-Tiap.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

A LETTER to the Rev. Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1718.

S I R,

W HATE'er your predecessors taught us,
 I have a great esteem for Plautus;
 And think your boys may gather there-hence
 More wit and humour than from Terence:
 But as to comic Aristophanes, 5
 The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
 I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
 Down in the Strand * just where the new pole is;
 For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
 You will not find it in the Vatican. 10
 He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
 To take his greatest grandees for asses.
 Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
 But these are lost full many a century.

Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence 15
 My judgement of the old comedians.

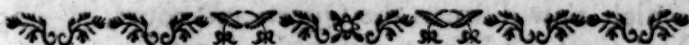
Proceed to tragics, first Euripides
 (An author, where I sometimes dip a-days)
 Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
 Who says his numbers do not fadge aright. 20
 A friend of mine that author despises
 So much, he twears the very best piece is,
 For aught he knows, as bad as Thespis's; }

* N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may be false, but the
 rhyme cost me some trouble,

And

And that a woman, in those tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is. 25
At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But above all I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.

And now I find my muse but ill able 30
To hold out longer in trisyllable.
I chose these rhymes out, for their difficulty :
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye ?



The F A G G O T.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves *.

O Bserve the dying father speak :
Try, lads, can you this bundle break ;
Then bids the youngest of the six
Take up a well-bound heap of sticks,
They thought it was an old man's maggots ; 5
And strove by turns to break the faggot :
In vain : the complicated wands
Were much too strong for all their hands.
See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done :
Then took and broke them one by one, 10
So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd ;
So quickly broke, if you divide.

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconciliation among them, in the letters to and from Dr. Swift, in vol. 9.
See also free thoughts on the present state of affairs.

Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel.
Here ends the fable and the moral.

This tale may be apply'd in few words 15
To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,
And others, who in solemn sort
Appear with slender wands at court :
Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
But lashing one another round : 20
While wise men think they ought to fight
With quarter-staves, instead of white ;
Or constable with staff of peace,
Should come and make the clatt'ring cease ;
Which now disturbs the Queen and court, 25
And gives the Whigs and rabble sport.

In history we never found,
The Consul's *fascēs* * were unbound ;
These Romans were too wise to think on't,
Except to lash some grand delinquent. 30
How would they blush to hear it said,
The Prætor broke the Consul's head ;
Or Consul in his purple gown,
Came up and knock'd the Prætor down.

Come, courtiers ; every man his stick : 35
Lord Treasurer †, for once be quick ;
And that they may the closer cling,
Take your blue ribbon for a string.
Come, trimming Harcourt ‡, bring your mace ;
And squeeze it in, or quit your place : 40
Dispatch ; or else that rascal Northey ||
Will undertake to do it for thee :

* *Fascēs*, a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the Consuls at Rome.

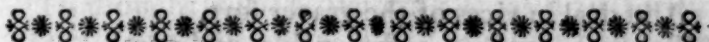
† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

‡ Lord Chancellor.

|| Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very desirous of the great seal.

And be assur'd the court will find him
Prepar'd to leap o'er sticks, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe, 45
Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's staff;
And, if the crozier could be cramm'd in.
A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
You'll then defy the strongest Whig
With both his hands to bend a twig. 50
Though with united strength they all pull
From Somers down to Craggs and Walpole.



The AUTHOR upon himself.

Written in the year 1713,

*A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent
us by a friend of the author's.*



BY an old ————— pursu'd
A crazy prelate *, and a royal prude †;
By dull divines, who look with envious eyes,
On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
And pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod,
Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book ‡.

* Dr. Sharp, Archbishop of York.

† Her late Majesty Queen Anne.

‡ Archbishop Sharp, according to Dr. Swift's account, had represented him to the Queen as a person that was not a Christian: a great lady had supported the aspersion; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishopric contrary to her Majesty's first intentions, which were in favour of Dr. Swift, *Orrery*.

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
 Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme; 10
 Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
 He reconcil'd divinity and wit: [grace;
 He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd, with too much
 Nor shew'd the parson in his gait or face;
 Despis'd luxurious wines, and costly meat; 15
 Yet still was at the tables of the great;
 Frequented lords; saw those that saw the Queen;
 At Child's or Truby's * never once had been;
 Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
 Secur'd by numbers from the laymens gibes, 20
 And deal in vices of the graver sort,
 Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends,
 His talents to employ for nobler ends;
 'To better judgements willing to submit, 25
 He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now the public interest to support,
 By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
 In favour grows with ministers of state;
 Admitted private, when superiors wait: 30
 And Harley, not ashamed his choice to own,
 Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
 At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
 But St. John † comes and whispers in his ear:
 The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry, 35
 "Make room," as if a Duke were passing by.

Now Finch ‡ alarms the Lords: he hears for certain
 This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.

* A coffeehouse and tavern near St. Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

† Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

‡ The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a speech in the house of Lords against the author.

Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley moves.
 Walpole and Aislabie ||, to clear the doubt, 41
 Inform the Commons, that the secret's out:
 "A certain doctor is observ'd of late
 "To haunt a certain minister of state:
 "From whence with half an eye we may discover 45
 "The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

York is from Lambeth sent to shew the Queen
 A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen *;
 Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
 'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
 Poor York! the harmless tool of others hate; 51
 He sues for pardon †, and repents too late.

Now, — her vengeance vows
 On Swift's reproaches for her —
 From her red locks her mouth with venom fills; 55
 And thence into the royal ear instills.
 The Queen incens'd, his services forgot,
 Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.
 Now through the realm a proclamation spread ‡,
 'To fix a price on his devoted head. 60
 While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
 His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
 Is now caref'd by candidate divines,
 Who change opinions with the changing scene: 65
 Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!

|| They both spoke against the author in the house of Commons, although Aislabie professed much friendship for him.

* Tale of a Tub.

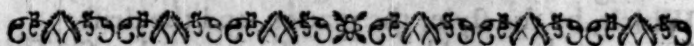
† His Grace was sorry for what he had said, and sent a message to the author to desire his pardon.

‡ The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet, called, "The public spirit of the Whigs," against which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. 2.

Now

Now Delaware || again familiar grows ;
 And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
 The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
 Again apply that Swift would be their friend **. 70

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while,
 His great contending friends to reconcile,
 Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require :
 What could he more but decently retire * ?



IN SICKNESS.

Written soon after the author's coming to live in
 Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October 1714.

'T IS true, — then why should I repine
 To see my life so fast decline ?
 But why obscurely here alone,
 Where I am neither lov'd nor known ?
 My state of health none care to learn ; 5
 My life is here no soul's concern :
 And those with whom I now converse,
 Without a tear will tend my herse.
 Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
 Who knows his art, but not his trade; 10

|| Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the household, always caressed the author at court : but, during the trial of the printers before the house of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

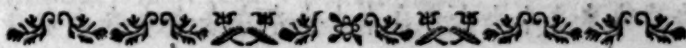
** The Scotch Lords treated and visited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyll, who would never be reconciled.

* About ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Beikshire.

Preferring

Preferring his regard for me
 Before his credit, or his fee.
 Some formal visits, looks, and words,
 What mere humanity affords,
 I meet perhaps from three or four, 15
 From whom I once expected more;
 Which those who tend the sick for pay
 Can act as decently as they:
 But no obliging tender friend
 'To help at my approaching end. 20
 My life is now a burden grown
 'To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
 In your last offices be quick:
 And spare my absent friends the grief 25
 'To hear, yet give me no relief;
 Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
 When known, will save a double sorrow.



To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Trea-
 surer. Sent to him when he was in the
 Tower, before his trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

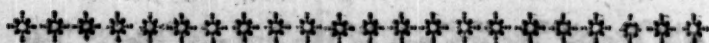
HOW blest'd is he who for his country dies,
 Since death pursues the coward as he flies!
 The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
 With trembling knees, and terror at his back;
 'Tho' fear should lend him pinions like the wind, 5
 Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine:
 But shall with unattainted honour shine;
 Nor stoops to take the staff*, nor lays it down,
 Just as the rabble please to smile or frown. 10

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward; 15
 Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd:
 He who betrays his friend, shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked heaven involve the just? 20
 And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.



Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scriptit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

Delicæ Sheridan musarum, dulcis amice,
 Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
 Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum, 5
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
 Astitit; et dixit, mentis præsaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub sidere natus; 10

* A white staff is the ensign of the Lord Treasurer's office.

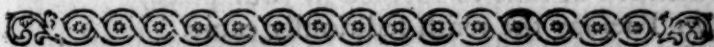
Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,
 Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente, 15
 Nec longum tempus, furget tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
 Ast illi causas orant; his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram. 20

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Consciens, expeditas puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arrisit; sive illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis, 25
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras
 Erumpent, promissis; quo ritu sæpe puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos fuscitat ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus;
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris 30
 Pessundat: nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem,

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Ænæ sedes tantum patefecit Avernus;
 Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
 Cælumque terrasque videt, noctemque profundam.



APOLLO to the DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

Right Trusty, and so forth, — we let you to
 know
 We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.

For

For, first, I have often by chymists been told,
 Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
 Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
 That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it. 6
 Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine,
 I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
 To me the good fellows apply for relief,
 Without whom they could get neither claret nor beef:
 Yet their wine and their victuals these curmudgeon*
 lubbards 11

Lock up from my sight in cellars and cupboards,
 That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,
 And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.
 But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd, 15
 I alone can inspire the poetical croud:
 This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the college,
 Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.
 This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit, 19
 Without troubling his head about judgement or wit.
 These gentlemen use me with kindness and freedom;
 And as for their works, when I please I may read 'em:
 They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
 And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.
 But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany, 25
 Whom I, for your sake, love better than any,
 And of my mere motion, and special good grace,
 Intended in time to succeed in your place,
 On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
 With a certain false traitress, one Stella by name, 30
 To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
 Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
 Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain utensil,
 Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,

* Curmudgeon, a word here used as an adjective, now signifies a sordid niggardly fellow, but was perhaps in its original sense of more extensive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur méchant*, a wicked heart.

Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write, 35
 Whilst Stella aforesaid stood by with a light *.
 My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopt in her course to look at them both:
 That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding;
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading: 40
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at noonday,
 But her graceful black locks were mingled with grey;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents endu'd 45
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude:
 That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
 Direct to the north, where I never went:
 That the letters appear'd reverse thro' the pane,
 But in Stella's bright eyes they were place'd right
 again; 50
 Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
 And presently guess'd the fancy was mine †.
 Now you see why his verses so seldom are shown:
 The reason is plain, they're none of his own;
 And observe while you live, that no man is shy 55
 To discover the goods he came honestly by.
 If I light on a thought he'll certainly steal it:
 And when he has got it, finds way to conceal it:
 Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
 There's scarce one in ten, but what has my mark; 60
 And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
 I'll make it appear, they are all stolen ware.
 But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
 I think I have now got him under my lash;

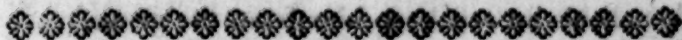
* See verses said to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours, among the posthumous pieces in this volume.

† The mechanism of this poem is formed upon a mistake, which a very slight consideration of the laws of vision would have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted through the pane: but as the writing was not inverted on that side of the glass at which Stella looked, it must necessarily be inverted in her eyes.

My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow, 65
 And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow.
 Thro' the zodiac around it shall quickly be spread,
 In all parts of the globe, where your language is read.
 He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
 When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are u-
 sual: 70

But the secret is this; I did lately intend
 To write a few verses on you, as my friend:
 I studied a fortnight before I could find,
 As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind,
 And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my time, 75
 When the days are at shortest), to get it in rhyme;
 'Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus:
 When that subtle companion, in hopes to surpass us,
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with *old nick*),
 And from my own stock provided with topics, 81
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
 There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
 Writes down my conceits, and calls them his own;
 And you, like a cully, the bubble can swallow: 85
 Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
 High treason by statute! but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
 Tho' the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely express'd.
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well dress'd.
 Now, whereas the said criminal seems past repentance,
 We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
 We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen, 95
 To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
 And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
 And lastly, for Stella just out of her prime, 101
 I'm too much reveng'd already by time.

In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases;
 But will now be her friend, whenever she pleases:
 And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover, 105
 Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.



An ELEGY on the much lamented death of
 of Mr. DEMAR, the famous rich usurer,
 who died the 6th of July 1720*.

Written in the year 1720.

KNOW all men by these presents, Death the tamer
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
 Nor can four hundred thousand Sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.
 His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess, 5
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus the god of wealth will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare cloak;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk: 10
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms;
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where'er he went, he never saw his betters; 15
 Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
 debtors;

* This elegy was a subject started and partly executed in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines.

And under hand and seal the Irish nation
Were force'd to own to him their obligation.

He that could once have half a kingdom bought,
In half a minute is not worth a groat. 20
His coffers from the coffin could not save
Nor all his int'rest keep him from the grave.
A golden monument would not be right,
Because we wish the earth upon him light.

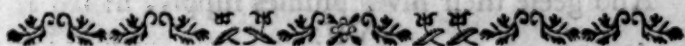
Oh London tavern *! thou hast lost a friend, 25
Tho' in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
He touch'd the pence when others touch'd the pot;
The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seise; 30
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim death in spight
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores light;
And as he saw his darling money fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was current, 'twould be strange 35
If he should now be cry'd down since his change.

The sexton shall green sods on thee bestow:
Alas! the sexton is thy banker now.
A dismal banker must that banker be,
Who gives no bills but of mortality *.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

† See an epitaph on this miser, vol. vii. p. 301.



The Run upon the BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I

THE bold incroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one general sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks
Are said to represent the seas;
Which breaking bankers and the banks,
Resume their own when'er they please.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins,
Unless a proper circulation
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis lordly not to pay,
Quakers and aldermen in state
Like peers have levees ev'ry day
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The birds are met to strip the jays.

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch † sings,
"Make pinions for themselves to fly:"

† Solomon.

They fly like bats on parchment wings,
And geese their silver plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs !
Bills turn the leaders into debtors :
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they had never known their letters *.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs :
Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
Sit squeezing images of wax †.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke ;
The witches left in open air,
With power no more than other folk,
Expos'd with all their magic ware.

X.

So powerful are a bankers bills,
Where creditors demand their due ;
They break up counters, doors, and tills,
And leave the empty chests in view.

XI.

Thus when an earthquake lets in light,
Upon the god of gold and hell,
Unable to endure the sight,
He hides within his darkest cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease
From Satan for a term of years,
The tenant's in a dismal case,
Whene'er the bloody bond ‡ appears.

* It is said of Nero, that when he first came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being asked to sign a warrant for an execution, he wished he could not write.

† Witches were fabled to torment the absent, by roasting or otherwise ill treating their images in wax.

‡ These contracts were always supposed to be signed with blood.

XIII.

A baited banker thus desponds,
From his own hand foresees his fall;
They have his soul who have his bonds;
'Tis like the writing on the wall*.

50

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unpar'd,
And all his grand account to make?

55

XV.

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heav'n be mounters:
They'll cry, Ye thops upon us fall,
Conceal and cover us, ye counters:

60

XVI.

When other hands the scales shall hold,
And they in men and angels fight
Produce'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.



The DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
translated almost literally out of the original Irish.

Translated in the year 1720.

O Rourk's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.

* Mene mene tekkel upharfin.

His

His revels to keep, 5
 We sup and we dine
 On seven score sheep,
 Fat bullocks and swine.
 Usquebaugh to our feast
 In pails was brought up, 10
 An hundred at least,
 And a madder * our cup.
 O there is the sport!
 We rise with the light
 In disorderly sort, 15
 From snoring all night.
 O how was I trick'd!
 My pipe it was broke,
 My pocket was pick'd,
 I lost my new cloak. 20
 I'm rifl'd, quoth Nell,
 Of mantle and kercher †:
 Why then fare them well,
 The de'il take the searcher.
 Come, harper, strike up; 25
 But, first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup:
 Ah! this has some favour.
 O Rourk's jolly boys
 Ne'er dream'd of the matter, 30
 Till rous'd by the noise
 And musical clatter,
 They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest, 35
 Without one *Ave Mary*.
 They dance in a round,
 Cutting capers and ramping;
 A mercy the ground
 Did not burst with their stamping. 40

* A wooden vessel.

† An handkerchief.

The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat
 Splish splash in their pumps.
 Bless you late and early, 45
 Laughlin O Enagin,
 By my hand *, you dance rarely,
 Margery Grinagin †.
 Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet, 50
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet :
 To show I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again ;
 Then give us a pinch 55
 Of your sneezing, a yean ‡,
 Good Lord, what a fight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer ! 60
 They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their skeans ||.
 What stabs and what cuts, 65
 What clatt'ring of sticks ;
 What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks !
 With cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame 70
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,

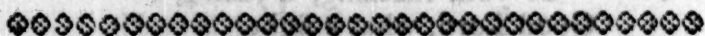
* An Irish cath.

† The name of an Irish woman.

‡ An Irish word for a woman.

|| Daggers, or short swords.

The castle of Slain,
 And Carrick Drumrusk : 75
 The Earl of Kildare,
 And Moynalta, his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother *. 80
 Ask that of old-Madam,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam,
 She knows it is true.
 Come down with that beam, 85
 If cudgels are scarce,
 A blow on the weam,
 Or a kick on the a—se



A French Gentleman dining with some company on a fast day, called for some bacon and eggs. The rest were very angry, and reproved him for so hainous a sin : whereupon he wrote the following lines *extempore*, which are here translated.

*P*eut on croire avec bon sens
 Qu'n lardon le mit en colere,
 Ou, que manger un harang,
 C'est un secret pour lui plaire ?
 En sa gloire envelopé, 5
 Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?

* It is the custom in Ireland, to call nurses foster mothers, their husband foster fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters ; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe with common sense,
A bacon slice gives God offence,
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm?
Wrapt up in majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?



An excellent new SONG on a feditious pamphlet*.

To the tune of Packington's Pond.

Written in the year 1720.

Brocados, and damasks, and tabbies, and gawses,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law
says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's
lover.
Though a printer and dean
Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters,

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise advising the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on foot against Waters the printer thereof; which was carried on with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one Whitshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary, to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them eleven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a special verdict.

In

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad, 10
 The Dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
 To be cloth'd like a carcase would make a Teague
 mad,

Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.

Our wives they grow fullen

At wearing of woollen, 15

And all we poor thopkeepers must our horns pull
 in.

Then we'll buy English filks for our wives and
 our daughters,

In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoe'er our trading with England would hinder,
 To inflame both the nations do plainly conspire;
 Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder; 21
 And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.

Therefore I assure ye,

Our noble grand jury,

When they saw the Dean's book, they were in a
 great fury: 25

They would buy English filks for their wives and
 their daughters,

In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is sinning,
 And before *Coram nobis* so oft hath been call'd,
 Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor li-
 nen, 30

And, if swearing can do't, shall be fwingly
 maul'd :

And as for the Dean,

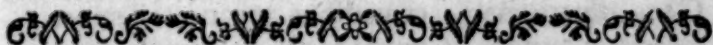
You know whom I mean,

If the printer will peach him, he'll scarce come
 off clean,

Then we'll buy English filks for our wives and our
 daughters, 35

In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

CAR-



CARBERIÆ RUPES in comitatu Corgagensi
apud Hibernicos.

Scriptit Jun. Ann. Dom. 1723.

ECCE ingens fragmen scopuli, quod vertice
summo

Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
Decidit in fluctus; maria undique et undique saxa
Horifono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptunus in undis. 5

Nâm, longa venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
Æquorei laticis, specus ima rupe cavatur :

Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant ;

Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.

Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem 10

Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum

In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculasse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu

Exesa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,

Hinc atque hinc a ponto ad pontum pervia Phœbo.

Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti 16

Formantur; moles olim ruitura supernè.

Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,

Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hymis, et venti, carcere rupto, 20

Immensus volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,

Non obsesse arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ

Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,

62 MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia late, 25
Gens affueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longe fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt. 30

Piscator terrâ non audit vellere funem ;
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et, aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.



[We have added a translation of the proceeding poem for the benefit of our English readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed author hath expressed a great regard on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.]

CARBERY ROCKS in the county of Cork,
Ireland.

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment ; destitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops !
With horse rebuff the swelling seas rebound, 5
From shore to shore the rocks return the sound :
The dreadful murmur heaven's high convex cleaves,
And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves :
For

For long the whirling winds and beating tides
 Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides. 10
 Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong course, and lash the sounding furge.
 Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
 When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
 hurl'd ;
 Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, 15
 To crush earth's rebel-sons beneath the load,

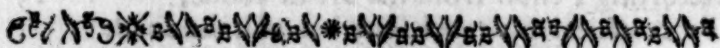
Of too with hideous yawn the caverns wide
 Present an orifice on either side,
 A dismal orifice from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the god of day : 20
 Uncouthly join'd the rocks stupendous form
 An arch, the ruin of a future storm :
 High on the cliff their nests the woodquests make,
 And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his fullen train 25
 Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain ;
 When o'er the craggy steep without control,
 Big with the blast, the raging billows roll ;
 Not towns beleagu'ed, not the flaming brand,
 Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand, 30
 Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
 Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded
 tow'rs,

Equal the tumult of this wild uproar :
 Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
 The neighb'ring race, though wont to brave the
 shocks 35
 Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
 Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
 Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-top
 The wither'd herb improvident they crop, 40

Wash down the precipice with sudden sweep,
 Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd deep.
 The frighted fisher with desponding eyes.
 Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
 Nor hoping to behold the skies serene. 45
 Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.



Upon the Horrid PLOT discovered by
 HARLEQUIN, the Bishop of ROCHE-
 STER'S French dog *.

In a dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I ask'd a Whig the other night,
 How came this wicked plot to light ?
 He answer'd, that a dog of late
 Inform'd a minister of state.
 Said I, from thence I nothing know ; 5
 For are not all informers so ?
 A villain who his friend betrays,
 We style him by no other phrase ;
 And so a perjur'd dog denotes
 Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates, 10
 And forty others I could name.

Whig. But you must know this dog was lame.

* See the proceedings in parliament against Dr. Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, State trials, vol. 6. ---- He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishopric, banished his native country, and died in France, Feb. 15, 1732.

Tory.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed !
Your evidence was lame : — proceed :
Come, help your lame dog o'er the stile. 15

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :
I mean a dog (without a joke)
Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek, which dog you mean ;
Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean. 20
An English or an Irish hound ;
Or t'other puppy that was drown'd,
Tr Mafon, that abandon'd bitch :

hen pray be free, and tell me which :
For every stander-by was marking, 25
That all the noise they made was barking.
You pay them well ; the dogs have got
Their dog-heads in a porridge-pot :
And 'twas but just ; for wise men say,
That ev'ry dog must have his day. 30

Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
He'd either make a hog or dog on't ;
And look'd, since he has got his wish,
As if he had thrown down a dish,
Yet this I dare foretel you from it, 35
He'll soon return to his own vomit.

Whig. Besides this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach dead dogs to bite. 40

Whig. I prov'd my proposition full :
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real cur,
A dog of spirit for his years, 45

Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;
His name is Harlequin, I wot,
And that's a name in every plot :
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Though French by birth and education ; 50

His correspondence plainly dated
 Was all decypher'd and translated :
 His answers were exceeding pretty
 Before the secret wise committee ;
 Confess'd as plain as he could bark : 55
 Then with his forefoot set his mark.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
 I thought it was a dog in doublet :
 The matter now no longer sticks ;
 But statesmen never want dog-tricks. 60
 For since it was a real cur,
 And not a dog in metaphor,
 I give you joy of the report
 That he's to have a place at court.

Whig Yes, and a place he will grow rich in ; 65
 A turnspit in the royal kitchen.
 Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
 We had occasion for a plot :
 And when we found the dog begin it,
 We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it. 70

Tory, I own it was a dang'rous project ;
 And you have prov'd it by dog-logic.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A dog and bishop ne'er was seen,
 Till you began to change the breed ; 75
 Your bishops are all d — gs indeed.



JOAN cudgels N E D.

Written in the year 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully ;
 Will cudgels Befs, yet Will's a cully.

Die

Die Ned and Bess ; give Will to Joan,
 She dare not say her life's her own.
 Die Joan and Will ; give Bess to Ned,
 And ev'ry day she combs his head.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

STELLA at WOOD-PARK,

A house of CHARLES FORD, Esq; eight
 miles from Dublin.

——— *Quicumque nocere volebat*
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

Written in the Year 1723:

DON Carlos in a merry spite
 Did Stella to his house invite :
 He entertain'd her half a year
 With gen'rous wines and costly chear.
 Don Carlos made her chief director, 5
 That she might o'er the servants hector.
 In half a week the dame grew nice,
 Got all things at the highest price :
 Now at the table-head she sits,
 Presented with the nicest bits ; 10
 She look'd on partridges with scorn,
 Except they tasted of the corn :
 A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
 Unless it had the right *fumette*,
 Don Carlos earnestly would beg, 15
 Dear Madam, try this pigeon's leg ;

Was

Was happy, when he could prevail
 To make her only touch a quail.
 Through candle-light she view'd the wine,
 To see that ev'ry glafs was fine. 20
 At last grown prouder than the devil
 With feeding high and treatment civil,
 Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work'd as he design'd.
 The winter-fky began to frown, 25
 Poor Stella must pack off to town;
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To * Liffy's stinking tide at Dublin ;
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 'To fofling in an easy chair : 30
 From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding ;
 From ruling there the household fingly,
 To be directed here by Dingly † :
 From ev'ry day a lordly banquet,
 To half a joint, and *God be thanked* :
 From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty :
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To vifits of ———— 40
 From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean :
 From growing richer with good cheer,
 To running out by ftarving here.
 But now arrives the difmal day ; 45
 She must return to Ormond Quay ‡.
 The coachman ftopt ; ſhe look'd, and ſwore
 The rascal had miſtook the door :
 At coming in you ſaw her ſtoop ;
 The entry bruſh'd againſt her hoop : 50

* The river that runs through Dublin.

† A lady. The two ladies lodged together.

‡ Where the two ladies lodged,

Each moment rising in her airs,
 She curs'd the narrow winding stairs :
 Began a thousand faults to spy ;
 The ceiling hardly six feet high ;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks : 55
 And half the chairs with broken backs :

Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
 While there are lodgings to be let. 60

Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
 She sent for company to sup :
 When all the while you might remark,
 She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
 'Two bottles call'd for (half her store, 65
 The cupboard could contain but four) :
 A supper worthy of herself,
 Five nothings in five plates of delf.

Thus for a week the farce went on ;
 When all her country-savings gone, 70
 She fell into her former scene,
 Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest : though now I fear,
 You think my jesting too severe ;
 But poets, when a hint is new, 75
 Regard not whether false or true :

Yet raillery gives no offence,
 Where truth has not the least pretence ;
 Nor can be more securely place'd,
 Than on a nymph of Stella's taste. 80

I must confess, your wine and vittles
 I was too hard upon a little ;
 Your table neat, your linen fine ;
 And, though in miniature, you shine :
 Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park, 85
 The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
 To languish in this odious town,
 And pull your haughty stomach down ;

We think you quite mistake the case,
 The virtue lies not in the place : 90
 For though my raillery were true,
 A cottage is Wood-park with you.



A quibbling ELEGY on the Worshipful
 Judge BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
 Since cruel fate hath sunk our Justice Boat.
 Why should he sink, where nothing seem'd to press ?
 His lading little, and his ballast less.
 Tost in the waves of this tempestuous world, 5
 At length, his anchor fix'd, and canvass-furl'd,
 To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
 At his Ring's-end * he founders in the port.
 With water † fill'd he could no longer float,
 The common death of many a stronger boat. 10

A post so fill'd, on nature's laws intrenches :
 Benches on boats are plac'd, not boats on benches.
 And yet our Boat, how shall I reconcile it ?
 Was both a boat, and in one sense a pilot.
 With ev'ry wind he sail'd, and well could tack : 15
 Had many pendants, but abhorr'd a Jack ‡.
 He's gone, although his friends began to hope,
 That he might yet be lifted by a rope.

* Two villages near the sea, where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant-word for a Jacobite.

Behold the awful bench on which he sat;
 He was as hard and pond'rous wood as that : 20
 Yet, when his sand was out, we find at last,
 That death has overfet him with a blast.
 Our Boat is now fail'd to the Stygian ferry,
 There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry,
 Charon in him will ferry souls to hell; 25
 A trade our Boat || hath practis'd here so well :
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both pitch and brimstone to fill up his flaws.
 Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place Boat in his old post again. 30
 The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks :
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks ;
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple-tree near Stephen's * green ;
 And when we view it thus with thief at end on't, 35
 We'll cry, Look, there's our Boat, and there's the
 pendent.



The E P I T A P H.

HERE lies Judge Boat within a coffin :
 Pray gentlefolks forbear your scoffing.
 A Boat a judge ! yes, where's the blunder ?
 A wooden judge is no such wonder.
 And in his robes you must agree, 5
 No Boat was better deck'd than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short, he was an able sculler †.

|| In hanging people as a judge.

* Where the Dublin gallows stands.

† Query, Whether the author meant *scholar*, and wilfully mistook?



A receipt to restore STELLA's youth.

Written in the year 1724-5.

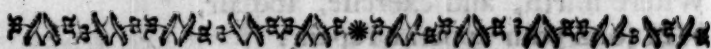
THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain
 For food along the barren plain. 5
 Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone;
 Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together, 10
 Till summer-show'rs and ev'ning's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew;
 And as the vegetable rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies:
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh;
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh; 15
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to inchant
 Europa's counterfeit gallant *. 20
 Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow?
 'Tis just the case; for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must against the warmer days 25
 Be sent to Quilca † down to graze;

* Jupiter is fabled to have stolen Europa in the shape of a bull.

† Dr. Sheridan's house, seven or eight miles from Dublin.

Where

Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
Will soon your appetite repair ;
The nutriment will from within,
Round all your body, plump your skin ; 30
Will agitate the lazy flood,
And fill your veins with sprightly blood :
Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
Nor ought of Stella but the name ;
For what was ever understood 35
By human kind, but flesh and blood ?
And if your flesh and blood be new,
You'll be no more the former *you* ;
But for a blooming nymph will pass,
Just fifteen, coming summer's grass, 40
Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :
While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
Attended by a brace of curs,
With jocky boots and silver spurs,
No less than justices o' *quorum*, 45
'Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
Shall leave deciding broken pates,
To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
But lest you should my skill disgrace,
Come back before you're out of case : 50
For if to Michaelmas you stay,
The new-born flesh will melt away ;
The 'squires in scorn will fly the house
For better game, and look for grouse ;
But here, before the frost can mar it, 55
We'll make it firm with beef and claret.



WHITSHED'S motto on his coach*.

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

*L*ibertas et natale solum :

Fine words ! I wonder where you stole 'em.
 Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,
 Serve for a motto on thy coach ?
 But let me now thy words translate :

Natale solum, my estate ;
 My dear estate, how well I love it ;
 My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it :
 They swear I am so kind and good,
 I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.

Libertas bears a large import :
 First, how to swagger in a court ;
 And, secondly, to shew my fury
 Against an uncomplying jury ;
 And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention
 To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;
 And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,
 Get the great seal, and turn out Brod'rick ;
 And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)
 To humble that vexatious Dean ;
 And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it †,
 For fifty times its worth, to Carteret ‡.

Now since your motto thus you construe,
 I must confess you've spoken once true.

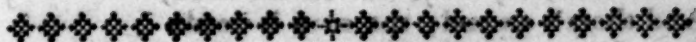
Libertas et natale solum,

You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

* The noted Chief Justice who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him. See his letters, in vol. 3. and 4.

† (i. e. Liberty to barter his soul.

‡ Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland,



Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, in order to be admitted to speak to him, when he was deaf.

Written in the year 1724.

DEAR Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind ?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind ?
Methinks, a friend at night should cheer you, 5
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't ?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for what is plainer ?)
That if you heard, you'd be no gainer. 10
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern ;
Then be your doors no longer barr'd :
Your business, Sir, is to be heard.



The ANSWER.

THE wife pretend to make it clear,
'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
Why are we then so fond of two,
When, by experience, one would do.

'Tis true, say they, cut off the head, 5
 And there's an end; the man is dead;
 Because, among all human race,
 None e'er was known to have a brace;
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the members twain, 10
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.
 The limb surviving, you may swear,
 Become's his brother's lawful heir.
 Thus, for a trial let me beg of 15
 Your Rev'ence but to cut one leg off;
 And you shall find by this device,
 The other will be stronger twice;
 For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining: 20
 So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other:
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two:
 Because the soul her power contracts, 25
 And on the brother-limb *reads*.
 But yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing;
 For though the place of either ear
 Be distant as one head can bear; 30
 Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
 Consult his book *de partiam usu*).
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There crept two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass, 35
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass;
 Thence to the neck; and moving thorough there
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers. 40
 You see my learning; but to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,

To

To t'other ear I felt it coming on :
And thus I solve this hard *phenomenon*.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies 45
To weak, or old, or clouded eyes :
Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
Would guard your nose against a post :
Without your legs, two legs of wood
Are stronger, and almost as good : 50
And as for hands, there have been those,
Who wanting both, have us'd their toes * ;
But no contrivance yet appears
To furnish artificial ears.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a friend who married a shrew.

Written in the year 1724.

NEll scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in :
He mark'd the conjugal dispute ;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute ;
But when he saw his friend appear, 5
Cry'd bravely, patience, good my dear.
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why Dick ! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will), thy house is worse than hell: 10

* There was about this time a man shewed, who wrote with his foot.

Why, what a peal the jade has rung !
 Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue ?
 For nothing else will make it cease.
 Dear Will, I suffer this for peace :
 I never quarrel with my wife ;
 I bear it for a quiet life,
 Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it ;
 Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*

15

Will went again to visit Dick ;
 And ent'ring in the very nick,
 He saw virago Nell belabour,
 With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour !
 Poor Will who needs must interpose,
 Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

20

But now, to make my story short,
 Will drew out Dick to take a quart.
 Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'lish whims ;
 Odsbubs, why don't you break her limbs ?
 If she were mine and had such tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle sticks :
 Z—ds, I would ship her to Jamaica,
 Or truck the carrion for *tobacco* ;
 I'd send her far enough away——
 Dear Will ; but what would people say ?
 Lord ! I should get so ill a name,
 The neighbours round would cry out, shame.

25

30

35

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit ;
 But who believ'd him when he said it ?
 Can he who makes himself a slave,
 Consult his peace, or credit save ?
 Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.
 She serv'd him at the usual rate ?
 She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
 And what he thought the hardest case,
 The parish jeer'd him to his face ;

40

45

Those

Those men who wore the breeches least,
 Call'd him a cuckold, fool, and beast.
 At home he was pursu'd with noise;
 Abroad was pester'd by the boys:
 Within his wife would break his bones;
 Without, they pelted him with stones:
 The 'prentices procur'd a riding *
 To act his patience, and her chiding.

50

False patience and mistaken pride!
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside;
 Slaves to their quiet and good name
 Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

55

* A riding, a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and hen-pecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail.

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance: copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author at his leisure-hours fell into the same amusement: although it be said, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine); because we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.

A



A R I D D L E.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white :
 My person tall and slender waste, 5
 On either side with fringes grace'd ;
 Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side ;
 No wonder now I look so thin ;
 The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin : 10
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt ;
 At head and foot my body lopt :
 And then with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more, he took a freak 15
 To slit my tongue, and make me speak :
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears,
 He oft employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies : 20
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice, or his lust.
 From me no secret he can hide :
 I see his vanity and pride :
 And my delight is to expose 25
 His follies to his greatest foes.

All

All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand.
 Without my aid the best divine
 In learning would not know a line : 30
 The lawyer must forget his pleading :
 The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay, man my master is my slave :
 I give command to kill or save
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year, 35
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate,
 My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a word. 40
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.



II.

A N O T H E R.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
 How is the greatest monarch blest'd,
 When in my gaudy livery dress'd !
 No haughty nymph has power to run 5
 From me, or my embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite messenger of Jove *,
 And Lemnian god † consulting strove 10

* Mercury.

† Vulcan.

To make me glorious to the fight
Of mortals, and the gods delight.
Soon would their altars flame expire,
If I refus'd to lend them fire.



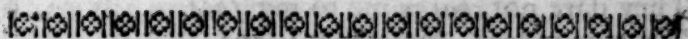
III.

A N O T H E R.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
Lo, here I stand with *double face*;
Superior none on earth I find;
But see *below me* all mankind.
Yet, as it oft attends the great,
I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
At every motion undertook,
The vulgar all consult my *look*.
I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
But never of my own *inditing*.

I am a courtier in my way,
For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
And some give out that I entice
To lust, and luxury, and dice;
Who punishments on me inflict,
Because they find their pockets pick'd.

By riding *post* I lose my health;
And only to get others wealth.



IV.

A N O T H E R.

BEcause I am by nature *blind*,
 I wisely chuse to walk behind ;
 However, to avoid disgrace,
 I let no creature see my *face*.
 My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense* ; 5
 And yet my *speaking* gives offence :
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am *opprest*,
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*. 10

Through me, though fore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instil.
 By thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
 Who neither get, nor lose a groat ;
 For none, alas, by me can gain, 15
 But those who give me *greatest pain*,
 Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my *caterer* and *taster* ?
 Yet though I always have my will,
 I'm but a mere *depend*er still : 20
 An humble *hanger-on* at best ;
 Of whom all people *make a jest*.

In me detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a diff'rent kind :
 I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry, 25
 And all I get, I *let it fly* :
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too *close* I hold my *purse*.

But

But this I know, in either case
 They dare not *charge* me to my *face*. 33
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have;
 But when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
 My *goings out*, and *comings in*, 35
 I cannot find I lose or win;
 And therefore all that know me say,
 I justly keep the *middle way*.
 I'm always by my betters led;
 I last *get up*, am first *abed*; 40
 Though, if I rise *before my time*,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime
 Consult the stars, and thence foretell
 Good luck to those with whom I dwell.



V.

A N O T H E R.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
 Domestic subject for disputes,
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown, 5
 Supporting half the British crown;
 And often have I seen thee grace
 The chaste Diana's infant-face;
 And whensoever you please to shine,
 Less useful is her light than thine: 10
 Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
 And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To

To place thee in another view,
 Ill shew the world strange things and true;
 What lords and dames of high degree 15
 May justly claim their birth from thee.
 The soul of man with spleen you vex;
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.
 Thee for a gift the courtier sends
 With pleasure to his special friends: 20
 He gives; and with a gen'rous pride,
 Contrives all means the gift to hide:
 Nor oft can the receiver know,
 Whether he has the gift or no.
 On airy wings you take your flight, 25
 And fly unseen both day and night;
 Conceal your form with various tricks;
 And few know how or where you fix.
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most, 30
 Mean time, the wise a question start,
 If thou a real being art;
 Or but a creature of the brain,
 That gives imaginary pain:
 But the sly giver better knows thee; 35
 Who feels true joy when he bestows thee.



VI.

A N O T H E R.

THough I, alas! a pris'ner be,
 My trade is pris'ners to set free.
 No slave his Lord's commands obeys
 With such insinuating ways.
 My genius piercing, sharp, and bright, 5
 Wherein the men of wit delight.

The clergy keep me for their ease,
 And turn and wind me as they please.
 A new and wondrous art I show
 Of raising spirits from below ;
 In scarlet some, and some in white :
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright,
 In at each mouth the spirits pass,
 Distinctly seen as through a glass :
 O'er head and body make a rout,
 And drive at last all secrets out :
 And still the more I show my art,
 The more they open ev'ry heart.

A greater chymist none than I,
 Who, from materials hard and dry,
 Have taught men to extract with skill
 More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often out of ease,
 I'm not asham'd to show my face.
 'Though at the tables of the great,
 I near the side-board take my seat ;
 Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
 Is never pleas'd till I make one :
 He kindly bids me near him stand ;
 And often take me by the hand,

I twice a-day a-hunting go ;
 Nor ever fail to seize my foe ;
 And when I have him by the pole,
 I drag him upwards from his hole,
 Though some are of so stubborn kind,
 I'm force'd to leave a limb behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end ;
 For I can break, but scorn to bend.



VII.

A N O T H E R.

The Gulf of all human Possessions.

Written in the year 1724.

C Ome hither and behold the fruits,
 Vain man, of all thy vain pursuits.
 Take wise advice, and look behind,
 Bring all past actions to thy mind.
 Here you may see, as in a glass, 5
 How soon all human pleasures pass.
 How will it mortify thy pride,
 To turn the true impartial side!
 How will your eyes contain their tears,
 When all the sad reverse appears! 10

This cave within its womb confines
 The last result of all designs:
 Here lie deposited the spoils
 Of busy mortals endless toils:
 Here, with an easy search, we find 15
 The foul corruptions of mankind.
 The wretched purchase here behold
 Of traitors who their country sold.

This gulf insatiable imbibes
 The lawyers fees, the statesman's bribes. 20
 Here, in their proper shape and mien,
 Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
 All human race must hither draw ;
 All prompted by the same desire, 25
 The vig'rous youth and aged fire.
 Behold, the coward and the brave,
 The haughty prince, the humble slave,
 Physician, lawyer, and divine,
 All make oblations as this shrine. 30
 Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
 And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
 For while the bashful sylvan maid,
 As half asham'd, and half afraid,
 Approaching finds it hard to part 35
 With that which dwelt so near her heart ;
 The courtly dame, unmov'd by fear,
 Profusely pours her off'rings here.

A treasure here of learning lurks,
 Huge heaps of never-dying works ; 40
 Labours of many an ancient sage,
 And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,
 And lie an undistinguish'd mass.
 Deucalion, to restore mankind, 45
 Was bid to throw the stones behind ;
 So those who here their gifts convey,
 Are force'd to look another way ;
 For few, a chosen few, must know
 The mysteries that lie below. 50

Sad charnel-house ! a dismal dome,
 For which all mortals leave their home ;
 The young, the beautiful, and brave,
 Here bury'd in one common grave ;
 Where each supply of dead renews 55
 Unwholesome damps, offensive dews :
 And lo ! the writing on the walls
 Points out where each new victim falls ;

The

The food of worms, and beasts obscene,
Who round the vault luxuriant reign. 60

See where those mangled corpses lie,
Condemn'd by female hands to die;
A comely dame once clad in white,
Lies there consign'd to endless night;
By cruel hands her blood was spilt, 65
And yet her wealth was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
Oft in the train of Venus seen,
As fair and lovely as their queen: 70
In royal garments each was drest,
Each with a gold and purple vest;
I saw them of their garments stript;
Their throats were cut, their bellies ript;
Twice were they bury'd, twice were born, 75
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
But now dismember'd here are cast,
And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
The combat of opposing winds: 80
And seeks to learn the secret cause,
Which alien seems from nature's laws;
Why, at this cave's tremendous mouth,
He feels at once both north and south:
Whether the winds in caverns pent 85
Thro' clefts oppugnant force a vent;
Or whether, op'ning all her stores,
Fierce Æolus in tempest roars.

Yet from this mingled mass of things
In time a new creation springs. 90
These crude materials once shall rise
To fill the earth, and air, and skies:

In various forms appear again
Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
So Jove pronounce'd among the gods,
Olympus trembling as he nods.

95



VIII.

A N O T H E R.

LOUISA to STREPHON.

Written in the Year 1724.

AH, Strephon, how can you despise
Her who without thy pity dies?

To Strephon I have still been true,

And of as noble blood as you;

Fair issue of the genial bed,

A virgin in thy bosom bred;

Embrace'd thee closer than a wife;

When thee I leave, I leave my life.

Why should my shepherd take amiss,

That oft I wake thee with a kiss?

Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain;

Ah, is not love a pleasing pain?

A pain which ev'ry happy night

You cure with ease and with delight;

With pleasure, as the poet sings,

Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I lie,

Observes me with revengeful eye:

If

If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails ; 20
 And with relentless hands destroy
 The tender pledges of our joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious race ;
 They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do ; 25
 For should I die for love of you,
 I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost ;
 And all my kin, a num'rous host,
 Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian King ; 30
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains,
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court ;
 From whom great Sylla found his doom ; 35
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire ;
 Thou, like Alcides shalt expire,
 When his invenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore. 40
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

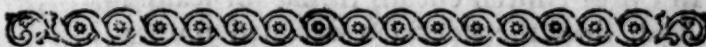


IX.

A N O T H E R.

Written in the year 1725.

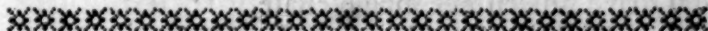
DEpriv'd of root, and branch, and rind,
 Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
 And such is my prolific pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an hour:
 Yet standers-by may plainly see
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round:
 And yet I firmly stand my ground:
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen. 10
 No couple-beggar in the land
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
 I join them fairly with a ring;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing:
 And though no marriage-words are spoke, 15
 They part not till the ring is broke,
 Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
 I'm but an idol rais'd on high;
 And once a weaver in our town,
 A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down. 20
 I lay a pris'n'r twenty years,
 And then the jovial cavaliers
 To their old post restor'd all three,
 I mean the church, the king, and me.



VERSES on the upright Judge who condemned the Drapier's Printer.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reason;
For there my grandfire cut his weazon:
He cut his weazon at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.



On the Same.

IN church your grandfire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.



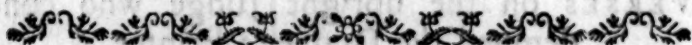
On the Same.

(The Judge speaks.)

I'M not the grandson of that ass Quin *,
Nor can you prove it, Mr Pasquin.
My grand-dame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice;

* An alderman.

This when my grandfire knew, they tell us he 5
 In Chrifft-church cut his throat for jealousy.
 And, fince the alderman was mad you fay,
 Then muft I be fo too, *ex traduce*.



A SIMILE on our want of Silver, and the
 only way to remedy it,

Written in the year 1725.

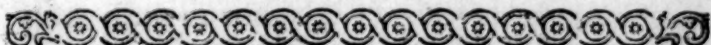
AS when of old fome forc'refs threw
 O'er the moon's face a fable hue,
 To drive unfeen her magic chair,
 At midnight, through the darken'd air;
 Wife people, who believ'd with reafon, 5
 That this eclipse was out of feafon,
 Affirm'd the moon was fick, and fell
 To cure her by a counter-spell.
 Ten thousand cymbals now begin
 To rend the fkyes with brazen din; 10
 The cymbal's rattling founds difpel
 The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
 The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
 Displays her filver face again.
 (Note here, that in the chymic ftyle, 15
 The moon is filver all this while).
 So (if my fimile you minded,
 Which I confeffs is too long winded)
 When late a feminine magician *,
 Join'd with a brazen politician, 20
 Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
 A parchment of prodigious fize †;

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by Wood.

† A patent to William Wood for coining halfpence.

Conceal'd

Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
 There was no silver to be seen.
 But to this parchment let the Drapier 25
 Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
 And ring Wood's copper in our ears
 So loud, till all the nation hears :
 'That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
 And drive the conj'ers to the devil : 30
 And when the sky is grown serene,
 Our silver will appear again.



On WOOD the Ironmonger.

Written in the year 1725.

SAlmoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
 Was a mad copper-smith of Elis ;
 Up at his forge by morning-peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep.
 Among a crew of royst'ring fellows 5
 Would sit whole ev'nings at the alehouse :
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.
 This vap'ring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies : 10
 With brass too fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish'd brass his flaming car
 Like lightning dazzled from afar ;
 And up he mounts into the box, 15
 And he must thunder, with a pox,
 Then furious he begins his march,
 Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch :

With

With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
 Among the trembling croud below. 20
 All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
 To pacify this angry deity;
 When Jove, in pity to the town,
 With real thunder knock'd him down.
 Then what a huge delight were all in, 25
 'To see the wicked varlet sprawling?
 They search'd his pockets on the place,
 And found his copper all was base;
 They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
 To take the noise of brags for thunder. 30

The moral of this tale is proper,
 Apply'd to Wood's adul'trate copper:
 Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
 Mistook at first for thunderbolts;
 Before the Drapier shot a letter. 35
 (Nor Jove himself could do it better),
 Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
 Like real thunder knock'd him down.



WOOD an INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long obfervation I have understood,
 That two little vermin are kin to Will. Wood.
 The first is an insect they call a wood-louse,
 That folds up itself in itself for a house,
 As round as a ball, without head, without tail, 5
 Inclos'd cap-a-pee in a strong coat of mail.
 And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
 In fillets of brags roll'd up to his ears:

And

And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone * 10

The louse of the wood for a med'cine is us'd,
Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.
And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
She need be no more with the jaundice possest, 15
Or sick of obstructions, and pains in her chest.

The next is an insect we call a wood-worm,
That lies in old wood like a hare in her form :
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch ;
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-
watch ; 20
Because, like a watch, it always cries click :
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick ;
For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries click, when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected 25
Infallibly cures the timber affected :
The omen is broken, the danger is over ;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd
at the door
Of a governing statesman or favourite whore : 30
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretell,
And the sound of his brass we took for our knell.
But now since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd
him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper 35
'Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted capper ;

* He was in jail for debt.

Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of raps * in a cauldron of oil.
Then chuse which you please, and let each bring a
faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the mag-
got.



TO QUILCA.

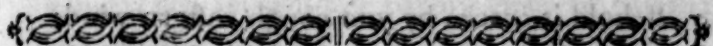
A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN, in no very good repair, where the supposed author, and some of his friends, spent a summer in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
A rotten cabbin, dropping rain :
Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
Stools, tables, chairs, and bedsteads broke.
Here elements have lost their uses,
Air ripens not, nor earth produces ;
In vain we make poor Sheelah * toil,
Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
The goddess Want in triumph reigns ;
And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around * her wait

* A cant-word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.

* An Irish name.

HORACE.



HORACE, ODE 14. BOOK 1. paraphrased,
and inscribed to IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725-6.

The INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves;
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.*

1. **U**Nhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain:
New waves shall drive thee to the deep a-
gain.

Look to thyself, and be no more the sport

2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side.
4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,

1. *O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.*

2. ——— *Fortiter occupa
Portum.*

3. *Nudum remigio latus.*

4. ——— *Malus celeri saucius Africo.*

- To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
5. Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a sudden tempest is thy sail.
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail;
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till pow'r discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags.
The nation scar'd, the author doom'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.

- A larger sacrifice in vain you vow ;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now :
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.
8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are
broke.
That thy descent is from the British oak ;
Or, when your name and family you boast,
From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
Her sons descended from the British line ;

5. ——— *Ac sine funibus.*
Vix durare carinæ
Pessint imperiosius
Æquor ?
6. *Non tibi sunt integra lintea.*
7. *Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
On French records for twenty long campaigns :
Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides ;
Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
In the gay trappings of a birthday-night :
They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
And quite forgot their country was enslav'd.
10. Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just ;
Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust.
Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.
11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
Now for thy safety cares distract my mind ;
As those who long have stood the storms of
state,
Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
Beware, and when you hear the furies roar,
Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore,
They lie, alas ! too easy to be found ;
For thee alone they lie the island round.
9. *Nil pielis timidus na vita puppibus.*
10. *Fidit ; tu, nisi ventis*
Debes ludibrium, cave.
11. *Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tædium,*
Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
Interfusa nitentes
Vites aquora Cycladas.

On reading Dr. YOUNG's satires called the
UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he
means PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such godlike virtues in the King;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common weal :
If he † who in the chair presides, 5
So steadily the senate guides :
If others whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in this glorious scheme :
If ev'ry peer whom you commend,
To worth and learning be a friend : 10
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest ?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat ;
Now on the bench fair Justice shines 15
Her scale to neither side inclines ;
Now Pride and cruelty are flown,
And Mercy here exalts her throne.

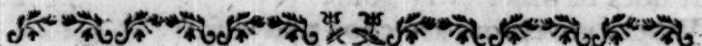
* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime minister of state to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the Speaker of the house of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Suffex, January 11, 1727. and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died first Commissioner of the Treasury, July 2. 1743.

For

For such is good example's power,
 It does its office ev'ry hour, 20
 Where governors are good and wise;
 Or else the truest maxim lies :
 For so we find all ancient sages
 Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*.
 'Through all the realm his virtues run, 25
 Rip'ning and kindling like the sun,
 If this be true, then how much more,
 When you have nam'd at least a score
 Of courtiers, each in their degree.
 If possible, as good as he ? 30

Or, take it in a diff'rent view,
 I ask, (if what you say be true),
 If you affirm the present age
 Deserves your satire's keenest rage;
 If that same universal passion 35
 With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation ;
 If virtue dares not venture down
 A single step beneath the crown ;
 If clergymen, to shew their wit,
 Praise classics more than holy writ ; 40
 If bankrupts, when they are undone,
 Into the senate-house can run,
 And sell their votes at such a rate
 As will retrieve a lost estate ;
 If law be such a partial whore 45
 To spare the rich and plague the poor :
 If these be of all crimes the worst,
 What land was ever half so curs'd ?



The DOG and THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

QUoth the thief to the dog, Let me into your
 door,
 And I'll give you these delicate bits,
 Quoth the dog, I should then be more villain than
 you're,
 And besides must be out of my wits..

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal, 5
 But my master each day gives me bread :
 You'll fly, when you get what you came here to steal,
 And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stockjobber thus from 'Change-alley goes down,
 And tips you, the freeman, a wink ; 10
 Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
 And here is a guinea to drink,

Said the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be
 spent :
 Your offers of brib'ry cease ;
 I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent, 15
 Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come silly people to chouse,
 Their lands and their faces unknown :
 Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
 That would turn a man out of his own? 20

ADVICE



ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET VERSE-
WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste ;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste.

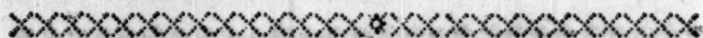
I know a trick to make you thrive ; 5
O, 'tis a quaint device :
Your stillborn poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd ; 10
And Curll must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope :
And when he fits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* * 15
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round.
Why then recall your loan ;
Sell them to Curll for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own. 20

* A blank cover.



On seeing VERSES written upon WIN-
DOWS in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd ;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake, 5
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.



II.

A N O T H E R.

BY Satan taught, all conj'ers know,
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much :
In this the devil and you agree ;
None e'er made verses worse than he, 5
And thine I swear are such.

A N O.



III.

A N O T H E R.

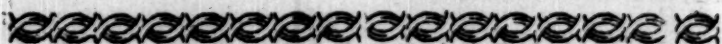
THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
 Those rhymers abundantly show it:
 They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
 And the devil's a damnable poet.



IV.

A N O T H E R.

THE church and clergy here, no doubt,
 Are very near a-kin;
 Both weather-beaten are without,
 And empty both within.



A PASTORAL DIALOGUE between RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-HILL *.

Written June 1727, just after the news of the late King's death, to which time this note must also be referred.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond † was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs Howard, then of the bedchamber, now Countess of Suffolk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge.

* This piece contains some of the best and finest portraits of Dr. Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were drawn. In it we are also told, in his own ludicrous way, that he generally spunged a breakfast once a week from the Princess of Wales, [the late Queen Caroline]; and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently used

"To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
"Complaints against the royal butter."

Swift.

† James Butler Duke of Ormond, succeeded John Duke of Marlborough as Captain General in Queen Anne's reign. He fled from England, soon after the Queen's death in 1714; and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without issue in 1745. His corpse was brought to England, and interred in Westminster abbey, May 22. 1746.

Mr.

Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens, Lord Herbert the architect, and the Dean of St. Patrick's chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

† **I**N spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will
Of Richmond-Lodge and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use, 5
This couple met to talk of news ;
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, right well I ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen : 10
You'll find it soon by woful proof ;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well evinces,
That we should put no trust in princes.
My royal master promis'd me 15
To raise me to a high degree ;
But now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.
You see, when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends ; 20
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My house was built but for a show,
My lady's empty pockets know ;
And now she will not have a shilling 25
To raise the stairs, or build the ceiling ;

† This poem was carried to court, and read to the king and queen.

For all the courtly Madams round
 Now pay four shillings in the pound ;
 'Tis come to what I always thought :
 My dame is hardly worth a groat. 30
 Had you and I been courtiers born,
 We should not thus have lain forlorn :
 For those we dex'trous courtiers call,
 Can rise upon their master's fall.
 But we unlucky and unwise 35
 Must fall, because our masters rise.

Richmond-L. My master scarce a fortnight since
 Was grown as wealthy as a prince ;
 But now it will be no such thing,
 For he'll be poor as any king : 40
 And by his crown will nothing get ;
 But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave divine,
 Shall keep the key of my no——wine ;
 My icehouse rob, as heretofore, 50
 And steal my artichoaks no more ;
 Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
 Bedraggled in my walks so green :
 Plump Johnny Gay will now elope ;
 And here no more will dangle Pope. 50

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's to
 seek,
 To sponge a breakfast once a-week ;
 To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.
 But now I fear it will be said, 55
 No butter sticks upon his bread.
 We soon shall find him full of spleen,
 For want of tattling to the Queen ;
 Stunning her royal ears with talking ;
 His Rev'rence and her Highness walking : 60
 Whilst

Whilst Lady Charlotte *, like a stroller,
Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
A goodly fight to see her ride
With ancient Mirmont † at her side.
In velvet cap his head lies warm ; 65
His hat for show beneath his arm.

Marble-H. Some South-sea broker from the city
Will purchase me, the more's the pity ;
Lay all my fine plantations waste
To fit them to his vulgar taste ; 70
Change'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
My master Pope will break his heart.

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be
drowneded,
If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head ;
Except her Majesty prevails 75
To place me with the prince of Wales :
And then I shall be free from tears,
For he'll be prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too.
And serve the times, as others do. 80
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope ;
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap ;
In summer on my verdant lap : 86
Prefer our villa's, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's ;
Nor shall I dull in silence sit ;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit : 90
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

We gardens, and you wilderneffes,
 Affist all poets in distresses.
 Him twice a-week I here expect,
 To rattle Moody * for neglect; 95
 An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
 In tippling at the Dog and Partridge;
 And I can hardly get him down
 Three times a-week to brush my gown. 100

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill;
 But hope to see you flourish still.
 All happiness,—and so adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the same to
 you.

DESIRE and POSSESSION.

Written in the year 1727.

'TIS strange, what diff'rent thoughts inspire
 In men, *possession* and *desire*!
 Think what they wish so great a blessing;
 So disappointed when possessing!

A moralist profoundly sage, 5
 I know not in what book or page,
 Or whether o'er a pot of ale,
 Related thus the following tale.

Possession, and *Desire* his brother,
 But still at variance with each other, 10

* The gardener.

Were

Were seen contending in a race ;
 And kept at first an equal pace ;
 'Tis said their course continued long ;
 For this was active, that was strong :
 'Till envy, slander, sloth, and doubt,
 Missed them many a league about.
 Seduce'd by some deceiving light,
 They take the wrong way for the right :
 Through slipp'y by-roads dark and deep
 They often climb, and often creep.

15

20

Desire, the swifter of the two,
 Along the plain like lightning flew :
 Till ent'ring in a broad highway,
 Where power and titles scatter'd lay,
 He strove to pick up all he found,
 And by excursions lost his ground :
 No sooner got, than with disdain
 He threw them on the ground again ;
 And hasted forward to pursue
 Fresh objects fairer to his view ;
 In hope to spring some nobler game ;
 But all he took was just the same :
 Too scornful now to stop his pace,
 He spurn'd them in his rival's face.

25

30

Possession kept the beaten road ;
 And gather'd all his brother strow'd ;
 But overcharg'd, and out of wind,
 Though strong in limbs, he lagg'd behind.

35

Desire had now the goal in sight :
 It was a tow'r of monstrous height ;
 Where on the summit Fortune stands,
 A crown and sceptre in her hands ;
 Beneath a chasim as deep as hell,
 Where many a bold advent'rer fell.
Desire in rapture gaz'd a while,
 And saw the treach'rous goddess smile ;

40

45

But as he climb'd to grasp the crown,
 She knock'd him with the sceptre down.
 He tumbled in the gulf profound ;
 There doom'd to whirl an endless round.

50

Possession's load was grown so great,
 He sunk beneath the cumb'rous weight :
 And as he now expiring lay,
 Flocks ev'ry ominous bird of prey :
 The raven, vulture, owl, and kite,
 At once upon his carcase light,
 And strip his hide, and pick his bones,
 Regardless of his dying groans.

55



ON CENSURE.

Written in the year 1727.

YE wise, instruct me to endure
 An evil which admits no cure ;
 Or how this evil can be borne,
 Which breeds at once both hate and scorn.
 Bare innocence is no support,
 When you are try'd in scandal's court.
 Stand high in honour, wealth or wit ;
 All others who inferior fit,
 Conceive themselves in conscience bound
 To join and drag you to the ground.
 Your altitude offends the eyes
 Of those who want the pow'r to rise.
 The world, a willing stander-by,
 Inclines to aid a specious lie :

5

10

Alas,

Alas, they would not do you wrong, 15
But all appearances are strong.

Yet whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind discharge their tongues
In venom, till they burst their lungs, 20
Their utmost malice cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ake;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink, 25
By what they speak, or what they think;
Nor can ten hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learn'd, or wise.

The most effectual way to baulk
Their malice, is — to let them talk. 30



The Furniture of a WOMAN's mind.

Written in the year 1727.

A Set of phrases learn'd by rote;
A passion for a scarlet coat;
When at a play to laugh, or cry,
Yet cannot tell the reason why;
Never to hold her tongue a minute, 5
While all she prates has nothing in it:
Whole hours can with a coxcomb sit,
And take his nonsense all for wit;
Her learning mounts to read a song.
But half the words pronouncing wrong; 10

Hath

Hath ev'ry repartee in store,
 She spoke ten thousand times before ;
 Can ready compliments supply
 On all occasions cut and dry ;
 Such hatred to a parson's gown, 13
 The fight will put her in a swoon ;
 For conversation well endu'd,
 She calls it witty to be rude ;
 And placing raillery in railing,
 Will tell aloud your greatest failing ; 20
 Nor makes a scruple to expose
 Your bandy leg, or crooked nose ;
 Can at her morning-tea run o'er
 The scandal of the day before :
 Improving hourly in her skill, 25
 To cheat and wrangle at quadrille,

In chusing lace a critic nice,
 Knows to a groat the lowest price ;
 Can in her female clubs dispute,
 What linen best the silk will suit, 30
 What colours each complexion match,
 And where with art to place a patch.

If chance a mouse creeps in her sight,
 Can finely counterfeit a fright ;
 So sweetly screams, if it comes near her, 35
 She ravishes all hearts to hear her.
 Can dext'rously her husband tease,
 By taking fits whene'er she please ;
 By frequent practice learns the trick
 At proper seasons to be sick ; 40
 Thinks nothing gives one airs so pretty,
 At once creating love and pity ;
 If Molly happens to be careless,
 And but neglects to warm her hair-lace.
 She gets a cold as sure as death, 45
 And vows she scarce can fetch her breath ;

Admires

Admires how modest women can
Be so *robustious* like a man.

In party, furious to her pow'r ;
A bitter Whig, or Tory four ; 50
Her arguments directly tend
Against the side she would defend ;
Will prove herself a Tory plain,
From principles the Whigs maintain ;
And to defend the Whiggish cause, 55
Her topics from the Tories draws.

O yes *! if any man can find
More virtues in a woman's mind,
Let them be sent to Mrs. Harding † ;
She'll pay the charges to a farthing ; 60
Take notice, she has my commission
To add them in the next edition ;
They may outsell a better thing :
So, holla boys ; God save the King.



Clever TOM CLINCH going to be hanged.

Written in the year 1727.

AS clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was
bawling,
Rode stately through Holbourn to die in his calling,
He stopt at the George for a bottle of sack,
And promis'd to pay for it when he came back.

* O yes, ; a corruption of *oyez*, hear ye ; a word used by criers.

† A printer.

His waistcoat, and stockings, and breeches were
white; 5

His cap had a new cherry riband to tye't,
The maids to the doors and the balconies ran,
And said, Lack a-day! he's a proper young man,
But as from the windows the ladies he spy'd,
Like a beau in the box, he bow'd low on each
side; 10

And when his last speech the loud hawkers did cry,
He swore from his cart, it was all a damn'd lie.
The hangman for pardon fell down on his knee;
Tom gave him a kick in the guts for his fee:
Then said, I must speak to the people a little, 15
But I'll see you all damn'd before I will *whittle* †.
My honest friend Wild ‖, may he long hold his place,
He lengthen'd my life with a whole year of grace.
Take courage, dear comrades, and be not afraid,
Nor slip this occasion to follow your trade; 20
My conscience is clear, and my spirits are calm,
And thus I go off without pray'r-book or psalm;
Then follow the practice of clever Tom Clinch,
Who hung like a hero, and never would flinch.



On cutting down the old Thorn at MARKET-
HILL *.

Written in the year 1727.

A T Market-hill, as well appears
By chronicle of ancient date,
There stood for many a hundred years
A spacious thorn before the gate.

† A cant word for confessing at the gallows.

‖ Jonathan Wild, the noted thief-catcher, under-keeper of Newgate, who was hanged for receiving stolen goods.

* A village near the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, where the Dean sometimes made a long visit,

Hither

Hither came every village-maid,
 And on the boughs her garland hung,
 And here, beneath the spreading shade,
 Secure from satyrs' sat and sung. 5

Sir Archibald † that val'rous knight,
 Then lord of all the fruitful plain,
 Would come to listen with delight,
 For he was fond of rural strain. 10

(Sir Archibald, whose fav'rite name
 Shall stand for ages on record,
 By Scottish bards of highest fame,
 Wife Hawthornden and Stirling's Lord ‡.) 15

But time with iron teeth I ween,
 Has canker'd all its branches round ;
 No fruit or blossom to be seen,
 Its head reclining tow'ards the ground. 20

This aged, sickly, sapless thorn,
 Which must, alas ! no longer stand,
 Behold the cruel Dean in scorn
 Cuts down with sacrilegious hand.

Dame nature, when she saw the blow. 25
 Astonish'd gave a dreadful shriek ;
 And mother Tellus trembled so,
 She scarce recover'd in a week.

The sylvan pow'rs with fear perplex'd,
 In prudence and compassion sent, 30
 (For none could tell whose turn was next)
 Sad omens of the dire even.

† Sir Archibald Acheson, Secretary of State for Scotland.

‡ Drummond of Hawthornden, and Sir William Alexander, Earl of Stirling, who were both friends to Sir Archibald, and famous for their poetry.

The magpye, lighting on the stock,
 Stood chatt'ring with incessant din;
 And with her beak gave many a knock,
 To rouse and warn the nymph within. 35

The owl foresaw, in pensive mood,
 The ruin of her ancient seat;
 And fled in haste with all her brood
 To seek a more secure retreat. 40

Last trotted forth the gentle swine,
 To ease her ich against the stump,
 And dismally was heard to whine,
 All as she scrubb'd her measly rum.

The nymph who dwells in ev'ry tree, 45
 (If all be true that poets chant),
 Condemn'd by fate's supreme decree,
 Must die with her exiring plant.

Thus when the gentle Spina found
 The thorn committed to her care, 50
 Receiv'd its last and deadly wound,
 She fled and vanish'd into air.

But from the root a dismal groan
 First issuing, struck the murd'ers ears;
 And in a shrill revengeful tone 55
 This prophecy he trembling hears.

" Thou chief contriver of my fall,
 " Relentless Dean, to mischief born;
 " My kindred oft thine hide shall gall,
 " Thy gown and cassock oft be torn. 60

" And thy confed'rate dame, who brags
 " That she condemn'd me to the fire,
 " Shall rent her petticoats to rags,
 " And wound her legs with ev'ry bri'r.

" Nor

- “ Nor thou, Lord Arthur *, shalt escape: 65
“ To thee I often call’d in vain,
“ Against that affassin in crape;
“ Yet thou couldst tamely see me slain.
- “ Nor when I felt the dreadful blow,
“ Or chid the Dean, or pinch’d thy spouse; 70
“ Since you could see me treated so,
“ (An old retainer to your house).
- “ May that fell Dean, by whose command
“ Was form’d this Machi’vellian plot,
“ Not leave a thistle on thy land; 75
“ Then who will own thee for a Scot?
- “ Pigs and fanatics, cows and teagues,
“ Through all thy empire I foresee,
“ To tear thy hedges join in leagues: 80
“ Sworn to revenge my thorn and me.
- “ And thou the wretch ordain’d by fate,
“ Neal Gahagan, Hibernian clown,
“ With hatchet blunter than thy pate
“ To hack my hallow’d timber down,
- “ When thou suspended high in air, 85
“ Dy’st on a more ignoble tree,
“ (For thou shalt steal thy landlord’s mare),
“ Then, bloody caitiff, think on me.”

* Sir Arthur Cheson.



On the five LADIES at SOT'S HOLE*, with
the DOCTOR † at their head,

N. B. *The Ladies treated the Doctor.*

Sent as from an officer in the army.

Written in the year 1728.

F Air ladies, number five,
Who in your merry freaks
With little Tom contrive
To feast on ale and steaks.

While he sits by a-grinning,
To see you safe in Sot's-hole,
Set up with greazy linen,
And neither mugs nor pots whole.

Alas ! I never thought
A priest would please your palate ;
Besides, I'll hold a groat,
He'll put you in a ballad :

Where I shall see your faces
On paper daub'd so foul,
They'll be no more like graces,
Than Venus like an owl ;

* An alehouse in Dublin famous for beef-steaks.

† Dr. Thomas Sheridan,

And

And we shall take you rather
 To be a midnight-pack
 Of witches met together,
 With Belzebub in black.

20

It fills my heart with wo
 To think, such ladies fine
 Should be reduce'd so low
 To treat a dull divine.

Be by a parson cheated !
 Had you been cunning stagers,
 You might yourselves be treated
 By captains and by majors.

25

See how corruption grows,
 While mothers, daughters, aunts,
 Instead of powder'd beaus,
 From pulpits chuse gallants.

30

If we who wear our wigs
 With fan-tail and with snake,
 Are bubbled thus by prigs ;
 Z——ds, who would be a rake ?

35

Had I a heart to fight,
 I'd knock the Doctor down ;
 Or could I read or write,
 I'gad I'd wear a gown.

40

Then leave him to his birch *,
 And at the Rose on Sunday,
 The parson safe at church,
 I'll treat you with burgundy.

* He kept a school.



On BURNING a dull POEM.

Written in the year 1729.

AN afs's hoof alone can hold
 That pois'nous juice which kills by cold;
 Methought, when I this poem read,
 No vessel but an afs's head
 Such frigid fustian could contain, 5
 I mean the head without the brain.
 The cold conceits, the chilling thoughts
 Went down like stupifying draughts:
 I found my head began to swim,
 A numbness crept through ev'ry limb. 10
 In haste, with imprecations dire,
 I threw the volume in the fire:
 When, who could think? tho' cold as ice,
 It burnt to ashes in a trice.

How could I more inhance its fame? 15
 Though born in snow, it dy'd in flame.



A LIBEL on the Reverend Dr. DELANY,
and his Excellency JOHN Lord CAR-
TERET.

To Dr. DELANY, occasioned by his epistle to his
Excellency JOHN Lord CARTERET.

Written in the year 1729.

DEluded mortals, whom the great
Chuse for companions *tête à tête*;
Who at their dinners *en famille*,
Get leave to sit whene'er you will;
Then boasting tell us where you din'd,
And how his Lordship was so kind;
How many pleasant things he spoke,
And how you laugh'd at ev'ry joke:
Swear he's a most facetious man;
'That you and he are cup and can:
You travel with a heavy load,
And quite mistake preferment's road.

5.

10.

Suppose my Lord and you alone,
Hint the least int'rest of your own;
His visage drops, he knits his brow,
He cannot talk of bus'ness now:
Or mention but a vacant post,
He'll turn it off with, "Name your toast."
Nor could the nicest artist paint
A countenance with more constraint.

15.

20.

For as, their appetites to quench,
Lords keep a pimp to bring a wench;

So men of wit are but a kind
 Of pandars to a vitious mind ;
 Who proper objects must provide 25
 To gratify their lust of pride,
 When weary'd with intrigues of state,
 They find an idle hour to prate.
 Then should you dare to ask a place,
 You forfeit all your patron's grace, 30
 And disappoint the sole design,
 For which he summon'd you to dine.

Thus Congreve spent in writing plays,
 And one poor office half his days ;
 While Montague *, who claim'd the station 35
 To be Mæcenas of the nation,
 For poets open table kept,
 But ne'er consider'd where they slept :
 Himself as rich as fifty Jews,
 Was easy though they wanted shoes ; 40
 And crazy Congreve scarce could spare
 A shilling to discharge his chair :
 Till prudence taught him to appeal
 From Pæan's fire to party-zeal ;
 Not owing to his happy vein 45
 The fortunes of his latter scene,
 Took proper principles to thrive ;
 And so might ev'ry dunce alive.

Thus Steele, who own'd what others writ,
 And flourish'd by imputed wit, 50
 From perils of a hundred jails,
 Withdrew to starve, and die in Wales.

'Thus Gay, the hare † with many friends,
 Twice seven long years the court attends :

* Earl of Halifax.

† See his fables,

Who under tales conveying truth, 55
 To virtue form'd a princely youth * :
 Who paid his courtship with the croud,
 As far as modest pride allow'd ;
 Rejects a servile usher's place,
 And leaves St. James's in disgrace †. 60

Thus Addison, by Lords carefs'd,
 Was left in foreign lands distress'd ;
 Forgot at home, became for hire
 A trav'ling tutor to a 'squire :
 But wisely left the muses hill, 65
 To bus'ness shap'd the poet's quill,
 Let all his barren laurels fade,
 Took up himself the courtiers trade,
 And grown a minister of state,
 Saw poets at his levee wait. 70

Hail, happy Pope ! whose gen'rous mind
 Detesting all the statesmen kind,
 Contemning courts, at courts unseen,
 Refus'd the visits of a queen.
 A soul with ev'ry virtue fraught, 75
 By sages, priests, or poets taught ;
 Whose filial piety excels
 Whatever Grecian story tells ;
 A genius for all stations fit,
 Whose meanest talent is his wit ; 80
 His heart too great, though fortune little,
 To lick a rascal statesman's spittle ;
 Appealing to the nation's taste,
 Above the reach of want is plac'd :
 By Homer dead was taught to thrive, 85
 Which Homer never could alive :

* His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland, second son of K. George II.

† For some account of this, see Letters to and from Dr. Swift.

And sits aloft on Pindus' head,
Despising slaves that cringe for bread.

True politicians only pay
For solid work, but not for play; 90
Nor ever chuse to work with tools
Forge'd up in colleges and schools.
Consider how much more is due
To all their journeymen, than you :
At table you can Horace quote ; 95
They at a pinch can bribe a vote :
You shew your skill in Grecian story ;
But they can manage Whig and Tory :
You, as a critic, are so curious
To find a verse in Virgil spurious ; 100
But they can smoke the deep designs,
When Bolingbroke with Pultney dines.

Besides, your patron may upbraid ye,
That you have got a place already ;
An office for your talents fit, 105
To flatter, carve, and shew your wit ;
To snuff the lights, and stir the fire,
And get a dinner for your hire.
What claim have you to place or pension ?
He overpays in condescension. 110

But, Rev'rend Doctor, you we know
Could never condescend so low ;
The viceroy, whom you now attend,
Would, if he durst, be more your friend ;
Nor will in you those gifts despise, 115
By which himself was taught to rise :
When he has virtue to retire,
He'll grieve he did not raise you higher,
And place you in a better station,
Although it might have pleas'd the nation. 120

This

This may be true——submitting still
 To Walpole's more than royal will ;
 And what condition can be worse ?
 He comes to drain a beggar's purse ;
 He comes to tie our chains on faster, 125
 And shew us, England is our master :
 Caressing knaves, and dunces wooing,
 To make them work their own undoing.
 What has he else to bait his traps,
 Or bring his vermin in, but scraps ? 130
 The offals of a church distressed ;
 A hungry vicarage at best ;
 Or some remote inferior post,
 With forty pounds a-year at most.

But here again you interpose ; 135
 Your fav'rite Lord is none of those
 Who owe their virtues to their stations,
 And characters to dedications :
 For keep him in, or turn him out,
 His learning none will call in doubt ; 140
 His learning, though a poet said it
 Before a play, would lose no credit ;
 Nor Pope would dare deny him wit,
 Although to praise it Philips writ.
 I own he hates an action base, 145
 His virtues battling with his place ;
 Nor wants a nice discerning spirit
 Betwixt a true and spurious merit ;
 Can sometimes drop a voter's claim,
 And give up party to his fame. 150
 I do the most that friendship can ;
 I hate the viceroy, love the man.

But you, who till your fortune's made,
 Must be a sweet'ner by your trade,
 Should swear he never meant us ill ; 155
 We suffer fore against his will ;
 That

That if we could but see his heart,
 He would have chose a milder part:
 We rather should lament his case,
 Who must obey, or lose his place. 160

Since this reflection slip't your pen,
 Insert it when you write again:
 And, to illustrate it, produce
 This simile for his excuse.

" So, to destroy a guilty land, 165
 " An angel * sent by heav'n's command,
 " While he obeys almighty will,
 " Perhaps may feel compassion still;
 " And with the task had been assign'd
 " To spirits of less gentle kind." 170

But I, in politics grown old,
 Whose thoughts are of a diff'rent mould,
 Who from my soul sincerely hate
 Both k—— and ministers of state,
 Who look on courts with stricter eyes 175
 To see the seeds of vice arise,
 Can lend you an allusion fitter,
 Though flatt'ring knaves may call it bitter;
 Which, if you durst but give it place,
 Would shew you many a statesman's face: 180
 Fresh from the tripod of Apollo
 I had it in the words that follow:
 ('Take notice, to avoid offence,
 I here except his Excellence).

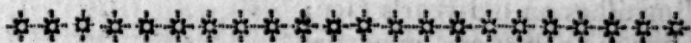
" So, to effect his monarch's ends, 185
 " From hell a viceroy dev'l ascends;
 " His budget with corruption cramm'd,
 " The contributions of the damn'd;

* So when an angel by divine command,

Addison's Campaign.

" Which

" Which with unsparing hand he strows
 " Through courts and senates as he goes ; 190
 " And then at Belzebub's black hall,
 " Complains his budget was too small."
 Your simile may better shine
 In verse ; but there is truth in mine ;
 For no imaginable things 195
 Can differ more than gods and k—s :
 And statesmen by ten thousand odds
 Are angels just as k—s are gods.



TO JANUS, ON NEW-YEAR'S-DAY.

Written in the year 1729.

TWO-face'd Janus, god of time !
 Be my Phœbus while I rhyme :
 To oblige your crony Swift,
 Bring our dame a new-year's gift :
 She has got but half a face ; 5
 Janus, since thou hast a brace,
 To my Lady once be kind ;
 Give her half thy face behind.

God of time, if you be wise,
 Look not with your future eyes ; 10
 What imports thy forward sight ?
 Well, if you could lose it quite.
 Can you take delight in viewing
 This poor isle's * approaching ruin,
 When thy retrospection vast 15
 Sees the glorious ages past ?

* Ireland.

Happy nation ! were we blind,
 Or had only eyes behind.
 Drown your morals, Madam cries,
 I'll have none but forward eyes ; 20
 Prudes decay'd about may tack,
 Strain their necks with looking back ;
 Give me time, when coming on :
 Who regards him when he's gone ?
 By the Dean though gravely told, 25
 New years help to make me old ;
 Yet I find a new-year's lace
 Burnishes an old-year's face :
 Give me velvet and quadrille,
 I'll have youth and beauty still. 30

XX

DRAPIER'S HILL*.

Written in the year 1729.

WE give the world to understand,
 Our thriving Dean has purchas'd land ;
 A purchase which will bring him clear
 Above his rent four pounds a-year ;
 Provided, to improve the ground, 5
 He will but add two hundred pound,
 And from his endless hoarded store
 To build a house five hundred more.
 Sir Arthur † too shall have his will.
 And call the mansion Drapier's Hill : 10
 That when a nation long inflav'd,
 Forgets by whom it once was fav'd ;

* The Dean gave this name to a farm called Drumlack, which he took of Sir Arthur Acheson, whose seat lay between that and Market-Hill, and intended to build an house upon it, but afterwards changed his mind.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, from whom the purchase was made.

When none the Drapier's praise shall sing,
 His signs aloft no longer swing;
 His medals and his prints forgotten, 15
 And all his handkerchiefs are rotten †;
 His famous Letters made waste paper;
 This hill may keep the name of Drapier:
 In spite of envy flourish still,
 And Drapier's vie with Cooper's Hill. 20



The GRAND QUESTION debated:

Whether HAMILTON BAWN * should be
 turned into a BARRACK or a MALT-
 HOUSE.

Written in the year 1729.

The PREFACE to the ENGLISH EDITION.

THE author of the following poem is said to be
 Dr. J. S. D. S. P. D. who writ it, as well as
 several other copies of verses of the like kind, by
 way of amusement, in the family of an honourable
 gentleman in the north of Ireland, where he spent
 a summer about two or three years ago.

† Medals were cast, many signs hung up, and handkerchiefs made
 with devices, in honour of the author, under the name of M. B.
 Drapier.

* A bawn was a place near the house, inclosed with mud or stone
 walls to keep the cattle from being stolen in the night. They are
 now little used.

A certain very great person †, then in that kingdom, having heard much of this poem, obtained a copy from the gentleman, or, as some say, the lady, in whose house it was written; from whence, I know not by what accident, several other copies were transcribed, full of errors. As I have a great respect for the supposed author, I have procured a true copy of the poem; the publication whereof can do him less injury than printing any of those incorrect ones which ran about in manuscript, and would infallibly be soon in the press, if not thus prevented.

Some expressions being peculiar to Ireland, I have prevailed on a gentleman of that kingdom to explain them, and I have put the several explanations in their proper places,

THUS spoke to my Lady the Knight † full of care,

Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.

This Hamilton's bawn *, whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;

But how to dispose of it to the best bidder, 5

For a barrack † or malthouse, we now must consider.

First, let me suppose I make it a malthouse,

Here I have computed the profit will fall t'us;

There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,

I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain; 10

A handsome addition for wine and good cheer,

Three dishes a-day, and three hogheads a-year:

With a dozen large vessels my vaults shall be stor'd;

No little scrub joint shall come on my board:.

And you and the Dean no more shall combine 15

To stint me at night to one bottle of wine:

† John Lord Carteret, then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, afterwards Earl of Granville in right of his mother.

† Sir Arthur Acheson, at whose seat it was written.

* A large old house, two miles from Sir Arthur Acheson's seat,

† The army in Ireland is lodged in strong buildings over the whole kingdom, called barracks.

Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant ;
My dear, I have ponder'd again and again on't : 20
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me, I must be content,
Or join with the court in ev'ry debate ;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.

Thus ended the Knight : thus began his meek
wife ;

It *must*, and it *shall* be a *barrack*, my life, 26
I'm grown a mere *mopus* ; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants, and rusty dull *rums* †.
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean ?
I'm all over daub'd when I sit by the Dean. 30
But if you will give us a *barrack*, my dear,
The *Captain*, I'm sure, will always come here :
I then shall not value his Deanship a straw,
For the *Captain*, I warrant, will keep him in awe ;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert, 35
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert ;
That men of his coat should be minding their pray'rs,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.

Thus argu'd my Lady, but argu'd in vain ;
The knight his opinion resolv'd to maintain. 40

But Hannah *, who listen'd to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her Ladyship call'd to be dress'd,
Cry'd, Madam, why surely my master's possess'd,
Sir Arthur the maltster ! how fine it will sound ! 45
I'd rather the Bawn were sunk under ground.

† A cant word in Ireland for a poor country-clergyman.

* My Lady's waiting-woman.

But, Madam, I guess'd there would never come
 good,
 When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood †.
 And now my dream's out; for I was a-dream'd
 That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I scream'd! 50
 And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
 And Molly, she said, I should hear some ill news.

Dear Madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
 You might have a barrack whenever you please:
 And, Madam, I always believ'd you so stout, 55
 That for twenty denials you would not give out.
 If I had a husband like him, I *purtest*,
 'Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest;
 And rather than come in the same pair of sheets
 With such a cross man, I would lie in the streets: 60
 But, Madam, I beg you contrive and invent.
 And worry him out, till he gives his consent.

Dear Madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
 An I were to be hang'd I can't sleep a wink:
 For if a new crotchet comes into my brain, 65
 I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
 I fancy already a barack contriv'd
 At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arriv'd;
 Of this to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
 And waits on the Captain betimes the next morn-
 ing. 70

Now see when they meet how their honours be-
 have;
 Noble Captain, your servant——Sir Arthur, your
 slave;
 You honour me much——the honour is mine,——
 'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine---
 Pray, how does my Lady? —— my wife's at your
 service.—— 75
 I think I have seen her picture by Jervis.——

† Two of Sir Arthur's managers

Good morrow, good Captain, — I'll wait on you
down —

You shan't stir a foot — you'll think me a clown —
For all the world, Captain, not half an inch far-
ther —

You must be obey'd — your servant, Sir Arthur; 80
My humble respects to my Lady unknown, —
I hope you will use my house as your own.

“ Go bring me my smock, and leave off your
prate,

“ Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate,” 85
Pray, Madam, be quiet; what was it I said? —
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.

Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum: 90
Now, Madam, observe, how he marches in state:
The man with the kettledrum enters the gate: 91
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the Captain all dawl'd with gold
lace:

O law! the sweet gentleman! look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land, 95
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his
hand;

And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbands in knots at its tail and its ears;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court; when the Captain cries,
Stand.

Your Ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen, 101
(For sure I had dizen'd you out like a queen):
The Captain, to shew he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver;
(His beaver is cock'd; pray, Madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat; 106

Because he has never a hand that is idle ;
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds
the bridle ;

Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air ;
As a compliment due to a lady so fair ; 110
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt !)
'Then he low'rs down the point, and kisses the hilt,
Your Ladyship smiles, and thus you begin ;
Pray, Captain, be pleas'd to alight and walk in.
The Captain salutes you with congee profound, 115
And your Ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.

Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to
us.

I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us ;
And, Captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day : 120
You're heartily welcome : but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time in the year :
If I had expected so worthy a guest—
Lord ! Madam ! your Ladyship sure is in jest ;
You banter me, Madam, the kingdom must grant---
You officers, Captain, are so complaisant. 126

" Hift, huffy, I think I hear somebody coming---
No, Madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To shorten my tale, (for I hate a long story),
The Captain at dinner appears in his glory ; 130
The Dean and the Doctor * have humbled their
pride,
For the Captain's intreated to sit by your side ;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him
first ;
The parsons for envy are ready to burst ;
The servants amaz'd are scarce ever able 135
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table ;

* Dr. Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.

And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
 To peep at the Captain in all his fine clo'es :
 Dear Madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
 Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran ;
 " And, Madam, says he, if such dinners you give,
 " You'll never want parsons as long as you live ; 142
 " I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
 " But the devil's as welcome where-ever he goes ;
 " G—d—me, they bid us reform and repent, 145
 " But, z——s, by their looks they never keep lent :
 " Mister Curate, for all your grave looks I'm afraid
 " You cast a sheep's eye on her Ladyship's maid ;
 " I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
 " In mending your cassock, and smoothing your
 band : 150
 " (For the Dean, was so shabby, and look'd like a
 ninny,
 " That the Captain suppos'd he was curate to Jenny):
 " Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
 " A hundred to one but it covers a clown ;
 " Observe how a parson comes into a room, 155
 " G—d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom ;
 " A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
 " Can hardly tell how to cry bo to a goose ;
 " Your Noveds, and Bluturks, and Omurs *, and
 stuff,
 " By G— they don't signify this pinch of snuff. 160
 " To give a young gentleman right education,
 " The army's the only good school in the nation ;
 " My schoolmaster call'd me a dunce and a fool,
 " But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school ;
 " I never could take to my book for the blood o'me.
 " And the puppy confess'd he expected no good o'me.
 " He caught me one morning coquetting his wife ;
 " But he maul'd me, I ne'er was so maul'd in my life :

* Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. See essay on modern education.

“ So I took to the road, and, what’s very odd,
 “ The first man I robb’d was a parson by G—. 170
 “ Now, Madam, you’ll think it a strange thing to say,
 “ But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.”

Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
 And, Madam, I laugh’d till I thought I should split.
 So then you look’d scornful, and snift at the Dean,
 As who should say, *Now am I skinny and lean* † ? 176
 But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
 And the Doctor was plaguily down in the hips.

Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk, 179
 Till she heard the Dean call, *Will your Ladyship walk?*
 Her Ladyship answers, *I’m just coming down* ;
 Then turning to Hannah, and forcing a frown,
 Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
 Cry’d, Huffy, why sure the wench is gone mad :
 How could these chimeras get into your brains ?-- 185
 Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
 But the Dean, if this secret should come to her ears,
 Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers :
 For your life not a word of the matter I charge ye :
 Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy. 190



An excellent new Ballad; or, The true
 ENGLISH DEAN * to be hanged for a
 RAPE.

Written in the year 1730.

I.

OUR brethren of England, who love us so dear,
 And in all they do for us so kindly do mean,

† Nicknames for my Lady.

* Sawbridge Dean of Fernes.

A blessing

A blessing upon them ! have sent us this year,
 For the good of our church, a true English Dean.
 A holier priest ne'er was wrapt up in crape ; 5
 The worst you can say, he committed a rape.

II.

In his journey to Dublin, he lighted at Chester,
 And there he grew fond of another man's wife ;
 Burst into her chamber, and would have carefs'd
 her ;
 But she valu'd her honour much more than her
 life. 10

She bustled, and struggled, and made her escape
 To a room full of guests, for fear of a rape.

III.

The Dean he pursu'd to recover his game ;
 And now to attack her again he prepares :
 But the company stood in defence of the dame : 15
 They cudgel'd, and cuff'd him, and kick'd him
 down stairs.

His Deanship was now in a damnable scrape,
 And this was no time for committing a rape.

IV.

To Dublin he comes, to the bagnio he goes,
 And orders the landlord to bring him a whore ;
 No scruple came on him his gown to expose, 21
 'Twas what all his life he had practis'd before.
 He had made himself drunk with the juice of the
 grape,
 And got a good clap, but committed no rape.

V.

The Dean and his landlord, a jolly comrade, 25
 Resolv'd for a fortnight to swim in delight ;
 For why, they had both been brought up to the trade
 Of drinking all day, and of whoring all night.
 His landlord was ready his Deanship to ape
 In ev'ry debauch, but committing a rape. 30

VI.

This Protestant zealot, this English divine,
 In church and in state was of principles sound ;
 Was

Was truer than Steele to the Hanover line,
 And griev'd that a Tory should live above ground,
 Shall a subject so loyal be hang'd by the nape 35
 For no other crime, but committing a rape?

VII.

By old Popish canons, as wise men have penn'd 'em,
 Each priest had a concubine, *jure ecclesiæ*;
 Who'd be Dean of Fernes without a *commendam*?
 And precedents we can produce, if it please ye;
 Then why should the Dean, when whores are so
 cheap, 41
 Be put to the peril and toil of a rape?

VIII.

If Fortune should please but to take such a crotchet;
 (To thee I apply, great Smedley's successor),
 To give thee lawn sleeves, a mitre and rotchet, 45
 Whom would'st thou resemble? I leave thee a
 guesser;

But I only behold thee in Atherton's * shape,
 For sodomy hang'd, as thou for a rape.

IX.

Ah! dost thou not envy the brave Col'nel Chartres†,
 Condemn'd for thy crime at threescore and ten?
 To hang him all England would lend him their gar-
 ters; 51

Yet he lives, and is ready to ravish again.
 Then throttle thyself with an ell of strong tape.
 For thou hast not a groat to atone for a rape.

X.

The Dean he was vex'd, that his whores were so
 willing: 55

He long'd for a girl that would struggle and squall;
 He ravish'd her fairly, and sav'd a good shilling;

But here was to pay the devil and all.
 His trouble and sorrows now come in a heap,
 And hang'd he must be for committing a rape.

* A bishop of Waterford, sent from England a hundred years ago.

† See above.

XI.

If maidens are ravish'd, it is their own choice;
 Why are they so wilful to struggle with men?
 If they would but lie quiet, and stifle their voice,
 No devil nor dean could ravish 'em then;
 Nor would there be need of a strong hempen cape 65
 Ty'd round the Dean's neck for committing a rape.

XII.

Our church and our state dear England maintains,
 For which all true Protestants hearts should be
 glad;
 She sends us our bishops, and judges and deans;
 And better would give us, if better she had, 70
 But, Lord, how the rabble will stare and will gape,
 When the good English Dean is hang'd up for a rape!



The LADY's Dressing-room *.

Written in the year 1730.

FIve hours (and who can do it less in ?)
 By haughty Cælia spent in dressing;
 The goddess from her chamber issues,
 Array'd in lace, brocades, and tiffues,
 Strephon, who found the room was void, 5
 And Betty otherwise employ'd,

* No charge has been more frequently brought against the Dean, or indeed more generally admitted, than that of coarse indelicacy, of which this poem is always produced as an instance. Here then it is but justice to remark, that whenever he offends against delicacy, he teaches it; he stimulates the mind to sensibility, to correct the faults of habitual negligence; as physicians, to cure a lethargy, have recourse to a blister. And though it may reasonably be supposed, that few English ladies leave such a dressing-room as Cælia's, yet many may have given sufficient cause for reminding them, that very soon after desire has been gratified, the utmost delicacy becomes necessary to prevent disgust.

Stole in, and took a strict survey
 Of all the litter as it lay :
 Whereof, to make the matter clear,
 An inventory follows here. 10

And, first, a dirty smock appear'd,
 Beneath the arm-pits well besmear'd ;
 Strephon, the rogue, display'd it wide,
 And turn'd it round on ev'ry side :
 In such a case few words are best, 15
 And Strephon bids us guess the rest ;
 But swears how damnably the men lie
 In calling Celia sweet and cleanly.

Now listen, while he next produces
 The various combs for various uses ; 20
 Fill'd up with dirt so closely fixt,
 No brush could force a way betwixt ;
 A paste of composition rare,
 Sweat, dandriff, powder, lead, and hair.
 A forehead cloth, with oil upon't, 25
 To smooth the wrinkles on her front :
 Here allum-flower to stop the steams
 Exhal'd from four unsav'ry streams ;
 Their night-gloves made of Tripsey's hide,
 Bequeath'd by Tripsey when she dy'd 30
 With puppy-water, beauty's help,
 Distill'd from Tripsey's darling whelp.
 Here galley-pots and vials place'd,
 Some fill'd with washes, some with paste ;
 Some with pomatums, paints and floss, 35
 And ointments good for scabby chops,
 Hard by a filthy basin stands,
 Foul'd with the scouring of her hands ;
 The basin takes whatever comes.
 The scrapings from her teeth and gums. 40
 A nasty compound of all hues,
 For here she spits and here she spues.

But

But oh! it turn'd poor Strephon's bowels,
 When he beheld and smelt the towels,
 Begumm'd, bematter'd, and beslim'd, 45
 With dirt, and sweat, and ear-wax grim'd.
 No object Strephon's eye escapes;
 Her petticoats, in frowzy heaps;
 Nor be the handkerchiefs forgot,
 All varnish'd o'er with snuff and snot, 50
 The stockings why should I expose,
 Stain'd with the moisture of her toes;
 Or greasy coifs, or pinner's reeking,
 Which Cælia slept at least a week in?
 A pair of tweezers next he found, 55
 To pluck her brows in arches round;
 Or hairs that sink the forehead low,
 Or on her chin like bristles grow.

The virtues we must not let pass
 Of Cælia's magnifying glass; 60
 When frighted Strephon cast his eye on't,
 It shew'd the visage of a giant:
 A glass that can to sight disclose
 The smallest worm in Celia's nose,
 And faithfully direct her nail 65
 To squeeze it out from head to tail;
 For catch it nicely by the head,
 It must come out alive or dead.

Why, Strephon, will you tell the rest;
 And must you needs describe the chest? 70
 That careless wench! no creature warn her
 To move it out from yonder corner;
 But leave it standing full in sight,
 For you to exercise your spite?
 In vain the workman shew'd his wit, 75
 With rings and hinges counterfeit,
 To make it seem in this disguise
 A cabinet to vulgar eyes,

Which Strephon ventur'd to look in,
 Resolv'd to go through thick and thin. 85
 He lifts the lid : there needs no more,
 He smelt it all the time before.

As from within Pandora's box,
 When Epimetheus ope'd the locks,
 A sudden universal crew 85
 Of human evils upward flew ;
 He still was comforted to find
 That hope at last remain'd behind :
 So Strephon lifting up the lid,
 To view what in the chest was hid, 90
 The vapours flew from out the vent ;
 But Strephon, cautious, never meant
 The bottom of the pan to grope,
 And foul his hands in search of hope.

O ! ne'er may such a vile machine 95
 Be once in Celia's chamber seen !
 O ! may she better learn to keep.
 Those " secrets of the hoary deep*!"

As mutton cutlets, prime of meat †,
 Which, tho' with art you salt and beat, 100
 As laws of cookery require,
 And roast them at the clearest fire ;
 If from adown ‡ the hopeful chops,
 The fat upon a cinder drops,
 To stinking smoke it turns the flame, 105
 Pois'ning the flesh from whence it came,
 And up exhales a greasy stench,
 For which you curse the careless wench :
 So things which must not be exprest,
 When plumpt into the reeking chest 110

* Milton.

† Primo virorum.

‡ Vid. D——n D——'s works, and N. P——y's.

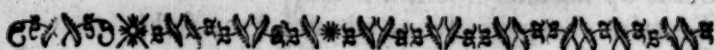
Send up an excremental smell,
To taint the parts from whence they fell;
The petticoats and gown perfume,
And waft a stink round ev'ry room.

Thus finishing his grand survey, 115
The swain disgusted flunk away;
Repeating in his am'rous fits,
" Oh! Cælia, Cælia, Cælia sh——."

But vengeance, goddesses never sleeping,
Soon punish'd Strephon for his peeping: 120
His foul imagination links
Each dame he sees with all her stinks;
And, if unsav'ry odours fly,
Conceives a lady standing by.
All women his description fits, 125
And both ideas jump like wits;
By vicious fancy coupled fast,
And still appearing in contrast.

I pity wretched Strephon, blind
To all the charms of womankind. 130
Should I the queen of love refuse,
Because she rose from stinking ooze?
To him that looks behind the scene,
Statira's but some pocky queen.

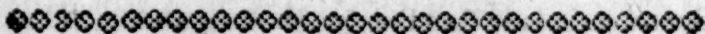
When Cælia all her glory shows, 135
If Strephon would but stop his nose,
Who now so impiously blasphemes
Her ointments, daubs, and paints, and creams,
Her washes, slops, and every clout,
With which he makes so foul a rout; 140
He soon will learn to think like me,
And bless his ravish'd eyes to see
Such order from confusion sprung,
Such gaudy tulips rais'd from dung.



The POWER of TIME*.

Written in the year 1730.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
 The mortal force of Time's destructive hand;
 If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
 And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains dry:
 When my old cassock (said a Welsh divine) 5
 Is out at elbows, why should I repine?



The REVOLUTION at MARKET-HILL.

Written in the year 1730.

FROM distant regions Fortune sends
 An odd triumvirate of friends;
 Where Phœbus pays a scanty stipend,
 Where never yet a codling ripen'd:
 Hither the frantic goddess draws 5
 Three sufferers in a ruin'd cause:
 By faction banish'd here unite,
 A Dean*, a Spaniard†, and a Knight‡;
 Unite, but on conditions cruel;
 The Dean and Spaniard find it too well: 10
 Condemn'd to live in service hard;
 On either side his Honour's guard,

* Scarron hath written a larger poem on the same subject.

* The author.

† Col. Harry L. Stie, who served and lived long in Spain.

‡ Sir Arthur Acheson.

The Dean to guard his honour's back,
 Must build a castle at Drumlack || ;
 The Spaniard, fore against his will, 15
 Must raise a fort at Market-hill,
 And thus the pair of humble gentry
 At north and south are posted centry ;
 While in this lordly castle fixt
 The knight triumphant reigns betwixt : 20
 And what the wretches most resent,
 To be his slaves must pay him rent ;
 Attend him daily as their chief,
 Decant his wine, and carve his beef.
 Oh, Fortune ! 'tis a scandal for thee 25
 To smile on those who are least worthy :
 Weigh but the merits of the three,
 His slaves have ten times more than he.

Proud Baronet of Nova Scotia !
 The Dean and Spaniard must reproach ye : 30
 Of their two fames the world enough rings ;
 Where are thy services and suff'rings ?
 What if for nothing once you kist,
 Against the grain, a monarch's fist ?
 What if among the courtly tribe 35
 You lost a place, and sav'd a bribe ?
 And then in furly mood came here
 To fifteen hundred pounds a-year,
 And fierce against the Whigs harangu'd ?
 You never ventur'd to be hang'd. 40
 How dare you treat your betters thus ?
 Are you to be compar'd with us ?

Come, Spaniard, let us from our farms
 Call forth our cottagers to arms ;

|| The Irish name of a farm the Dean took, and was to build on,
 but changed his mind. He called it Drapier's Hill. Vide the
 poem so called, p. 132.

Our forces let us both unite, 45
 Attack the foe at left and right.
 From Market-hill's exalted head,
 Full northward let your troops be led ;
 While I from Drapier's mount descend,
 And to the south my squadrons bend. 50
 New-river walk with friendly shade
 Shall keep my host in ambuscade ;
 While you, from where the bason stands,
 Shall scale the rampart with your bands.
 Nor need we doubt the fort to win ; 55
 I hold intelligence within.
 True, Lady Anne no danger fears,
 Brave as the Upton fan she wears ;
 Then left upon our first attack
 Her valiant arm should force us back, 60
 And we of all our hopes depriv'd ;
 I have a stratagem contriv'd.
 By these embroider'd high-heel'd shoes
 She shall be caught as in a noose ;
 So well contriv'd her toes to pinch, 65
 She'll not have power to stir an inch :
 These gaudy shoes must Hannah * place
 Direct before her Lady's place ;
 The shoes put on our faithful port'ress
 Admits us in to storm the fort'ress ; 70
 While tortur'd Madam bound remains,
 Like Montezume in golden chains,
 Or like a cat with walnuts shod,
 Stumbling at ev'ry step she trod.
 Sly hunters thus, in Borneo's isle, 75
 To catch a monkey by a wile,
 The mimic animal amuse ;
 They place before him gloves and shoes ;
 Which when the brute puts awkward on,
 All his agility is gone : 80

* My Lady's waiting-maid.

In vain to frisk or climb he tries ;
The huntsmen seize the grinning prize.

But let us, on our first assault,
Secure the larder and the vault :
The valiant Dennis * you must fix on, 85
And I'll engage with Peggy Dixon † ;
Then if we once can seize the key
And chest, that keeps my Lady's tea,
They must surrender at discretion :
And soon as we have gain'd possession, 90
We'll act as other conq'rors do,
Divide the realm between us two :
Then (let me see) we'll make the Knight
Our clerk, for he can read and write ;
But must not think, I tell him that, 95
Like Lorimer ‡ to wear his hat ;
Yet, when we dine without a friend,
We'll place him at the lower end.
Madam, whose skill does all in dress lie,
May serve to wait on Mrs. Leslie ; 100
But lest it might not be so proper,
That her own maid should overtop her ;
To mortify the creature more,
We'll take her heels five inches low'r.

For Hannah, when we have no need of her, 105
'Twill be our int'rest to get rid of her :
And when we execute our plot,
'Tis best to hang her on the spot ;
As all your politicians wife
Dispatch the rogues on whom they rise. 110

* The butler. † The housekeeper. ‡ The agent.



T R A U L U S.

A Dialogue between TOM and ROBIN.

The FIRST PART.

Written in the Year 1730.

Tom. SAY, Robin, what can Traulus mean
By bell'wing thus against the Dean?
Why does he call him paltry scribbler,
Papist, and Jacobite, and lib'ler?
Yet cannot prove a single fact? 5

Robin. Forgive him, Tom, his head is crackt.

Tom. What mischief can the Dean have done him,
That Traulus calls for vengeance on him?
Why must he sputter, spawl, and slaver it
In vain against the people's fav'rite?
Reville that nation-saving paper,
Which gave the Dean the name of Draper? 10

Robin. Why, Tom, I think the case is plain,
Party and spleen have turn'd his brain.

Tom. Such friendship never man profess'd, 15
The Dean was never so carefs'd;
For Traulus long has rancour nurs'd,
Till, God knows why, at last it burst.
That clumsy outside of a porter,
How could it thus conceal a courtier? 20

Robin. I own, appearances are bad;
Yet still insist the man is mad.

Tom.

Tom. Yet many a wretch in bedlam knows
 How to distinguish friends from foes ;
 And though perhaps among the rout, 25
 He wildly flings his filth about ;
 He still has gratitude and sap'ence,
 To spare the folks that give him ha'pence ;
 Nor in their eyes at random pisses,
 But turns aside, like mad Ulysses : 30
 While Traulus all his ordure scatters,
 To foul the man he chiefly flatters.
 Whence come these inconsistent fits ?

Robin. Why, Tom, the man has lost his wits.

Tom. Agreed : and yet when Towzer snaps 35
 At people's heels with frothy chaps ;
 Hangs down his head and drops his tail,
 To say he's mad will not avail :
 The neighbours all cry, " Shoot him dead
 " Hang, drown, or knock him on the head." 40
 So Traulus when he first harangu'd,
 I wonder why he was not hang'd ;
 For of the two, without dispute,
 Towzer's the less offensive brute.

Robin. Tom, you mistake the matter quite ; 45
 Your barking curs will seldom bite ;
 And though you hear him flut-tut-tut-ter,
 He barks as fast as he can utter.
 He prates in spite of all impediment,
 While none believes, that what he said he meant ; 50
 Puts in his finger and his thumb
 To grope for words, and out they come.
 He calls you rogue ; there's nothing in it,
 He fawns upon you in a minute :
 " Begs leave to rail, but d——n his blood, 55
 " He only meant it for your good :
 " His friendship was exactly tim'd,
 " He shot before your foes were prim'd,

" By

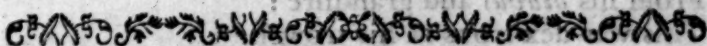
" By this contrivance, Mr. Dean,
 " By G— I'll bring you off as clean" —* 60
 Then let him use you e'er so rough,
 " 'Twas all for love," and that's enough.
 But though he sputter through a session,
 It never makes the least impression :
 Whate'er he speaks for madness goes, 65
 With no effect on friends or foes.

Tom. The scrubbiest cur in all the pack
 Can set the mastiff on your back.
 I own, his madness is a jest,
 If that were all. But he's posset, 70
 Incarnate with a thousand imps,
 To work whose ends his madness pimps ;
 Who o'er each string and wire preside,
 Fill ev'ry pipe, each motion guide ;
 Directing ev'ry vice we find 75
 In scripture to the devil assign'd ;
 Sent from the dark infernal region,
 In him they lodge, and make him legion.
 Of brethren he's a false accuser ;
 A stand'rer, traitor, and seducer ; 80
 A fawning, base, trepanning liar ;
 The marks peculiar of his fire.
 Or grant him but a drone at best,
 A drone can raise a hornet's nest.
 The Dean hath felt their stings before ; 85
 And must their malice ne'er give o'er ?
 Still swarm and buzz about his nose ?
 But Ireland's friends ne'er wanted foes.
 A patriot is a dang'rous post,
 When wanted by his country most ; 90
 Perversely comes in evil times,
 Where virtues are imputed crimes.

* This is the usual excuse of Triaulus, when he abuses you to others without provocation.

His guilt is clear, the proofs are pregnant;
A traitor to the vices regnant.

What spirit, since the world began, 95
Could always bear to strive with man?
Which God pronounce'd he never wou'd,
And soon convince'd them by a flood.
Yet still the Dean on freedom raves;
His spirit always strives with slaves, 100
'Tis time at last to spare his ink,
And let them rot, or hang, or sink.



T R A U L U S.

The SECOND PART.

Written in the year 1730.

TRaulus of amphibious breed,
Motley fruit of mungrel seed:
By the dam from lordlings sprung,
By the fire exhal'd from dung;
Think on ev'ry vice in both, 5
Look on him, and see their growth.

View him on the mother's side,
Fill'd with falsehood, spleen, and pride;
Positive and over-bearing,
Changing still, and still adhering; 10
Spiteful, peevish, rude, untoward,
Fierce in tongue, in heart a coward;
When his friends he most is hard on,
Cringing comes to beg their pardon;
Reputation ever tearing, 15
Ever dearest friendship swearing;

Judge-

Judgement weak, and passion strong,
 Always various, always wrong :
 Provocation never waits,
 Where he loves, or where he hates ; 20
 Talks whate'er comes in his head ;
 Wishes it were all unsaid.

Let me now the vices trace,
 From the father's scoundrel race,
 Who could give the looby such airs ? 25
 Were they masons, were they butchers ?
 Herald, lend the muse an answer
 From his *atavus* and grandfire :
 This was dex'trous at his trowel,
 That was bred to kill a cow well : 30
 Hence the greasy clumsy mien
 In his dress and figure seen ;
 Hence the mean and forded soul,
 Like his body, rank and foul ;
 Hence that wild suspicious peep, 35
 Like a rogue that steals a sheep ;
 Hence he learn'd the butcher's guile,
 How to cut your throat and smile ;
 Like a butcher doom'd for life
 In his mouth to wear his knife : 40
 Hence he draws his daily food
 From his tenants vital blood.

Lastly, let his gifts be try'd
 Borrow'd from the mason's side :
 Some perhaps may think him able 45
 In the state to build a Babel ;
 Could we place him in a station
 To destroy the old foundation.
 True indeed, I should be gladder,
 Could he learn to mount a ladder. 50
 May he at his latter end
 Mount alive, and dead descend !

In him tell me which prevail,
 Female vices most, or male ?
 What produc'd him, can you tell ?
 Human race, or imps of hell ?

55

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

To BETTY the GRIZETTE.

Written in the year 1730,

Queen of wit and beauty, Betty !
 Never may the muse forget ye :
 How thy face charms ev'ry shepherd,
 Spotted over like a leopard ;
 And, thy freckled neck display'd,
 Envy breeds in ev'ry maid,
 Like a fly-blown cake of tallow,
 Or on parchment ink turn'd yellow,
 Or a tawny speckled pippin
 Shrivell'd with a winter's keeping.

5

10

And, thy beauty thus dispatch'd,
 Let me praise thy wit unmatch'd.

Sets of phrases, cut and dry,
 Evermore thy tongue supply.
 And thy memory is loaded
 With old scraps from plays exploded :
 Stock'd with repartees and jokes,
 Suited to all Christian folks ;
 Shreds of wit, and senseless rhymes,
 Blunder'd out a thousand times.
 Nor wilt thou of gifts be sparing.
 Which can ne'er be worse for wearing,
 Picking wit among collegians,
 In the playhouse upper regions ;

15

20

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O

Where

Where, in eighteen-penny gall'ry, 25
 Irish nymphs learn Irish rail'ry :
 But thy merit is thy failing,
 And thy raillery is railing.

Thus with talents well endu'd
 To be scurrilous and rude ; 30
 When you pertly raise your snout,
 Fleer, and gibe, and laugh, and flout :
 This among Hibernian asses,
 For sheer wit and humour passes.
 Thus indulgent Chloe bit, 35
 Swears you have a world of wit.



DEATH and DAPHNE*.

To an agreeable young lady, but extremely
 lean.

Written in the year 1730.

DEath went upon a solemn day
 At Pluto's hall his court to pay :
 The phantom, having humbly kist
 His grisly monarch's footy fist,
 Presented him the weekly bills 5
 Of doctors, fevers, plagues, and pills.
 Pluto observing since the peace,
 The burial article decrease :
 And vex'd to see affairs miscarry,
 Declar'd in council, Death must marry : 10
 Vow'd he no longer could support
 Old batchelors about his court :

* See an anecdote relating to this lady, vol. 7. p. 112.

The int'rest of his realm had need;
 That death should get a num'rous breed;
 Young deathlings, who, by practice made 15
 Proficient in their father's trade,
 With colonies might stock around
 His large dominions under ground.

A consult of coquets below
 Was call'd to rig him out a beau : 20
 From her own head Megara takes
 A periwig of twisted snakes;
 Which in the nicest fashion curl'd,
 (Like *toupees* * of this upper world),
 With flow'r of sulphur powder'd well, 25
 That graceful on his shoulders fell,
 An adder of the fable kind,
 In line direct, hung down behind.
 The owl, the raven, and the bat,
 Clubb'd for a feather to his hat ; 30
 His coat, an us'rer's velvet pall,
 Bequeath'd to Pluto, corpse and all.
 But loath his person to expose
 Bare, like a carcase pick'd by crows.
 A lawyer o'er his hands and face 35
 Stuck artfully a parchment case.
 No new-flux'd rake shew'd fairer skin :
 Nor Phillis after lying in.
 With snuff was fill'd his ebony box,
 Of shin-bones rotted by the pox. 40
 Nine spirits of blaspheming fops
 With aconite anoint his chops;
 And give him words of dreadful sounds,
 G--d d---n his blood, and b----d and w---ds.

Thus furnish'd out, he sent his train 45
 To take a house in Warwick-lane :

* The periwigs now in fashion are so called.

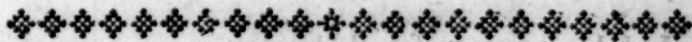
The faculty, his humble friends,
 A complimentary message sends :
 Their president in scarlet gown
 Harangu'd, and welcom'd him to town. 50

But death had bus'ness to dispatch ;
 His mind was running on his match.
 And, hearing much of Daphne's fame,
 His Majesty of terrors came,
 Fine as a col'nel of the guards, 55
 To visit where she sat at cards.
 She, as he came into the room,
 Thought him Adonis in his bloom.
 And now her heart with pleasure jumps ;
 She scarce remembers what is trumps ; 60
 For such a shape of skin and bone
 Was never seen except her own :
 Charm'd with his eyes, and chin, and snout,
 Her pocket-glass drew flily out ;
 And grew enamour'd with her phiz, 65
 As just the counterpart of his.
 She darted many a private glance,
 And freely made the first advance :
 Was of her beauty grown so vain,
 She doubted not to win the swain : 70
 Nothing, she thought, could sooner gain him,
 Than with her wit to entertain him.
 She ask'd about her friends below ;
 This meagre fop, that batter'd beau :
 Whether some late departed toasts 55
 Had got gallants among the ghosts ?
 If Chloe were a sharper still
 As great as ever at quadrille ?
 (The ladies there must needs be rooks,
 For cards, we know, are Pluto's books) ; 80
 If Florimel had found her love,
 For whom she hang'd herself above ?
 How oft a week was kept a ball
 By Proserpine at Pluto's hall ?

She

She fancy'd those Elyfian shades 85
The sweetest place for masquerades?
How pleasant on the banks of Styx,
To troll it in a coach and six!

What pride a female heart inflames!
How endless are ambitious aims! 90
Cease, haughty nymph; the fates decree
Death must not be a spouse for thee:
For when, by chance, the meagre shade
Upon thy hand his finger laid,
Thy hand as dry and cold as lead, 95
His matrimonial spirit fled;
He felt about his heart a damp,
That quite extinguish'd Cupid's lamp:
Away the frightened spectre scuds,
And leaves my Lady in the fuds. 100



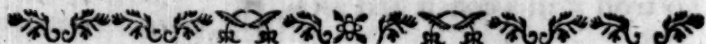
On STEPHEN DUCK, the THRESHER,
and favourite POET.

A QUIBBLING EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1730.

THE thresher Duck could o'er the Queen pre-
vail,
The proverb says, "No fence against a flail."
From threshing corn he turns to thresh his brains;
For which her Majesty allows him grains.
Though 'tis confess'd, that those who ever saw 5
His poems, think them all not worth a straw!

Thrice happy Duck, employed in threshing stubble!
Thy toil is lessen'd, and thy profits double.



A PANEGYRIC on the DEAN, in the
person of a LADY in the north*.

Written in the year 1730.

R Esolv'd my gratitude to show,
Thrice Rev'rend Dean, for all I ow,
Too long I have my thanks delay'd;
Your favours left too long unpaid;
But now, in all our sex's name,
My artless muse shall sing your fame. 5

Indulgent you to female kind,
To all the weaker sides are blind;
Nine more such champions as the Dean
Would soon restore our ancient reign. 10
How well to win the ladies hearts,
You celebrate their wit and parts!
How have I felt my spirit rais'd,
By you so oft, so highly prais'd!
Transform'd, by your convincing tongue, 15
To witty, beautiful and young.
I hope to quit that aukward shame
Affected by each vulgar dame,
'To modesty a weak pretence;
And soon grow pert on men of sense: 20
To shew my face with scornful air,
Let others match it, if they dare,

* The Lady of Sir Arthur Acheson.

Impatient to be out of debt,
 O, may I never once forget
 The bard, who humbly deigns to chuse 25
 Me for the subject of his muse.
 Behind my back, before my nose,
 He sounds my praise in verse and prose.

My heart with emulation burns
 To make you suitable returns ; 30
 My gratitude the world shall know ;
 And, see, the printer's boy below :
 Ye hawkers all, your voices lift ;
 A panegyric on Dean Swift ;
 And then, to mend the matter still, 35
 By Lady Anne of Market hill*.

I thus begin : My grateful muse
 Salutes the Dean in diff'rent views ;
 Dean, butler, usher, jester, tutor,
 Robert and Derby's † coadjutor : 40
 And as you in commission sit,
 To rule the dairy next to Kit ‡.

In each capacity I mean
 To sing your praise. And first as Dean.
 Envy must own, you understand your 45
 Precedence, and support your grandeur :
 Nor of your rank will bate an ace,
 Except to give Dean Daniel place.
 In you such dignity appears ;
 So suited to your state and years ! 50
 With ladies what a strict decorum !
 With what devotion you adore 'em !
 Treat me with so much complaisance,
 As fits a princess in romance !

* A village near Sir Arthur Acheson's house, where the author passed two summers.

† The names of two overseers.

‡ My Lady's footman.

By your example and assistance, 55
 The fellows learn to know their distance,
 Sir Arthur, since you set the pattern.
 No longer calls me snipe and flattern;
 Nor dares he, though he were a Duke,
 Offend me with the least rebuke. 60

Proceed we to your preaching || next :
 How nice you split the hardest text !
 How your superior learning shines
 Above our neighb'ring dull divines !
 At Beggar's Opera * not so full pit 65
 Is seen, as when you mount our pulpit.

Consider now your conversation :
 Regardful of your age and station.
 You ne'er was known by passion stirr'd,
 To give the least offensive word ; 70
 But still whene'er you silence break,
 Watch ev'ry syllable you speak :
 Your style so clear, and so concise,
 We never ask to hear you twice.
 But then a parson so genteel, 75
 So nicely clad from head to heel ;
 So fine a gown, a band so clean,
 As well becomes St. Patrick's Dean ;
 Such reverential awe expresses,
 That cow-boys know you by your dress ! 80
 Then, if our neighb'ring friends come here,
 How proud are we when you appear,
 With such address and graceful port,
 As clearly shews you bred at court !

Now raise your spirits, Mr Dean. 85
 I lead you to a nobler scene ;

|| The author preached but once while he was there.

* A play written by Mr. Gay.

When to the vault you walk in state,
 In quality of butler's † mate :
 You next to † Dennis bear the sway :
 To you we often trust the key : 90
 Nor can he judge with all his art
 So well, what bottle holds a quart :
 What pints may best for bottles pass,
 Just to give ev'ry man his glass :
 When proper to produce the best ; 95
 And what may serve a common guest.
 With Dennis you did ne'er combine,
 Not you, to steal your master's wine ;
 Except a bottle now and then,
 To welcome brother serving-men ; 100
 But that is with a good design,
 To drink Sir Arthur's health and mine ;
 Your master's honour to maintain,
 And get the like returns again.

Your usher's * post must next be handled : 105
 How blest am I by such a man led !
 Under whose wise and careful guardship
 I now despise fatigue and hardship :
 Familiar grown to dirt and wet,
 Though daggled round, I scorn to fret : 110
 From you my chamber-damsels learn
 My broken hose to patch and darn.

Now as a jester I accost you ;
 Which never yet one friend has lost you.
 You judge so nicely to a hair, 115
 How far to go, and when to spare.
 By long experience grown so wise,
 Of ev'ry taste to know the size,

† He sometimes used to direct the butler,

‡ The butler.

* He sometimes used to walk with the Lady.

There's none so ignorant or weak
 To take offence at what you speak †, 120
 Whene'er you joke, 'tis all a case
 Whether with Dermot, or his Grace;
 With Teague o' Murphy, or an Earl,
 A Duchess or a kitchen girl.
 With such dexterity you fit 125
 Their several talents with your wit,
 That Moll the chambermaid can smoke,
 And Gahagan ‡ take ev'ry joke.

I now become your humble suitor
 To let me praise you as my tutor *. 130
 Poor I, a savage bred and born,
 By you instructed ev'ry morn,
 Already have improv'd so well,
 That I have almost learn'd to spell:
 The neighbours who come here to dine, 135
 Admire to hear me speak so fine,
 How enviously the ladies look,
 When they surprise me at my book!
 And, sure as they're alive, at night,
 As soon as gone, will show their spite: 140
 Good Lord! what can my Lady mean,
 Conversing with that rusty Dean!
 She's grown so nice, and so penurious †,
 With Socrates and Epicurius.
 How could she sit the live-long day, 145
 Yet never ask us once to play?

But I admire your patience most,
 That when I'm duller than a post,
 Nor can the plainest word pronounce,
 You neither fume, nor fret, nor flounce; 150

† The neighbouring ladies were no great understanders of raillery.

‡ The clown that cut down the old thorn at Market-Hill.

* In bad weather the author used to direct my Lady in her reading.

† Ignorant ladies often mistake the word penurious for nice and dainty.

Are so indulgent, and so mild,
As if I were a darling child.
So gentle is your whole proceeding,
That I could spend my life in reading.

You merit new employments daily : 155
Our thatcher, ditcher, gard'ner, baily.
And to a genius so extensive,
No work is grievous or offensive ;
Whether your fruitful fancy lies
To make for pigs convenient styés ; 160
Or ponder long, with anxious thought,
To banish rats that haunt our vault :
Nor have you grumbled, Rev'rend Dean,
To keep our poultry sweet and clean ;
To sweep the mansion-house they dwell in, 165
And cure the rank unsav'ry smelling.

Now enter as the dairy handmaid :
Such charming butter * never man made.
Let others, with fanatic face,
Talk of their milk for babes of grace ; 170
From tubs their snuffling nonsense utter :
Thy milk shall make us tubs of butter.
The bishop with his foot may burn it †,
But with his hand the Dean can churn it.
How are the servants overjoy'd 175
To see thy Deanship thus employ'd !
Instead of poring on a book,
Providing butter for the cook !
Three morning-hours you tofs and shake
The bottle till your fingers 'ake : 180
Hard is the toil, nor small the art,
The butter from the whey to part ;

* A way of making butter for breakfast, by filling a bottle with cream, and shaking it till the butter comes.

† It is a common saying, when the milk burns, that the devil or the bishop has set his foot in it, the devil having been called bishop of hell. See a satire on the Irish bishops, said to have been first printed in Fog's journal.

168 MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

Behold a frothy substance rise ;
 Be cautious, or your bottle flies.
 The butter comes, our fears are ceas'd ; 185
 And out you squeeze an ounce at least.

Your Rev'rence thus, with like success,
 (Nor is your skill or labour less),
 When bent upon some smart lampoon,
 Will tofs and turn your brain till noon ; 190
 Which in its jumbings round the scull
 Dilates, and makes the vessel full :
 While nothing comes but froth at first,
 You think your giddy head will burst :
 But squeezing out four lines in rhyme, 195
 Are largely paid for all your time.

But you have rais'd your gen'rous mind
 To works of more exalted kind.
 Palladio was not half so skill'd in
 The grandeur of the art of building 200
 Two temples of magnific size
 Attract the curious trav'ler's eyes.
 That might be envy'd by the Greeks,
 Rais'd up by you in twenty weeks :
 Here, gentle goddess Cloacine, 205
 Receives all off'rings at her shrine.
 In sep'rate cells the he's and she's
 Here pay their vows with bended knees ;
 For 'tis profane when sexes mingle ;
 And ev'ry nymph must enter single, 210
 And when she feels an inward motion,
 Come fill'd with rev'rence and devotion.
 The bashful maid, to hide her blush,
 Shall creep no more behind a bush ;
 Here unobserv'd she boldly goes, 215
 As who should say, to pluck a rose.

Ye who frequent this hallow'd scene.
 Be not ungrateful to the Dean ;

But duly, ere you leave your station,
Offer to him a pure libation, 220
Or of his own, or Smedley's * lay,
Or billetdoux's, or lock of hay :
And, O ! may all who hither come,
Return with unpolluted thumb.

Yet when your lofty domes I praise, 225
I sigh to think of ancient days.
Permit me then to raise my style,
And sweetly moralize a while.

Thee, bounteous goddess Cloacine,
To temples why do we confine ? 230
Forbid in open air to breathe,
Why are thine altars fix'd beneath ?

When Saturn rul'd the skies alone,
(That golden age to gold unknown),
This earthly globe to thee assign'd 235
Receiv'd the gifts of all mankind.
Ten thousand altars smoking round
Were built to thee, with off'rings crown'd :
And here thy daily vot'ries plac'd
Their sacrifice with zeal and haste : 240
The margin of a purling stream
Sent up to thee a grateful steam :
(Though sometimes thou wert pleas'd to wink,
If Naiads swept them from the brink) :
Or where appointing lovers rove, 245
The shelter of a shady grove ;
Or offer'd in some flow'ry vale,
Were wafted by a gentle gale.
'There many a flow'r absterfise grew,
Thy fav'rite flow'rs of yellow hue ! 250
The crocus and the daffodil,
The cowslip soft and sweet jonquil.

* See his character below, p. 172.

But when at last usurping Jove
 Old Saturn from his empire drove ;
 Then Gluttony with greasy paws 255
 Her napkin pinn'd up to her jaws,
 With wat'ry chaps, and wagging chin.
 Brace'd like a drum her oily skin ;
 Wedg'd in a spacious elbow-chair,
 And on her plate a treble share. 260
 As if she ne'er could have enough,
 'Taught harmless man to cram and stuff.
 She sent her priest in wooden shoes
 From haughty Gaul to make ragoos ;
 Instead of wholesome bread and cheese. 265
 To dress their soups and friggassees ;
 And, for our home-bred British cheer.
 Botargo, catfup, and caveer.

This bloated harpy, sprung from hell,
 Confin'd thee, goddess, to a cell ; 270
 Sprung from her womb that impious line,
 Contemners of thy rites divine.
 First, lolling Sloth in woollen cap
 Taking her after-dinner nap ;
 Pale Dropsy with a fallow face, 275
 Her belly burst, and slow her pace :
 And lordly Gout wrapt up in fur ;
 And wheezing Asthma, loath to stir.
 Voluptuous Ease, the child of Wealth,
 Infecting thus our hearts by stealth ; 280
 None seek thee now in open air,
 To thee no verdant altars rear :
 But in their cells and vaults obscene
 Present a sacrifice unclean ;
 From whence unsav'ry vapours rose, 285
 Offensive to thy nicer nose,
 Ah ! who in our degen'rate days,
 As nature prompts, his off'ring pays ?
 Here nature never difference made
 Between the sceptre and the spade. 290

Ye great ones, why will ye disdain
To pay your tribute on the plain ?
Why will you place in lazy pride
Your altars near your couches side ?
* When from the homeliest earthen ware 295
Are sent up off'rings more sincere,
Than where the haughty Dutchess locks
Her silver vase in cedar-box.

Yet some devotion still remains
Among our harmless northern swains †, 300
Whose off'rings place'd in golden ranks,
Adorn our crystal rivers banks ;
Nor seldom grace the flow'ry downs,
With spiral tops and cottle-crowns ;
Or gilding in a sunny morn 305
The humble branches of a thorn.
So, poets sing, with golden bough
The Trojan hero paid his vow *.

Hither by luckless error led,
The crude consistence oft I tread ; 310
Here when my shoes are out of case,
Unweeting gild the tarnish'd lace ;
Here by the sacred bramble tinge'd,
My petticoat is doubly fringe'd.

Be witness for me, nymph divine, 315
I never rob'd thee with design ;
Nor will the zealous Hannah † pout
To wash thy injur'd off'rings out.

But stop, ambitious muse, in time,
Nor dwell on subjects too sublime. 320

* Vid Virgil and Lucretius.

† The north of Ireland.

* Virg. lib. 6.

† My Lady's woman.

In vain on lofty heels I tread,
Aspiring to exalt my head;
With hoop expanded wide and light,
In vain I 'tempt too high a flight.

Me Phœbus † in a midnight dream || 325
Accosting, said, "Go shake your cream"**. .

Be humbly minded, know your post;
Sweeten your tea, and watch your toast.
Thee best befits a lowly style:

Teach Dennis how to stir the guile ††: 330

With Peggy Dixon ††† thoughtful fit,
Contriving for the pot and spit.

Take down thy proudly-swelling sails,
And rub thy teeth, and pare thy nails:

At nicely carving shew thy wit; 335

But ne'er presume to eat a bit:

Turn ev'ry way thy watchful eye;

And ev'ry guest be sure to ply:

Let never at your board be known

An empty plate, except your own. 340

Be these thy arts *, nor higher aim

Than what befits a rural dame.

But Cloacina, goddess bright,
Sleek — claims her as his right:

And Smedley †, flow'r of all divines, 345

Shall sing the Dean in Smedley's lines.

† *Cynthia aurem vellit.* Hor.

|| *Cum socris vera.* Idem.

** In the bottle to make butter.

†† Guile, the quantity of ale or beer brewed at one time.

††† Mrs. Dixon the housekeeper.

* *Hæ tibi erunt artes.* Virg.

† A very stupid, insolent, saucy, deformed, conceited parson, a
vie pretender to poetry, preferred by the Duke of Grafton for his
w. t.



CASSINUS and PETER.

A TRAGICAL ELEGY.

Written in the year 1731.

TWO college-sophs of Cambridge growth,
 Both special wits, and lovers both,
 Conferring as they us'd to meet
 On love, and books, in rapture sweet;
 (Muse, find me names to fit my metre,
 Cassinus this, and t'other Peter). 5
 Friend Peter to Cassinus goes,
 To chat a while, and warm his nose.
 But such a fight was never seen,
 The lad lay swallow'd up in spleen. 10
 He seem'd as just crept out of bed;
 One greasy stocking round his head,
 'The other he sat down to darn
 With threads of diff'rent-colour'd yarn;
 His breeches torn, exposing wide 15
 A ragged shirt and tawny hide.
 Scorch'd were his shins, his legs were bare,
 But well embrown'd with dirt and hair.
 A rug was o'er his shoulders thrown;
 A rug; for nightgown he had none. 20
 His jordan stood in manner fitting
 Between his legs to spue or spit in,
 His ancient pipe in fable dy'd,
 And half unsmok'd lay by his side.

Him thus accoutred Peter found, 25
 With eyes in smoke and weeping drown'd:
 The leavings of his last night's pot
 On embers place'd to drink it hot.

Why, Cassy, thou wilt dose thy pate :
 What makes thee lie abed so late ? 30
 The finch, the linnet, and the thrush,
 Their mattins chant in ev'ry bush :
 And I have heard thee oft salute
 Aurora with thy early flute.
 Heav'n send thou hast not got the hyps ! 35
 How ! not a word come from thy lips ?

Then gave him some familiar thumps ;
 A college-joke to cure the dumps.

The swain at last, with grief oppress'd,
 Cry'd " Celia !" thrice, and sigh'd the rest. 40

Dear Cassy, though to ask I dread,
 Yet ask I must : Is Celia dead ?

How happy I, were that the worst ?
 But I was fated to be curst.

Come, tell us, has she play'd the whore ? 45

Oh Peter, would it were no more !

Why, plague confound her sandy locks :
 Say, has the small or greater pox
 Sunk down her nose, or seam'd her face ?
 Be easy, 'tis a common case. 50

O Peter ! beauty's but a varnish,
 Which time and accidents will tarnish :
 But Celia has contriv'd to blast
 Those beauties that might ever last.
 Nor can imagination guess, 55
 Nor eloquence divine express,
 How that ungrateful charming maid
 My purest passion has betray'd.

Conceive

Conceive the most invenom'd dart
To pierce an injur'd lover's heart.

60

Why, hang her; though she seem'd so coy,
I know she loves the barber's boy.

Friend Peter, this I could excuse;
For ev'ry nymph has leave to chuse;
Nor have I reason to complain,
She loves a more deserving swain.
But oh! how ill hast thou divin'd
A crime, that shocks all human kind;
A deed unknown to female race,
At which the sun should hide his face;

65

70

Advice in vain you would apply——
Then leave me to despair and die.
Ye kind Arcadians, on my urn
These elegies and sonnets burn;
And on the marble grave these rhymes,

75

A monument to after times:
"Here Cassy lies, by Celia slain,
"And dying never told his pain."

Vain empty world, farewell. But hark,
The loud Cerberian triple bark.
And there——behold Alecto stand,
A whip of scorpions in her hand.
Lo, Charon from his leaky wherry
Beck'ning to waft me o'er the ferry.
I come, I come,——Medusa! see,
Her serpents hiss direct at me.
Begone; unhand me, hellish fry:
Avaunt *——ye cannot say 'tis I.

80

85

Dear Cassy, thou must purge and bleed;
I fear thou wilt be mad indeed.

90

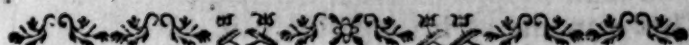
* See Macbeath.

But now, by friendship's sacred laws
I here conjure thee, tell the cause ;
And Celia's horrid fact relate :
Thy friend would gladly share thy fate.

To force it out my heart must rend : 95
Yet when conjur'd by such a friend —
Think, Peter, how my soul is rackt !
These eyes, these eyes beheld the fact.
Now bend thine ear since out it must ;
But when thou seest me laid in dust, 100
The secret thou shalt ne'er impart,
Not to the nymph that keeps thy heart ;
(How would her virgin-soul bemoan
A crime to all her sex unknown !)
Nor whisper to the tattling reeds 105
The blackest of all female deeds ;
Nor blab it on the lonely rocks,
Where Echo sits, and list'ning mocks ;
Nor let the zephyrs' treach'rous gale
Thro' Cambridge waft the direful tale ; 110
Nor to the chatt'ring feather'd race
Discover Celia's foul disgrace.
But if you fail, my spectre dread
Attending nightly round your bed :
And yet I dare confide in you ;
So take my secret, and adieu. 115

Nor wonder how I lost my wits :
Oh ! Celia, Celia, Celia sh — *.

* See the lady's dressing-room, above, p. 147. v. 118.



To a friend who had been much abused in
many inveterate libels †.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape:
And calumny, by working under ground, 5
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done? shall wit and learning chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By censure frighted out of Honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by heav'n bestow'd; 10
Or fearless enter in through Virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?



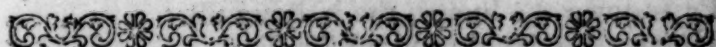
The LOGICIANS refuted.

Logicians have but ill defin'd,
As rational, the human kind;
Reason, they say, belongs to man;
But let them prove it if they can.
Wise Aristotle and Smigleſius, 5
By ratiocinations specious,
Have strove to prove with great precision,
With definition and division,
Homo est ratione præditum;
But for my soul I cannot credit 'em;

† This and the following poem, both unquestionably genuine, were never inserted in any former edition of the Dean's works.

And must in spite of them maintain,
 That man and all his ways are vain;
 And that this boasted lord of nature
 Is both a weak and erring creature;
 That instinct is a surer guide 15
 Than reason, boasting mortals pride;
 And that brute beasts are far before 'em,
Deus est anima bruto um.
 Who ever knew an honest brute,
 At law his neighbour prosecute, 20
 Bring action for assault and battery,
 Or friend beguile with lies and flattery?
 O'er plains they ramble unconfin'd,
 No politics disturb their mind;
 They eat their meals, and take their sport, 25
 Nor know who's in or out at court.
 They never to the levee go;
 To treat as dearest friend a foe;
 They never importune his Grace,
 Nor ever cringe to men in place; 30
 Nor undertake a dirty job;
 Nor draw the quill to write for B—b:
 Fraught with invective they ne'er go
 To folks at Pater-noster-row:
 No judges, fiddlers, dancing-masters, 35
 No pick-pockets, or poetasters,
 Are known to honest quadrupedes:
 No single brute his fellow leads.
 Brutes never meet in bloody fray,
 Nor cut each others throats for pay. 40
 Of beasts, it is confess'd, the ape
 Comes nearest us in human shape;
 Like man he imitates each fashion,
 And malice is his ruling passion.
 But both in malice and grimaces, 45
 A courtier any ape surpasses.
 Behold him humbly cringing wait
 Upon the minister of state:

View him soon after to inferiors
 Aping the conduct of superiors : 50
 He promises with equal air,
 And to perform takes equal care.
 He in his turn finds imitators ;
 At court the porters, lacqueys, waiters,
 Their masters' manners still contract, 55
 And footmen, lords, and dukes can act,
 Thus, at the court, both great and small
 Behave alike, for all ape all.



A beautiful young NYMPH going to bed *.

Written for the honour of the Fair Sex in 1731.

COrinna, pride of Drury-lane,
 For whom no shepherd sighs in vain,
 Never did Covent-garden boast
 So bright a batter'd strolling toast!
 No drunken rake to pick her up, 5
 No cellar, where on tick to sup ;
 Returning at the midnight hour,
 Four stories climbing to her bow'r ;
 Then seated on a three-legg'd chair.
 Takes off her artificial hair. 10
 Now picking out a crystal eye,
 She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
 Her eye-brows from a mouse's hide
 Stuck oh with art on either side,

* This poem, for which some have thought no apology could be offered, deserves on the contrary, great commendation ; as it much more forcibly restrains the thoughtless and the young from the risk of health and life, by picking up a prostitute, than the finest declamation on the sordidness of the appetite.

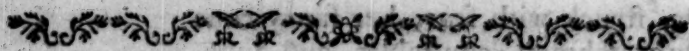
Pulls off with care, and first displays 'em, 15
 Then in a play-book smoothly lays 'em.
 Now dextrously her plumpers draws,
 That serve to fill her hollow jaws.
 Untwists a wire, and from her gums
 A set of teeth completely comes. 20
 Pulls out the rags contriv'd to prop
 Her flabby dugs, and down they drop.
 Proceeding on, the lovely goddess
 Unlaces next her steel-rib'd bodice,
 Which, by the operator's skill, 25
 Press down the lumps, the hollows fill.
 Up goes her hand, and off she slips
 The bolster that supplies her hips.
 With gentlest touch she next explores
 Her shancres, issues, running sores; 30
 Effects of many a sad disaster,
 And then to each applies a plaister:
 But must, before she goes to bed,
 Rub off the daubs of white and red,
 And smooth the furrows in her front 35
 With greasy paper stuck upon't,
 She takes a bolus ere she sleeps;
 And then between two blankets creeps.
 With pains of love tormented lies;
 Or if she chance to close her eyes, 40
 Of Bridewell and the Compter dreams,
 And feels the lash, and faintly screams;
 Or by a faithless bully drawn,
 At some hedge-tavern lies in pawn;
 Or to Jamaica seems transported 45
 Alone *, and by no planter courted;
 Or, near Fleet-ditch's oozy brinks,
 Surrounded with a hundred stinks,
 Belated, seems on watch to lie,
 And snap some cully passing by; 50

* ———— *Et longam inconstata videtur*
Irreuiam. ———— *Virg.*

Or, struck with fear, her fancy runs
 On watchmen, constables, and duns,
 From whom she meets with frequent rubs ;
 But never from religious clubs ;
 Whose favour she is sure to find,
 Because she pays them all in kind. 55

Corinna wakes. A dreadful fight !
 Behold the ruins of the night !
 A wicked rat her plaister stole,
 Half eat, and dragg'd it to his hole. 56
 The crystal eye, alas ! was miss'd ;
 And puffs had on her plumpers p—fs'd.
 A pigeon pick'd her issue-peas :
 And Shock her tresses fill'd with fleas.

The nymph, though in this mangled plight, 65
 Must ev'ry morn her limbs unite.
 But how shall I describe her arts
 To recollect the scatter'd parts ?
 Or shew the anguish, toil, and pain,
 Of gath'ring up herself again ? 70
 The bashful muse will never bear
 In such a scene to interfere.
 Corinna in the morning dizen'd,
 Who sees, will spue ; whose smells be poison'd.



STREPHON and CHLOE *.

Written in the Year 1731.

OF Chloe all the town has rung,
 By ev'ry size of poets sung:
 So beautiful a nymph appears
 But once in twenty thousand years;
 By nature form'd with nicest care.
 And faultless to a single hair.
 Her graceful mein, her shape, and face,
 Confess'd her of no mortal race:
 And then so nice, and so genteel;
 Such cleanliness from head to heel;
 No humours gross, or frowzy steams,
 No noisome whiffs, or sweaty streams,
 Before, behind, above, below,
 Could from her taintless body flow:
 Would so discreetly things dispose,
 None ever saw her pluck a rose.
 Her dearest comrades never caught her,
 Squat on her hams, to make maid's water:
 You'd swear that so divine a creature
 Felt no necessities of nature.
 In summer had she walk'd the town,
 Her armpits would not stain her gown:
 At country-dances not a nose
 Could in the dog-days smell her toes.

* This poem has among others been censured for indelicacy; but with no better reason than a medicine would be rejected for its ill taste. By attending to the marriage of Strephon and Chloe, the reader is necessarily led to consider the effect of that gross familiarity in which it is to be feared many married persons think they have a right to indulge themselves: he who is disgusted at the picture, feels the force of the precept, not to disgust another by his practice: and let it never be forgotten, that nothing quenches desire like indelicacy; and that when desire hath been thus quenched, kindness will inevitably grow cold.

Her

Her milk-white hands, both palms and backs, 25
 Like iv'ry dry, and soft as wax.
 Her hands the softest ever felt,
 'Though cold would burn, tho' dry would melt *.

Dear Venus, hide this wond'rous maid,
 Nor let her loose to spoil your trade. 30
 While she engrosses ev'ry swain,
 You but o'er half the world can reign.
 Think what a case all men are now in,
 What ogling, sighing, toasting, vowing!
 What powder'd wigs! what flames and darts! 35
 What hampers full of bleeding hearts!
 What sword-knots! what poetic strains!
 What billet-doux, and clouded canes!

But Strephon sigh'd so loud and strong,
 He blew a settlement alone; 40
 And bravely drove his rivals down
 With coach and fix, and house in town.
 The bashful nymph no more withstands,
 Because her dear papa commands.
 The charming couple now unites: 45
 Proceed we to the marriage rites.

Imprimis, at the temple-porch
 Stood Hymen with a flaming torch;
 The smiling Cyprian goddess brings
 Her infant loves with purple wings; 50
 And pigeons billing, sparrows treading,
 Fair emblems of a fruitful wedding,
 The muses next in order follow,
 Conducted by their 'squire Apollo:
 Then Mercury with silver tongue, 55
 And Hebe, goddess ever young.
 Behold, the bridegroom and his bride
 Walk hand in hand, and side by side;

* Though deep, yet clear, &c. Denham.

She by the tender graces drest,
 But he by Mars in scarlet vest. 60
 The nymph was cover'd with her *flammeum* *,
 And Phœbus sung th' *epithalamium* †.
 And last, to make the matter sure,
 Dame Juno brought a priest demure.
 Luna ‡ was absent on pretence 65
 Her time was not till nine months hence.

The rites perform'd, the parson paid,
 In state return'd the grand parade;
 With loud huzza's from all the boys,
 That now the pair must crown their joys. 70

But still the hardest part remains.
 Strephon had long perplex'd his brains,
 How with so high a nymph he might
 Demean himself the wedding-night :
 For as he view'd his person round, 75
 Mere mortal flesh was all he found :
 His hand, his neck, his mouth, and feet,
 Were duly wash'd to keep them sweet ;
 (With other parts that shall be nameless,
 'The ladies else might think me shameless), 80
 The weather and his love were hot ;
 And should he struggle, I know what——
 Why, let it go, if I must tell it——
 He'll sweat, and then the nymph may smell it.
 While she, a goddess, dy'd in grain, 85
 Was unsusceptible of stain ;
 And, Venus-like, her fragrant skin
 Exhal'd ambrosia from within.
 Can such a deity endure
 A mortal human touch impure ? 90

* A veil which the Roman brides covered themselves with when they were going to be married.

† A marriage song.

‡ Diana goddess of midwives.

How did the humbled swain detest
His prickly beard, and hairy breast !
His night-cap bordered round with lace
Could give no softness to his face.

Yet if the goddess could be kind, 95
What endless raptures must he find !
And goddesses have now and then
Come down to visit mortal men ;
To visit and to court them too ;
A certain goddess, God knows who, 100
(As in a book he heard it read),
Took Col'nel Peleus to her bed.
But what if he should lose his life
By vent'ring on his heav'nly wife ?
For Strephon could remember well, 105
That once he heard a schoolboy tell,
How Semele, of mortal race,
By thunder dy'd in Jove's embrace ;
And what if daring Strephon dies
By lightning shot from Chloe's eyes ? 110

While these reflections fill'd his head,
The bride was put in form to bed :
He follow'd, stript, and in he crept,
But awfully his distance kept.

Now " ponder well, ye parents dear ;" 115
Forbid your daughters guzzling beer ;
And make them ev'ry afternoon
Forebear their tea, or drink it soon ;
That ere to bed they venture up,
They may discharge it ev'ry sup : 120
If not, they must in evil plight
Be often forc'd to rise at night.
Keep them to wholesome food confin'd,
Nor let them taste what causes wind :

('Tis this the * sage of Samos means, 125
 Forbidding his disciples beans).

O ! think what evils must ensue ;

Mifs Moll the jade will burn it blue :

And when she once has got the art,

She cannot help it for her heart ; 130

But out it flies, ev'n when she meets,

Her bridegroom in the wedding-sheets.

Carminative † and diuretic ‡

Will damp all passions sympathetic :

And love such nicety requires, 135

One blast will put out all his fires.

Since husbands get behind the scene,

The wife should study to be clean ;

Nor give the smallest room to guests

The time when wants of nature press ; 140

But after marriage, practise more

Decorum than she did before ;

To keep her spouse deluded still,

And make him fancy what she will.

In bed we left the married pair : 145

'Tis time to shew how things went there.

Strephon who had been often told

That fortune still assists the bold,

Resolv'd to make the first attack ;

But Chloe drove him fiercely back. 150

How could a nymph so chaste as Chloe,

With constitution cold and snowy,

Permit a brutish man to touch her ?

Ev'n lambs by instinct fly the butcher.

Resistance on the wedding-night 155

Is what our maidens claim by right :

And Chloe, 'tis by all agreed,

Was maid in thought, and word, and deed.

* A well known precept of Pythagoras, not to eat beans : which has been variously interpreted, and is supposed to contain some allegorical meaning.

† Medicines to break wind.

‡ Medicines to provoke urine.

Yet

Yet some assign a diff'rent reason;
That Strephon chose no proper season. 160

Say, fair ones, must I make a pause,
Or freely tell the secret cause?

Twelve cups of tea (with grief I speak)
Had now constrain'd the nymph to leak.
This point must needs be settled first: 165
The bride must either void or burst.
Then see the dire effects of pease,
Think what can give the cholic ease.
The nymph oppress'd before, behind,
As ships are toss'd by waves and wind, 170
Steals out her hand, by nature led,
And brings a vessel into bed:
Fair utensil, as smooth and white
As Chloe's skin, almost as bright.

Strephon, who heard the fuming rill 175
As from a mossy cliff distil,
Cry'd out, Ye gods! what sound is this?
Can Chloe, heavenly Chloe — ?
But when he smelt a noisome steam,
Which oft attends that lukewarm stream; 180
(Salerno * both together joins,
As sov'reign med'cines for the loins);
And though contriv'd, we may suppose,
To slip his ears, yet struck his nose:
He found her, while the scent increas'd, 185
As mortal as himself at least.
But soon with like occasions prest,
He boldly sent his hand in quest
(Inspir'd by courage from his bride)
To reach the pot on t'other side: 190

* *Vide Schol. Salern.* Rules of health, written by the school of Salernum.

“Mingere cum bumbis res est saluberrima lumbis.”

And as he fill'd the reeking vase,
Let fly a rouser in her face.

The little Cupids hov'ring round,
(As pictures prove), with garlands crown'd,
Abash'd at what they saw and heard, 195
Flew off, nor ever more appear'd.

Adieu to ravishing delights,
High raptures, and romantic flights ;
To goddeses so heav'nly sweet,
Expiring shepherds at their feet ; 200
To silver meads and shady bow'rs,
Dress'd up with amaranthine flow'rs.

How great a change ! how quickly made !
They learn to call a spade a spade.
They soon from all constraint are freed ; 205
Can see each other do their need.
On box of cedar sits the wife,
And makes it warm for dearest life ;
And, by the beastly way of thinking,
Find great society in stinking. 210
Now Strephon daily entertains
His Chloe in the homeli'st strains ;
And Chloe, more experience'd grown,
With int'rest pays him back his own.
No maid at court is less asham'd 215
Howe'er for selling bargains fam'd,
Than she, to name her parts behind,
Or when abed to let out wind.

Fair Decency, celestial maid,
Descend from heav'n to beauty's aid ; 220
Though Beauty may beget desire,
'Tis thou must fan the lover's fire ;
For Beauty like supreme dominion,
Is best supported by Opinion :

If

If Decency bring no supplies, 225
Opinion falls, and Beauty dies.

To see some radiant nymph appear
In all her glitt'ring birth-day gear,
You think some goddess from the sky
Descended, ready cut and dry : 230
But ere you sell yourself to laughter,
Consider well what may come after ;
For fine ideas vanish fast,
While all the gross and filthy last.

O Strephon, ere that fatal day 235
When Chloe stole your heart away,
Had you but through a cranny spy'd
On house of ease your future bride,
In all the postures of her face,
Which nature gives in such a case ; 240
Distortions, groanings, strainings, heavings,
'Twere better you had lick'd her leavings,
Than from experience find too late
Your goddess grown a filthy mate.
Your fancy then had always dwelt 245
On what you saw, and what you smelt ;
Would still the same ideas give ye,
As when you spy'd her on the privy.
And, 'spite of Chloe's charms divine,
Your heart had been as whole as mine. 250

Authorities, both old and recent,
Direct that women must be decent ;
And from the spouse each blemish hide,
More than from all the world beside *.

* If virtue, as some writers pretend, be that which produces happiness, it must be granted that to practise decency is a moral obligation ; and if virtue consists in obedience to a law, as the nuptial laws injoin both parties to avoid offence, decency will still be duty, and the breach of it will incur some degree of guilt.

Unjustly all our nymphs complain 255
 Their empire holds so short a reign ;
 Is after marriage lost so soon,
 It hardly holds the honey-moon :
 For if they keep not what they caught,
 It is entirely their own fault. 260
 They take possession of the crown,
 And then throw all their weapons down :
 Though, by the politicians scheme,
 Whoe'er arrives at pow'r supreme,
 Those arts by which at first they gain it, 265
 They still must practise to maintain it.

What various ways our females take
 To pass for wits before a rake ?
 And in the fruitless search pursue
 All other methods but the true. 270

Some try to learn polite behaviour
 By reading books against their Saviour :
 Some call it witty to reflect
 On ev'ry natural defect :
 Some shew they never want explaining 275
 To comprehend a double meaning.
 But sure a tell-tale out of school
 Is of all wits the greatest fool :
 Whose rank imagination fills
 Her heart, and from her lips distils ; 280
 You'd think she utter'd from behind,
 Or at her mouth was breaking wind,

Why is a handsome wife ador'd
 By ev'ry coxcomb but her lord ?
 From yonder puppet-man inquire, 285
 Who wisely hides his wood and wire ;
 Shew's Sheba's queen completely drest,
 And Solomon in royal vest ;
 But view them litter'd on the floor,
 Or strung on pegs behind the door ; 290

Punch

Punch is exactly of a piece
With Lorrain's Duke, and Prince of Greece*.

A prudent builder should forecast
How long the stuff is like to last ;
And carefully observe the ground 295
To build on some foundation sound :
What house, when its materials crumble,
Must not inevitably tumble ?
What edifice can long endure
Rais'd on a basis unsecure ? 300
Rash mortals, ere you take a wife,
Contrive your pile to last for life :
Since beauty scarce endures a day,
And youth so swiftly glides away ;
Why will you make yourself a bubble, 305
To build on sand with hay and stubble ?

On sense and wit your passion found,
By decency cemented round ;
Let prudence with good nature strive
To keep esteem and love alive. 310
Then come old age whene'er it will,
Your friendship shall continue still :
And thus a mutual gentle fire
Shall never but with life expire.



APOLLO ; or, A PROBLEM solved.

Written in the year 1731.

A Pollo, god of light and wit,
Could verse inspire, but seldom writ ;

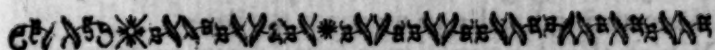
* For the same reason many an handsome wife is neglected for an homely mistress, who better knows her interest, and considers love as her trade.

Refin'd all metals with his looks,
 As well as chymists by their books :
 As handsome as my lady's page ; 5
 Sweet five and twenty was his age.
 His wig was made of funny rays,
 He crown'd his youthful head with bays :
 Not all the court of heav'n could show
 So nice and so complete a beau. 10
 No heir upon his first appearance,
 With twenty-thousand pounds a-year rents,
 E'er drove, before he sold his land,
 So fine a coach along the strand ;
 The spokes, we are by Ovid told, 15
 Were silver, and the axle gold.
 (I own, 'twas but a coach and four,
 For Jupiter allows no more).

Yet with his beauty, wealth, and parts,
 Enough to win ten thousand hearts, 20
 No vulgar deity above
 Was so unfortunate in love.

Three weighty causes were assign'd,
 That mov'd the nymphs to be unkind.
 Nine muses always waiting round him, 25
 He left them virgins as he found 'em.
 His singing was another fault ;
 For he could reach to B in alt :
 And, by the sentiments of Pliny,
 Such singers are like Nicolini *. 30
 At last the point was fully clear'd :
 In short Apollo had no beard.

* An Italian.



The PLACE of the DAMNED.

Written in the year 1731.

ALL folks, who pretend to religion and grace,
 Allow there's a HELL, but dispute of the place:
 But if HELL may by logical rules be defin'd
 The place of the damn'd — I'll tell you my mind.

Wherever the damn'd do chiefly abound, 5
 Most certainly there is HELL to be found:

Damn'd poets, damn'd critics, damn'd blockheads,
 damn'd knaves,

Damn'd senators brib'd, damn'd prostitute slaves;

Damn'd lawyers and judges, damn'd lords, and
 damn'd squires;

Damn'd spies and informers, damn'd friends, and
 damn'd liars; 10

Damn'd villains, corrupted in every station;

Damn'd time-serving priests all over the nation.

And into the bargain I'll readily give ye

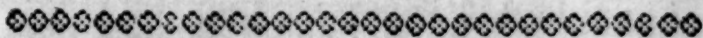
Damn'd ignorant prelates, and counsellors privy.

Then let us no longer by parsons be flamm'd, 15

For we know by these marks the place of the
 damn'd:

And Hell to be sure is at Paris or Rome.

How happy for us, that it is not at home!



J U D A S.

Written in the year 1731.

BY the just vengeance of incens'd skies
 Poor Bishop Judas late reprenting dies.

VOL. VIII.

R

The

Nor lets him sit as justice on the bench 5
 To punish thieves, or lash a suburb wench.
 Yet still St. Stephen's chapel open lies
 For Will to enter—what shall I advise?
 E'en quit the House, for thou too long hast sat
 in't,

Produce at last thy dormant ducal patent; 10
 There, near thy master's throne in shelter plac'd,
 Let Will unheard by thee his thunder waste.
 Yet still I fear your work is done but half:
 For while he keeps his pen, you are not safe.

Here an old fable, and a dull one too; 19
 Yet bears a moral, when apply'd to you.

A hare had long escap'd pursuing hounds,
 By often shifting into distant grounds;
 Till finding all his artifices vain,
 To save his life he leap'd into the main. 20
 But there, alas! he could no safety find,
 A pack of dog-fish had him in the wind.
 He scours away, and to avoid the foe
 Descends for shelter to the shades below.
 There Cerberus lay watching in his den; 25
 (He had not seen a hare the Lord knows when);
 Out bounce'd the mastiff of the triple head;
 Away the hare with double swiftness fled.
 Hunted from earth, and sea, and hell, he flies
 (Fear lent him wings) for safety to the skies. 30
 How was the fearful animal distress'd!
 Behold a foe more fierce than all the rest:
 Sirius, the swiftest of the heavenly pack,
 Fail'd but an inch to seize him by the back.
 He fled to earth, but first it cost him dear; 35
 He left his scut behind, and half an ear.

Thus was the hare pursu'd, tho' free from guilt;
 Thus, Bob, shalt thou be maul'd, fly where thou wilt:
 Then, honest Robin, of thy corpse beware;
 Thou art not half so nimble as a hare: 40

Too pond'rous is thy bulk to mount the sky ;
 Nor can you go to hell, before you die.
 So keen thy hunters, and thy scent so strong,
 Thy turns and doublings cannot save thee long.*



The author having been told by an intimate friend, that the Duke of Queensberry had employed Mr. Gay to inspect the accounts and management of his Grace's receivers and stewards, (which however proved afterwards to be a mistake), writ to Mr. Gay the following poem,

In the year 1731.

HOW could you, Gay, disgrace the muses train,
 To serve a tasteless court twelve years in vain † !
 Fain would I think our female friend ‡ sincere,
 Till Bob, the poet's foe, possess'd her ear.
 Did female virtue e'er so high ascend,
 To lose an inch of favour for a friend? 5

Say, had the court no better place to chuse
 For thee, than make a dry-nurse of thy muse !
 How cheaply had thy liberty been sold,
 To 'squire a royal girl of two years old ; 10
 In leading-strings her infant steps to guide,
 Or with her go-cart amble side by side !

* This hunting ended in the promotion both of Will and Bob. Bob was no longer first minister, but Earl of Oxford ; and Will was no longer his opposer, but Earl of Bath.

† See the libel on Dr. Delany and Lord Carteret, in this volume.

‡ Mrs. Howard, since Countess of Suffolk.

But princely Douglas *, and his glorious dame,
 Advance'd thy fortune, and preserv'd thy fame.
 Nor will your nobler gifts be misapply'd, 15
 When o'er your patron's treasure you preside :
 The world shall own his choice was wise and just,
 For sons of Phœbus never break their trust.

Not love of beauty less the heart inflames
 Of guardian eunuchs to the Sultan's dames ; 20
 Their passions not more impotent and cold,
 Than those of poets to the lust of gold.
 With Pæan's purest fire his fav'rites glow,
 The dregs will serve to ripen ore below ;
 His meanest work : for had he thought it fit, 25
 That wealth should be the appendage of wit,
 The god of light could ne'er have been so blind
 To deal it to the worst of human-kind.

But let me now, for I can do it well,
 Your conduct in this new employ foretell. 30

And first: To make my observation right,
 I place a statesman full before my sight,
 A bloated minister in all his geer,
 With shameless visage, and perfidious leer ;
 Two rows of teeth arm each devouring jaw ; 35
 And, ostrich-like, his all-digesting maw.
 My fancy drags this monster to my view,
 To shew the world his chief reverse in you.
 Of loud unmeaning sounds a rapid flood
 Rolls from his mouth in plenteous streams of mud ;
 With these the court and senate-house he plies, 40
 Made up of noise, and impudence, and lies.

Now let me shew how Bob and you agree,
 You serve a potent prince †, as well as he..

* The Duke of Queensberry.

† A title given to dukes by the heralds.

The ducal coffers, trusted to your charge, 45
 Your honest care may fill, perhaps enlarge.
 His vassals easy, and the owner blest,
 They pay a trifle, and enjoy the rest.
 Not so a nation's revenues are paid ;
 The servant's faults are on the master laid. 50
 The people with a sigh their taxes bring :
 And cursing Bob, forget to bless the King.

Next hearken, Gay, to what thy charge requires.
 With servants, tenants, and the neighb'ring 'squires.
 Let all domestics feel your gentle sway : 55
 Nor bribe, insult, nor flatter, nor betray,
 Let due reward to merit be allow'd ;
 Nor with your kindred half the palace crowd.
 Nor think yourself secure in doing wrong,
 By telling noses with a party strong. 60

Be rich ; but of your wealth make no parade ;
 At least before your master's debts are paid.
 Nor in a palace, built with charge immense,
 Presume to treat him at his own expence.
 Each farmer in the neighbourhood can count, 65
 To what your lawful perquisites amount.
 The tenants poor, the hardness of the times,
 Are ill excuses for a servant's crimes.
 With int'rest, and a premium paid beside,
 The master's pressing wants must be supply'd ; 70
 With hasty zeal behold the steward come
 By his own credit to advance the sum ;
 Who, while th' unrighteous Mammon is his friend,
 May well conclude his pow'r will never end.
 A faithful treas'rer ! what could he do more ? 75
 He lends my Lord, what was my Lord's before.

The law so strictly guards the monarch's health,
 That no physician dares prescribe by stealth :
 The council sit ; approve the Doctor's skill ;
 And give advice before he gives the pill. 80

But

But the state-imp'ric acts a safer part ;
And while he poisons, wins the royal heart.

But how can I describe the rav'nous breed ?
Then let me now by negatives proceed.

Suppose your Lord a trusty servant send 85
On weighty bus'ness to some neighb'ring friend ;
Presume not, Gay, unless you serve a drone,
To countermand his orders by your own.

Should some imperious neighbour sink the boats,
And drain the fish-ponds, while your master dotes ;
Shall he upon the ducal rights intrench, 91
Because he brib'd you with a brace of tench ?

Nor from your Lord his bad condition hide
To feed his luxury, or sooth his pride.
Nor at an under-rate his timber sell, 95
And with an oath assure him, all is well.
Or swear it rotten * ; and with humble airs
Request it of him to compleat your stairs.
Nor when a mortgage lies on half his lands,
Come with a purse of guineas in your hands. 100

Have Peter Waters always in your mind ;
That rogue of genuine ministerial kind
Can half the peerage by his arts bewitch ;
Starve twenty lords to make one scoundrel rich ;
And when he gravely has undone a score, 105
Is humbly pray'd to ruin twenty more †.

A dextrous steward, when his tricks are found,
Hush-money sends to all the neighbours round ;

* These lines are thought to allude to some story concerning a great quantity of mahogany declared rotten, and then applied by somebody to wainscot, stairs, door-cases, &c.

† He had practised this trade for many years with success.

His master, unsuspicious of his pranks,
 Pays all the cost, and gives the villain thanks. 110
 And should a friend attempt to set him right,
 His lordship would impute it all to spite :
 Would love his fav'rite better than before,
 And trust his honesty just so much more.
 Thus families, like realms, with equal fate, 115
 Are sunk by premier ministers of state.

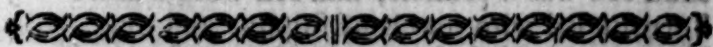
Some, when an heir succeeds, go bold'y on,
 And, as they rob'd the father, rob the son.
 A knave who deep imbroils his lord's affairs,
 Will soon grow necessary to his heirs. 120
 His policy consists in setting traps.
 In finding ways and means, and stopping gaps ;
 He knows a thousand tricks whene'er he please,
 Though not to cure, yet palliate each disease.
 In either case an equal chance is run ; 125
 For keep, or turn him out, my Lord's undone.
 You want a hand to clear a filthy sink ;
 No cleanly workman can endure the stink,
 A strong dilemma in a dep'rate case !
 To act with infamy, or quit the place, 130

A bungler thus, who scarce the nail can hit,
 With driving wrong will make the pannel split :
 Nor dares an abler workman undertake
 To drive a second, lest the whole should break.

In every court the parallel will hold ; 135
 And kings, like private folks, are bought and sold.
 The ruling rogue who dreads to be cashier'd,
 Contrives, as he is hated, to be fear'd ;
 Confounds accounts, perplexes all affairs ;
 For vengeance more embroils, than skill repairs. 140
 So robbers, (and their ends are just the same),
 To 'scape inquiries, leave the house in flame.

I knew a brazen minister of state,
 Who bore for twice ten years the public hate.
 In ev'ry mouth the question most in vogue 145
 Was, When will they turn out this odious rogue?
 A juncture happen'd in his highest pride:
 While he went robbing on, old master dy'd.
 We thought there now remain'd no room to doubt;
 His work is done, the minister must out. 150
 The court invited more than one or two;
 Will you, Sir Spencer? or, Will you, or you?
 But not a soul his office durst accept;
 The subtle knave had all the plunder swept;
 And such was then the temper of the times, 155
 He ow'd his preservation to his crimes.
 The candidates observ'd his dirty paws,
 Nor found it difficult to guess the cause:
 But when they smelt such foul corruptions round
 him,
 Away they fled, and left him as they found him. 160

Thus, when a greedy sloven once has thrown
 His snout into the mess, 'tis all his own.



The **HARDSHIP** put upon the **LADIES**.

Written in the year 1733.

POor ladies! though their bus'ness be to play,
 'Tis hard they must be busy night and day:
 Why should they want the priviledge of men.
 Nor take some small diversions now and then?
 Had women been the makers of our laws; 5
 (And why they were not, I can see no cause):
 The men should slave at cards from morn to night;
 And female pleasures be to read and write.

The



The following poem was first printed in Fog's journal of the 17th of September 1733. The subject of it is now over; but our author's known zeal against that project, made it be generally supposed to be his. It was occasioned by the bishops of Ireland endeavouring to get an act to divide the church-livings; which bill was rejected by the Irish house of Commons*.

Written in the year 1731.

OLD Latimer preaching did fairly describe
 A bishop, who rul'd all the rest of his tribe;
 And who is this bishop? and where does he dwell?
 Why, truly, 'tis Satan, Archbishop of hell.
 And HE was a primate, and HE wore a mitre 5
 Surrounded with jewels of sulphur and nitre.
 How nearly this bishop our bishops resembles!
 But he has the odds, who believes and who trembles.
 Could you see his guim Grace, for a pound to a
 penny,
 You'd swear it must be the baboon of K——y : 10
 Poor Satan will think the comparison odious :
 I wish I could find him out one more commodious.
 But this I am sure, the most rev'rend old dragon
 Has got on the bench many b——ps suffragan;
 And all men believe he presides there *incog.* 15
 To give them, by turns, an invisible jog.

* See considerations on this bill, in vol. 4. p. 92.

Our bishops puffed up with wealth and with pride,
To hell on the backs of the clergy would ride;
They mounted and labour'd with whip and with
spur,

In vain — for the devil a parson would stir. 20
So the Commons unhors'd them; and this was
their doom,

On their crosiers to ride, like a witch on a broom.
'Though they gallop'd so fast, on the road you may
find 'em,

And have left us but three out of twenty behind 'em.
Lord Bolton's good grace, Lord Car, and Lord
Howard *,

In spite of the devil will still be untoward.
They came of good kindred, and could not endure
Their former companions should beg at their door.

When *Christ* was betray'd to Pilate the Prætor,
Of a dozen apostles, but one prov'd a traitor; 30
One traitor alone, and faithful eleven;
But we can afford you six traitors in seven.

What a clutter with clippings, dividings, and
cleavings!
And the clergy forsooth must take up with their
leavings.

If making divisions was all their intent, 35
They've done it, we thank 'em, but not as they
meant;

And so may such bishops for ever divide,
That no honest heathen would be on their side.
How should we rejoice, if, like Judas the first,
Those splitters of parsons in sunder should burst? 40

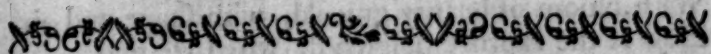
Now hear an allusion: — A mitre you know
Is divided above, but united below.

* Archbishop of Castel, Bishops of Killaloe and Elphin.

If this you consider, our emblem is right ;
 The b——s divide, but the clergy unite. 44
 Should the bottom be split, our b——ps would dread
 That the mitre would never stick fast on their head ;
 And yet they have learn'd the chief art of a sov'reign,
 As Machiavel taught 'em, Divide, and ye govern.
 But courage, my L——ds ; tho' it cannot be said
 That one cloven tongue ever sat on your head ; 50
 I'll hold you a groat, and I wish I could see't,
 If your stockings were off, you could shew cloven
 feet.

But hold, cry the b——ps, and give us fair play ;
 Before you condemn us, hear what we can say.
 What truer affection could ever be shown, 55
 Than saving your souls, by damning our own ?
 And have we not practis'd all methods to gain you ;
 With the tithe of the tithe of the tithe to maintain
 you ;
 Provided a fund for building your spittals ?
 You are only to leave four years without victuals, 60
 Content, my good L——ds ; but let us change hands ;
 First take you our tithes, and give us your lands.
 So God blefs the church, and three of our mitres ;
 And God blefs the Commons for biting the biters.





To the Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

With a present of a paper-book finely bound, on
his birth-day, November 30. 1732,

By the Right Hon. JOHN Earl of ORRERY.

TO thee, dear Swift, these spotless leaves I send;
Small is the present, but sincere the friend.
Think not so poor a book below thy care;
Who knows the price that thou canst make it bear?
Though tawdry now, and, like Tyrilla's face, 5
The specious front shines out with borrow'd grace;
Though pasteboards glitt'ring like a tinsel'd coat
A *rasa tabula* within denote:
Yet if a venal and corrupted age,
And modern vices should provoke thy rage: 10
If warn'd once more by their impending fate,
A sinking country and an injur'd state,
Thy great assistance should again demand,
And call forth reason to defend the land;
Then shall we view these sheets with glad surprise, 15
Inspir'd with thought, and speaking to our eyes:
Each vacant space shall then, enrich'd, dispense
True force of eloquence, and nervous sense;
Inform the judgement, animate the heart,
And sacred rules of policy impart. 20
The spangled cov'ring, bright with splendid ore,
Shall cheat the sight with empty show no more:
But lead us inward to those golden mines,
Where all thy soul in native lustre shines.

* It was occasioned by an annual custom which I found pursued among his friends, of making him a present on his birthday. Orrery.

So when the eye surveys some lovely fair, 25
 With bloom of beauty grace'd, with shape and air,
 How is the rapture heigten'd, when we find
 Her form excell'd by her celestial mind !



VERSES left with a silver standish on the
 DEAN of ST. PATRICK'S desk on his
 birth-day, by Dr. DELANY.

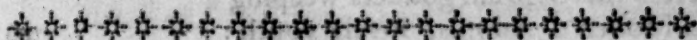
Hither from Mexico I came
 To serve a proud Iernian dame :
 Was long submitted to her will ;
 At length she lost me at quadrille.
 Through various shapes I often pass'd, 5
 Still hoping to have rest at last :
 And still ambitious to obtain
 Admittance to the patriot Dean ;
 And sometimes got within his door,
 But soon turn'd out to serve the poor * ; 10
 Not strolling idleness to aid,
 But honest industry decay'd.
 At length an artist purchas'd me,
 And wrought me to the shape you see.

This done to Hermes I apply'd : 15
 " O Hermes, gratify my pride :
 " Be it my fate to serve a sage,
 " The greatest genius of his age ;
 " That matchless pen let me supply,
 " Whose living lines will never die." 20

I grant your suit, the God reply'd,
 And here he left me to reside.

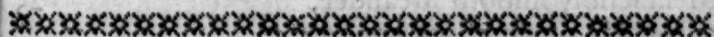
* Alluding to 500*l.* a-year lent by the Dean, without interest, to
 poor tradesmen.

VERSES



VERSES written by Dr. SWIFT, occasioned
by the foregoing presents.

A Paper-book is sent by Boyle,
Too neatly gilt for me to soil.
Delany sends a silver standish,
When I no more a pen can brandish,
Let both around my tomb be place'd, 5
As trophies of a muse deceas'd :
And let the friendly lines they writ
In praise of long departed wit,
Be grav'd on either side in columns,
More to my praise than all my volumes ; 10
To burst with envy, spite, and rage,
The Vandals of the present age.



A LOVE-SONG in the MODERN TASTE.

Written in the year 1733.

I.

Futt'ring spread thy purple pinions,
Gentle Cupid, o'er my heart ;
I a slave in thy dominions ;
Nature must give way to art.

II.

Mild Arcadians, ever blooming,
Nightly nodding o'er your flocks,
See my weary days consuming
All beneath yon flow'ry rocks.

S 2

Thus

III.

Thus the Cyprian goddess weeping
 Mourn'd Adonis, lovely youth : 10
 Him the boar in silence creeping,
 Gor'd with unrelenting tooth.

IV.

Cynthia, tune harmonious numbers ;
 Fair Discretion string the lyre ;
 Sooth my ever-waking slumbers : 15
 Bright Apollo, lend thy choir,

V.

Gloomy Pluto, king of terrors,
 Arm'd in adamantine chains,
 Lead me to the chrystal mirrors,
 Wat'ring soft Elisian plains. 20

VI.

Mournful cypress, verdant willow,
 Gilding my Aurelia brows,
 Morpheus hov'ring oe'r my pillow,
 Hear me pay my dying vows. 25

VII.

Melancholy smooth Meander, 25
 Swiftly purling in a round,
 On thy margin lovers wander,
 With thy flow'ry chaplets crown'd.

VIII.

Thus when Philomela drooping
 Softly seeks her silent mate, 30
 See the bird of Juno stooping,
 Melody resigns to fate.

On

On the words BROTHER-PROTESTANTS,
and FELLOW-CHRISTIANS, so familiarly
used by the advocates for the repeal of the
TEST-ACT in Ireland *.

Written in the year 1733.

AN inundation, says the fable,
O'erflow'd a farmer's barn and stable;
Whole ricks of hay and stacks of corn
Were down the sudden current borne:
While things of heterogenous kind
Together float with tide and wind.
The gen'rous wheat forgot its pride,
And sail'd with litter side by side;
Uniting all to shew their amity,
As in a general calamity.

A ball of new-dropt horse's dung,
Mingling with apples in the throng,
Said to the pippin plump and prim,
" See, brother, how we apples swim."

Thus Lamb, renown'd for cutting corns,
An offer'd fee from Radcliff scorns:

" Not for the world;—we doctors, brother,

" Must take no fees of one another."

Thus to a dean some curate sullen
Subscribes, " Dear Sir, your brother loving."

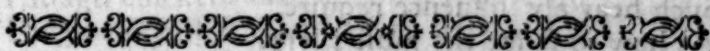
* This poem so provoked one Bettsworth, a lawyer, and member of the Irish parliament, that he swore he would revenge himself, either by murdering or maiming the author. On this, thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St. Patrick's waited on the Dean, with a paper, subscribed by them, in which they engaged to defend his person, and fortune, as the friend and benefactor of his country.

Thus all the footmen, shoeboys, porters,
 About St. James's, cry, "We courtiers."
 Thus H——ce in the house will prate,
 "Sir, we the ministers of state."
 Thus at the bar that blockhead Bettesworth, 25
 Tho' half a crown o'er-pays his sweat's worth,
 Who knows, in law, nor text nor margent,
 Calls Singleton his brother-serjeant.
 And thus fanatic saints, tho' neither in
 Doctrine nor discipline our brethren, 30
 Are brother Protestants and Christians,
 As much as Hebrews and Philistines;
 But in no other sense, than nature
 Has made a rat our fellow-creature.
 Lice from your body suck their food! 35
 But is a louse your flesh and blood?
 'Tho' born of human filth and sweat, it
 May as well be said, man did beget it.
 But maggots in your nose and chin
 As well may claim you for their kin. 40

Yet critics may object, Why not?
 Since lice are brethren to a Scot:
 Which made our swarm of sects determine
 Employments for their brother-vermin.
 But be they English, Irish, Scottish, 45
 What Protestant can be so sottish,
 While o'er the church these clouds are gath'ring,
 To call a swarm of lice his brethren?

As Moses, by divine advice,
 In Egypt turn'd the dust to lice; 50
 And as our sects, by all descriptions,
 Have hearts more harden'd than Egyptians;
 As from the trodden dust they spring,
 And turn'd to lice infest the king:
 For pity's sake it would be just, 55
 A rod should turn them back to dust.

Let folks in high or holy stations
 Be proud of owning such relations :
 Let courtiers hug them in their bosom,
 As if they were afraid to lose 'em : 60
 While I, with humble Job, had rather
 Say to corruption - "Thou'rt my father."
 For he that has so little wit
 To nourish vermin, may be bit.



ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY.

Written in the year 1733.

ALL human race would fain be wits,
 And millions miss for one that hits.
 Young's universal passion, pride,
 Was never known to spread so wide,
 Say, Britain, could you ever boast 5
 Three poets in an age at most?
 Our chilling climate hardly bears
 A sprig of bays in fifty years:
 While every fool his claim alledges,
 As if it grew in common hedges. 10
 What reason can their be assign'd
 For this perverseness in the mind?
 Brutes find out where their talents lie:
 A bear will not attempt to fly;
 A founder'd horse will oft debate 15
 Before he tries a five-barr'd gate;
 A dog by instinct turns aside,
 Who sees the ditch too deep and wide.
 But man we find the only creature
 Who, led by Folly, combats Nature; 20
 Who, when she loudly cries, Forbear,
 With obstinacy fixes there:

And

And where his genius least inclines,
Abfurdly bends his whole defigns.

Not empire to the rifing fun 25
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not higheft wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern ftates;
Not fkill in fciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round : 30
Such heav'nly influence require,
As how to ftrike the mufe's lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not baftard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning fhoes; 35
The spawn of Bridewell, or the ftews;
Not infants dropt, the fpurious pledges
Of gypsies litt'ring under hedges,
Are fo difqualified by fate
To rife in church, or law, or ftate, 40
As he whom Phœbus, in his ire,
Hath blafed with poetic fire.

What hope of cuftom in the fair,
While not a foul demands your ware!
Where you have nothing to produce 45
For private life or public ufe?
Court, city, country, want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For poets law makes no provifion;
The wealthy have you in derifion; 50
Of ftate-affairs you cannot fmatter;
Are aukward, when you try to flatter:
Your portion, taking Britain round,
Was juft one annual hundred pound*;

* Paid to the poet-laureat, which place was given to Mr. Colley Cibber a player.

Now not so much as in remainder, 55
 Since Cibber brought in an attainder ;
 For ever fix'd by right divine
 (A monarch's right) on Grubstreet line.

Poor starv'ling bard, how small thy gains!
 How unproportion'd to thy pains ! 60
 And here a simile comes pat in :
 Though chickens take a month to fatten,
 The guests in less than half an hour
 Will more than half a score devour.
 So after toiling twenty days 65
 To earn a stock of pence and praise,
 Thy labours grown the critic's prey,
 Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea ;
 Gone to be never heard of more,
 Gone where the chickens went before. 70

How shall a new attempter learn
 Of diff'rent spirits to discern,
 And how distinguish which is which,
 The poet's vein, or scribbling itch ?
 Then hear an old experience'd sinner, 75
 Instructing thus a young beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
 A pow'rful impulse urge your mind,
 Impartial judge within your breast
 What subject you can manage best ; 80
 Whether your genius most inclines
 To satire, praise, or hum'rous lines,
 To elegies in mournful tone,
 Or prologue sent from hand unknown.
 Then rising with Aurora's light, 85
 The muse invok'd, sit down to write ;
 Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
 Enlarge, diminish, interline ;
 Be mindful, when invention fails,
 To scratch your head, and bite your nails. 90

Your

Your poem finish'd, next your care
Is needful to transcribe it fair.
In modern wit all printed trash is
Set off with num'rous breaks—and dashes—

To statesmen would you give a wipe, 95
You print it in Italic type.
When letters are in vulgar shapes,
'Tis ten to one the wit escapes ;
But when in capitals express'd,
The dullest reader smokes the jest : 100
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the poet meant ;
As learned commentators view
In Homer more than Homer knew.

Your poem in its modish dress, 105
Correctly fitted for the press,
Convey by penny-post to Lintot *,
But let no friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the cost,
You need not fear the labour lost : 110
And how agreeably surpris'd
Are you to see it advertis'd !
The hawker shews you one in print,
As fresh as farthings from the mint :
The product of your toil and sweating ; 115
A bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at Will's †, the foll'wing day,
Lie snug, and hear what critics say.
And if you find the gen'ral vogue
Pronounces you a stupid rogue, 120
Damns all your thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your spittle.

* A bookseller in London.

† The poets coffehouse.

Be silent as a politician,
 For talking may beget suspicion :
 Or praise the judgement of the town, 125
 And help yourself to run it down.
 Give up your fond paternal pride,
 Nor argue on the weaker side :
 For poems read without a name
 We justly praise, or justly blame ; 130
 And critics have no partial views,
 Except they know whom they abuse :
 And since you ne'er provok'd their spite,
 Depend upon't their judgement's right.
 But if you blab, you are undone : 135
 Consider what a risk you run :
 You lose your credit all at once ;
 The town will mark you for a dunce ;
 The vilest doggrel Grubstreet sends
 Will pass for yours with foes and friends ; 140
 And you must bear the whole disgrace,
 Till some fresh blockhead takes your place.

Your secret kept, your poem sunk,
 And sent in quires to line a trunk,
 If still you be dispos'd to rhyme, 145
 Go try your hand a second time.
 Again you fail ; yet Safe's the word ;
 Take courage, and attempt a third.
 But first with care employ your thoughts,
 Where critics mark'd your former faults : 150
 The trivial turns, the borrow'd wit,
 The similes that nothing fit ;
 The cant which ev'ry fool repeats,
 Town jests, and coffeehouse conceits ;
 Descriptions tedious, flat, and dry, 155
 And introduce'd the Lord knows why :
 Or where you find your fury set
 Against the harmless alphabet ;
 On A's and B's your malice vent,
 While readers wonder whom you meant : 160

A pub-

A public or a private robber ;
 A statesman, or a fourth-sea jobber ;
 A prelate who no god believes ;
 A parliament, or den of thieves ;
 A pick-purse at the bar, or bench, 165
 A dutchess, or a suburb wench ;
 Or oft when epithets you link
 In gaping lines to fill a chink ;
 Like stepping-stones to save a stride
 In streets where kennels are too wide ; 170
 Or, like a heel-piece, to support
 A cripple with one foot too short ;
 Or like a bridge that joins a marsh
 To moorlands of a diff'rent parish :
 So have I seen ill-coupled hounds 175
 Drag diff'rent ways in miry grounds.
 So geographers in Afric maps
 With savage pictures fill their gaps,
 And o'er unhabitable downs
 Place elephants for want of towns. 180

But though you miss your third essay,
 You need not throw your pen away.
 Lay now aside all thoughts of fame,
 To spring more profitable game.
 From party-merit seek support ; 185
 The vilest verse thrives best at court.
 A pamphlet in Sir Bob's defence
 Will never fail to bring in pence :
 Nor be concern'd about the sale,
 He pays his workmen on the nail. 190

A prince, the moment he is crown'd,
 Inherits ev'ry virtue round,
 As emblems of the sov'reign pow'r,
 Like other baubles in the Tow'r :
 Is gen'rous, valiant, just, and wise, 195
 And so continues till he dies :
 His

His humble senate this professes
 In all their speeches, votes, addressees.
 But once you fix him in a tomb,
 His virtues fade, his vices bloom ; 200
 And each perfection wrong imputed,
 Is fully at his death confuted.
 The loads of poems in his praise,
 Ascending, make one funeral blaze :
 As soon as you can hear his knell, 205
 This god on earth turns d——l in hell :
 And lo ! his ministers of state,
 Transform'd to imps, his levee wait ;
 Where, in the scenes of endless woe,
 They ply their former arts below ; 210
 And as they sail in Charon's boat,
 Contrive to bribe the judge's vote ;
 To Cerberus they give a sop,
 His triple-barking mouth to stop ;
 Or in the iv'ry gate of dreams * 215
 Project excise and south-sea schemes ;
 Or hire their party-pamphleteers
 To set Elysium by the ears.

Then, poet, if you mean to thrive,
 Employ your muse on kings alive ; 220
 With prudence gath'ring up a cluster
 Of all the virtues you can muster,
 Which form'd into a garland sweet,
 Lay humbly at your monarch's feet ;
 Who, as the odours reach his throne, 225
 Will smile, and think them all his own ;
 For law and gospel both determine
 All virtues lodge in royal ermine.
 (I mean the oracles of both,
 Who shall depose it upon oath). 230

* *Sunt geminae somni portæ, &c.*

Altera candenti perſectia nitens elephante.

Your garland in the following reign,
Change but the names, will do again.

But if you think this trade too base,
(Which seldom is the dunce's case),
Put on the critic's brow, and sit
At Will's the puny judge of wit. 235
A nod, a shrug, a scornful smile,
With caution us'd, may serve a while.
Proceed no further in your part,
Before you learn the terms of art ; 240
For you can never be too far gone
In all our modern critics jargon :
Then talk with more authentic face
Of unities, in time and place ;
Get scraps of Horace from your friends, 245
And have them at your fingers ends ;
Learn Aristotle's rules by rote,
And at all hazards boldly quote ;
Judicious Rymer oft review,
Wise Dennis, and profound Boswell. 250
Read all the prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
(Though merely writ at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling).

A forward critic often dupes us 255
With sham quotations *peri hupsous* *.
And if we have not read Longinus,
Will magisterially outshine us.
Then, lest with Greek he over-run ye,
Procure the book for love or money, 260
Translated from Boileau's translation †,
And quote quotation on quotation.

At Will's you hear a poem read,
Where Battus from the table-head,

* A famous treatise of Longinus.

† By Mr. Welfed.

Reclining on his elbow-chair, 265
 Gives judgement with decisive air ;
 To whom the tribe of circling wits
 As to an oracle submits.
 He gives directions to the town
 To cry it up, or run it down ; 270
 Like courtiers, when they send a note,
 Instructing members how to vote.
 He sets the stamp of bad and good,
 Though not a word he understood.
 Your lesson learn'd, you'll be secure 275
 To get the name of *connoisseur* :
 And when your merits once are known,
 Procure disciples of your own.
 For poets (you can never want 'em)
 Spread through *Augusta Trinebantur* *, 280
 Computing by their peck of coals,
 Amount to just nine thousand souls :
 These o'er their proper districts govern,
 Of wit and humour judges sov'reign.
 In ev'ry street a city-bard 285
 Rules, like an alderman, his ward ;
 His indisputed rights extend
 Through all the lane, from end to end ;
 The neighbours round admire his shrewdness
 For songs of loyalty and lewdness ; 290
 Outdone by none in rhyming well,
 Although he never learn'd to spell.

Two bord'ring wits contend for glory ;
 And one is Whig, and one is Tory :
 And this for epics claims the bays, 295
 And that for elegiac lays :
 Some fam'd for numbers soft and smooth,
 By lovers spoke in Punch's booth :

* The ancient name of London.

And some as justly fame extols
 For lofty lines in Smithfield drolls. 300
 Bavius in Wapping gains renown,
 And Mævius reigns o'er Kentish town :
 Tigellius place'd in Phœbus' car
 From Ludgate shines to Temple-bar :
 Harmonious Cibber entertains 305
 The court with annual birthday-strains ;
 Whence Gay was banish'd in disgrace,
 Where Pope will never show his face ;
 Where Y——g must torture his invention
 To flatter knaves, or lose his pension. 310

But these are not a thousandth part
 Of jobbers in the poets art,
 Attending each his proper station,
 And all in due subordination ;
 Through ev'ry alley to be found, 315
 In garrets high, or under ground :
 And when they join their *pericranies*,
 Out skips a book of miscellanies.
 Hobbes clearly proves, that ev'ry creature
 Lives in a state of war by nature. 320
 The greater for the smallest watch,
 But meddle seldom with their match.
 A whale of mod'rate size will draw
 A shoal of herrings down his maw ;
 A fox with geese his belly crams, 325
 A wolf destroys a thousand lambs ;
 But search among the rhyming race,
 The brave are worry'd by the base.
 If on Parnassus' top you sit,
 You rarely bite, are always bit. 330
 Each poet of inferior size
 On you shall rail and criticise :
 And strive to tear you limb from limb,
 While others do as much for him.

The vermine only tease and pinch 335
 Their foes superior by an inch.
 So, nat'ralists observe, a flea
 Hath smaller fleas that on him prey :
 And these have smaller still to bite 'em,
 And so proceed *ad infinitum*. 340
 Thus ev'ry poet in his kind
 Is bit by him that comes behind :
 Who, though too little to be seen,
 Can tease, and gall, and give the spleen ;
 Call dunces fools, and sons of whores, 345
 Lay Grubstreet at each others doors ;
 Extol the Greek and Roman masters,
 And curse our modern poetasters :
 Complain, as many an ancient bard did,
 How genius is no more rewarded ; 350
 How wrong a taste prevails among us ;
 How much our ancestors out-sung us ;
 Can personate an awkward scorn,
 For those who are not poets born ;
 And all their brother-dunces lash, 355
 Who croud the press with hourly trash.

O Grubstreet ! how do I bemoan thee,
 Whose graceless children scorn to own thee !
 Their filial piety forgot,
 Deny their country like a Scot ; 360
 Though, by their idiom and grimace,
 They soon betray their native place :
 Yet thou hast greater cause to be
 Asham'd of them than they of thee,
 Degen'rate from their ancient brood, 365
 Since first the court allow'd them food.

Remains a difficulty still,
 To purchase fame by writing ill.
 From Flecknoe down to Howard's time,
 How few have reach'd the *low* sublime ; 370
 For

For when our high born Howard dy'd,
 Blackmore alone his place supply'd :
 And lest a chasm should intervene,
 When death had finish'd Blackmore's reign,
 The leaden crown devolv'd to thee, 375
 Great poet of the hollow tree *.
 But ah ! how unsecure thy throne !
 A thousand bards thy right disown :
 They plot to turn, in factious zeal,
 Duncenia to a common-weal ; 380
 And with rebellious arms pretend
 An equal privilege to descend.

In bulk there are not more degrees
 From elephants, to mites in cheese,
 Than what a curious eye may trace 385
 In creatures of the rhyming race.
 From bad to worse and worse they fall ;
 But who can reach the worst of all ?
 For though, in nature, depth and height
 Are equally held infinite, 390
 In poetry the height we know ;
 'Tis only infinite below.
 For instance : When you rashly think,
 No rhymer can like Welsted † sink,
 His merits balance'd, you shall find 395
 'The laureat † leaves him far behind.
 Concannen, more aspiring bard,
 Soars downward deeper by a yard.
 Smart Jammy Moor with vigour drops,
 The rest pursue as thick as hops. 400
 With heads to points the gulf they enter,
 Link'd perpendicular to the centre ;

* Lord Grimston, author of a play called *Love in an hollow tree*.

† Vide the treatise on the *Profound*, in vol. 6. and Mr. Pope's *Dunciad*.

† In some editions, instead of the laureat, was maliciously inserted Mr. Fielding; for whose ingenious writings the supposed author hath manifested a great esteem.

And as their heels elated rise,
Their heads attempt the neither skies.

O, what indignity and shame,
To prostitute the muse's name?
By flatt'ring k——s, whom heav'n design'd
The plagues and scourges of mankind;
Bred up in ignorance and sloth,
And ev'ry vice that nurses both. 405

Fair Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter?
What justice in rewarding merit! 415
What magnanimity of spirit!
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conqu'ring hero stands. 420
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges*,
Dread from his hand impending changes,
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees intreat for peace †.
The consort of his throne and bed, 425
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sov'reign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!) 430
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,

* " — Super et Garamantas et Indos
Proferet imperium, &c.

— Jam nunc et Cuspia regna
Responsis horrent divum, &c.

† Genibus minor, &c."

An heir for Britain to secure 435
As long as sun and moon endure.

'The remnant of the royal blood
Comes pouring on me like a flood.
Bright goddesses in number five;
Duke William, sweetest prince alive. 440

Now sing the minister of state †,
Who shines alone without a mate.
Observe with what majestic port
This Atlas stands to prop the court:
Intent the public debts to pay, 445
Like prudent Fabius*, by delay,
Thou great vicegerent of the King,
Thy praises every muse shall sing!
In all affairs thou sole director,
Of wit and learning chief protector; 450
Though small the time thou haste to spare,
'The church is thy peculiar care.
Of pious prelates what a stock
You chuse to rule the fable flock!
You raise the honour of the peerage, 455
Proud to attend you at the steerage.
You dignify the noble race,
Content yourself with humbler place.
Now learning, valour, virtue, sense,
To titles give the sole pretence. 460
St. George beheld thee with delight
Vouchsafe to be an azure knight,
When on thy breast and sides Herculean
He fix'd the star and string cerulean.

Say, poet, in what other nation 465
Shone ever such a constellation!

† Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

* "Unus homo nobis cunctando restituit rem."

Attend ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays :
 Your panegyrics here provide;
 You cannot err on flatt'ry's side. 470
 Above the stars exalt your stile,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load;
 But Europe mortify'd his pride, 475
 And swore the fawning rascals ly'd.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it. 480
 Translate me now some lines, if you can,
 From Virgil, Martial, Ovid, Lucan.
 They could all pow'r in heav'n divide,
 And do no wrong to either side;
 They teach you how to split a hair, 485
 Give G——e and Jove an equal share *.
 Yet why should we be lacc'd so strait ?
 I'll give my m—n—ch butter-weight.
 And reason good ; for many a year
 Jove never intemeddled here ; 490
 Nor though his priests be duly paid,
 Did ever we desire his aid :
 We now can better do without him,
 Since Woolston gave us arms to rout him,
 * * * * * *Cætera desiderantur.* * * * * *

* " Divisum imperium cum Jove Cæsar habet.



A Character, Panegyric, and Description of
the LEGION-CLUB †.

AS I stroll the city, oft I
See a building large and lofty,
Not a bow-shot from the college;
Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
By the prudent architect
Place'd against the church direct,
Making good my grandame's jest,
Near the church †——you know the rest.

Tell us what the pile contains?
Many a head that holds no brains. 10
These demoniacs let me dub
With the name of *Legion-club*.
Such assemblies, you might swear,
Meet when butchers bait a bear;
Such a noise, and such haranguing, 15
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jack-pudding gabble;
Such a croud their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.

Could I from the building's top
Hear the rattling thunder drop,

† I have written a very masterly poem on the legion club—it is 240 lines.

The Dean complains, in letter 132. that other characters were added, and in letter 133. that there were 50 different copies; but this consists of just 240 lines, and has every other mark of a genuine copy. —N. B. Mr. Hawkesworth has numbered the lines of this poem too little by two. It consists of 242 lines.

† The nearer the church, the farther from God.

While

While the devil upon the roof
 (If the devil be thunder-proof)
 Should with poker fiery red 25
 Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
 Drive them down on ev'ry scull,
 While the den of thieves is full;
 Quite destroy that harpie's nest,
 How might then our isle be blest! 30
 For divines allow that God
 Sometimes makes the devil his rod;
 And the gospel will inform us,
 He can punish sins enormous.

Yet should Swift endow the schools 35
 For his lunatics and fools,
 With a rood or two of land,
 I allow the pile may stand.
 You perhaps will ask me, Why so?
 But it is with this proviso:— 40
 Since the house is like to last.
 Let the royal grant be pass'd,
 That the club have right to dwell
 Each within his proper cell,
 With a passage left to creep in, 45
 And a hole above for peeping.

Let them, when they once get in,
 Sell the nation for a pin:
 While they sit a picking straws,
 Let them rave at making laws; 50
 While they never hold their tongue,
 Let them dabble in their dung;
 Let them form a grand committee,
 How to plague and serve the city;
 Let them stare, and storm, and frown, 55
 When they see a clergy-gown;
 Let them, ere they crack a louse,
 Call for the orders of the house;

Let

Let them with their gosling quills
Scribble senseless heads of bills. 66
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our a—s with their votes.

Let Sir T——m *, that rampant afs,
Stuff his guts with flax and grafs;
But before the priest he fleeces 65
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, holloo, boy,
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman, traitor, vile seducer,
Perjur'd rebel, brib'd accuser; 70
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide;
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole.

Come assist me, muse obedient, 75
Let us try some new expedient;
Shift the scene for half an hour,
Time and place are in thy pow'r,
Thither, gentle muse, conduct me:
I shall ask, and you instruct me. 80

See, the muse unbars the gate!
Hark, the monkeys, how they prate!

All ye gods, who rule the soul *,
Styx, through hell whose waters roll!
Let me be allow'd to tell 85
What I heard in yonder hell.

* Sir Thomas P——st, a P——C——r of Ireland, and son to the informer of that name.

* “Di, quibus imperium est animarum, &c.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui.

Virg. *Æn.* lib. 6.”

Near the door an entrance gapes †;
 Crouded round with antic shapes,
 Poverty, and Grief, and Care,
 Causeless joy, and, and true Despair. 90
 Discord periwig'd with snakes,
 See the dreadful stride the takes

By this odious crew beset,
 I began to rage and fret,
 And resolv'd to beak their pates ‡, 95
 Ere we enter'd at the gates;
 Had not Clio in the nick
 Whisper'd me, *Lay down your stick.*
 What, said I, is this the mad-house?
 These, she answer'd, are but shadows, 100
 Phantoms bodiless and vain,
 Empty visions of the brain.

In the porch Briareus stands,
 Shews a bribe in all hands ||;
 Briareus the secretary, 105
 But we mortals call him C——y.
 When the rogues their country fleece,
 They may hope for pence a piece.

Clio, who had been so wise
 To put on a fool's disguise,
 To bespeak some approbation,
 And be thought a near relation,
 When she saw three hundred brutes
 All involv'd in wild disputes,
 Roaring till their lungs were spent, 115
Privilege of parliament,
 Now a new misfortune feels,
 Breeding to be laid by th' heels.

† Vestibulum ante ipsum, &c.

‡ Et, ni docta comes, &c.

|| Et centum geminus Briareus, &c.

Virg. *Æn.* lib. 2.

Ib. lib. 6.

Ibid.

Never durst a muse before
Enter that infernal door;
Clio stifed with the smell,
Into spleen and vapours fell,
By the Stygian steams that flew
From the dire infectious crew.

Not the stench of lake Avernus 125

Could have more offended her nose;
Had she flown but o'er the top,
She had felt her pinions drop,
And by exhalations dire,
Though a goddess, must expire.
In a fright she crept away;
Bravely I resolv'd to stay.

When I saw the keeper frown,
Tipping him with half a crown,
Now, said I, we are alone, 135
Name your heroes one by one.

Who is that hell-featur'd brawler,
Is it Satan? No, 'tis W——r;
In what figure can a bard dress
Jack the grandson of Sir H——s?
Honest keeper, drive him further,
In his looks are hell and murder;
See the scowling visage drop,
Just as when he murder'd T——p.

Keeper, shew me where to fix 145
On the puppy pair of Dicks;
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren;
Dick Fitz-Baker, Dick the player,
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast old glorious in your piss.
Tie 'em, keeper, in a tether,
Let 'em starve and stink together;

Both

Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash 'em daily, lash 'em duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion-rods perhaps may tame them.

Keeper, yon old dotard smoke,
Sweetly snoring in his cloak.

Who is he? 'Tis humdrum W——ne,
Half encompass'd by his kin :
There observe the tribe of B—h—m,
For he never fails to bring 'em ;
While he sleeps the whole debate,
They submissive round him wait ;
Yet would gladly see the hunks
In his grave, and search his trunks.
See, they gently twitch his coat,
Just to yawn, and give his vote,
Always firm in his vocation,
Fer the c——, against the n——.

Those are A——s Jack and Bob,
First in ev'ry wicked job,
Son and brother to a queer
Brainfick brute, they call a peer.
We must give them better quarter,
For their ancestor trod mortar,
And at H——th to boast his fame,
On a chimney cut his name.

There fits C——nts, D——ks, and H——n,
How they swagger from the garrison.
Such a triplet could you tell
Where to find on this side hell?
H——n, and D——ks, and C——nts,
Keeper, see they have their payments.
Ev'ry mischief's in their hearts ;
If they fail, 'tis want of parts.

Bless us, M——n ! art thou there, man ?
 Bless mine eyes ! art thou the chairman ! 190
 Chairman to your damn'd committee !
 Yet I look on thee with pity.
 Dreadful fight ! what learn'd M——n
 Metamorphos'd to a Gorgon !
 For thy horrid looks, I own, 195
 Half convert me to a stone :
 Hast thou been so long at school,
 Now to turn a factious tool ?
Alma mater was thy mother,
 Ev'ry young divine thy brother. 200
 Thou a disobedient varlet,
 Treat thy mother like a harlot !
 Thou, ungrateful to thy teachers,
 Who are all grown rev'rend preachers !
 M——, would it not surprise one ? 205
 Turn thy nourishment to poison !
 When you walk among your books,
 They reproach you with their looks ;
 Bind them fast, or from their shelves
 They will come, and right themselves : 210
 Homer, Plutarch, Virgil, Flaccus,
 All in arms prepare to back us ;
 Soon repent, or put to slaughter
 Ev'ry Greek and Roman author.
 Will you, in your faction's phrase, 215
 Send the clergy all to graze ;
 And, to make your project pass,
 Leave them not a blade of grass ?

How I want thee, hum'rous Hogarth !
 Thou, I hear, a pleasant rogue art ; 220
 Were but you and I acquainted,
 Ev'ry monster should be painted :
 You should try your graving tools
 On this odious group of fools ;
 Draw the beasts as I describe them 225
 From their features, while I gibe them ;

Draw

Draw them like, for I assure ye,
 You will need no car'atura;
 Draw them so, that we may trace
 All the soul in ev'ry face. 230

Keeper, I must now retire,
 You have done what I desire:
 But I feel my spirits spent
 With the noise, the sight, the scent.
 " Pray, be patient, you shall find 235
 " Half the best are still behind:
 " You have hardly seen a score,
 " I can shew two hundred more."
 Keeper, I have seen enough.
 Taking then a pinch of snuff, 240
 I concluded, looking round 'em,
 " May their god, the d—l, confound 'em."

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

* An APOLOGY, &c.

A Lady wife as well as fair,
 Whose conscience always was her care,
 Thoughtful upon a point of moment,
 Would have the text as well as comment:
 So hearing of a grave divine, 5
 She sent to bid him come and dine.
 But you must know he was not quite
 So grave as to be unpolite;
 Thought human learning would not lessen
 The dignity of his profession; 10
 And if you'd heard the man discourse,
 Or preach, you'd like him scarce the worse.
 He long had bid the court farewell,
 Retreating silent to his cell;

Suspected for the love he bore
 To one who sway'd some time before;
 Which made it more surprising how
 He should be sent for thither now.

The message told, he gapes, and stares,
 And scarce believes his eyes, or ears :
 Could not conceive what it should mean,
 And fain would hear it told again.
 But then the 'squire so trim and nice,
 'Twere rude to make him tell it twice ;
 So bow'd, was thankful for the honour :
 And would not fail to wait upon her.
 His beaver brush'd, his shoes, and gown,
 Away he trudges into town ;
 Passes the lower castle-yard,
 And now advancing to the guard,
 He trembles at the thoughts of state ;
 For conscious of his sheepish gait,
 His spirits of a sudden fail him,
 He stopt, and could not tell what ail'd him.

What was the message I receiv'd ?
 Why certainly the Captain rav'd ?
 To dine with her ! and come at three !
 Impossible ! it can't be me.
 Or may be I mistook the word ;
 My Lady——it must be my Lord,

My Lord's abroad ; my Lady too :
 What must th' unhappy Doctor do ?
 " Is Capt. Crach' rode here *, pray ?"—No.
 " Nay, then 'tis time for me to go."
 Am I awake, or do I dream ?
 I'm sure he call'd me by my name :
 Nam'd me as plain as he could speak,
 And yet there must be some mistake.

* The gentleman who brought the message.

Why, what a jest should I have been,
 Had now my Lady been within ? 50
 What could I've have said ? I'm mighty glad
 She went abroad—she'd thought me mad.
 The hour of dining now is past :
 Well then, I'll e'n go home and fast ;
 And since I 'scap'd being made a scoff, 55
 I think I'm very fairly off.
 My Lady now returning home,
 Calls, "Crach'rode, is the Doctor come ?"
 He had not heard of him—"pray see,
 " 'Tis now a quarter after three." 60
 The Captain walks about, and searches
 Through all the rooms, and courts, and arches ;
 Examines all the servants round,
 In vain—no doctor's to be found.
 My Lady could not chuse but wonder : 65
 "Captain, I fear you've made some blunder.

"But pray, to-morrow go at ten,
 "I'll try his manners once again ;
 "If rudeness be th' effect of knowledge,
 "My son shall never see a college." 70

The captain was a man of reading,
 And much good sense, as well as breeding,
 Who loath to blame, or to incense,
 Said little in his own defence ;
 Next day another message brought : 75
 The Doctor, frighten'd at his fault,
 Is dress'd, and stealing through the crowd,
 Now pale as death, then blush'd and bow'd,
 Panting—and fault'ring,—hum'd and ha'd,
 "Her Ladyship was gone abroad ; 80
 "The Captain too—he did not know ;
 "Whether he ought to stay or go ;"
 Begg'd she'd forgive him. In conclusion,
 My Lady, pitying his confusion,

Call'd

Call'd her good nature to relieve him; 85
 Told him, she thought she might believe him;
 And would not only grant his suit,
 But visit him, and eat some fruit;
 Provided, at a proper time
 He told the real truth in rhyme. 90
 'Twas to no purpose to oppose,
 She'd hear of no excuse in prose.
 The Doctor stood not to debate,
 Glad to compound at any rate;
 So bowing, seemingly comply'd, 95
 Though if he durst, he had deny'd.
 But first resolv'd to shew his taste
 Was too refin'd to give a feast:
 He'd treat with nothing that was rare,
 But winding walks and purer air; 100
 Would entertain without expence,
 Or pride, or vain munificence.
 For well he knew to such a guest
 The plainest meals must be the best.
 To stomachs clogg'd with costly fare 105
 Simplicity alone is rare;
 Whilst high, and nice, and curious meats,
 Are really but vulgar treats:
 Instead of spoils of Persian looms,
 The costly boasts of regal rooms, 110
 Thought it more courtly and discreet
 To scatter roses at her feet;
 Roses of richest dye, that shone
 With native lustre, like her own;
 Beauty that needs no aid of art 115
 Through ev'ry sense to reach the heart.
 The gracious dame, though well she knew
 All this was much beneath her due,
 Like ev'ry thing—at least thought fit
 To praise it *per maniere d' acquit*. 120
 Yet she, though seeming pleas'd, can't bear
 The scorching sun, or chilling air;
 Disturb'd

Disturb'd alike at both extremes,
 Whether he shews or hides his beams :
 Though seeming pleas'd at all she sees, 125
 Starts at the ruffling of the trees ;
 And scarce can speak for want of breath,
 In half a walk fatigu'd to death.
 The Doctor takes his hint from hence.
 T' apologise his late offence ; 130
 " Madam, the mighty pow'r of use
 " Now strangely pleads in my excuse.
 " If you unus'd have scarcely strength
 " To gain this walk's untoward length ;
 " If frighten'd at a scene so rude, 135
 " Through long disuse of solitude ;
 " If long confin'd to fires and screens,
 " You dread the waving of these greens ;
 " If you, who long have breath'd the fumes
 " Of city-fogs and crouded rooms, 140
 " Do now solicitously shun
 " The cooler air, and dazzling sun :
 " If his majestic eye you flee,
 " Learn hence t' excuse and pity me.
 " Consider what it is to bear 145
 " The powder'd courtier's witty sneer ;
 " To see th' important man of dress,
 " Scoffing my college-awkwardness,
 " To be the strutting cornet's sport ;
 " To run the gauntlet of the court, 150
 " Winning my way by slow approaches,
 " Through crouds of coxcombs and of coaches,
 " From the first fierce cockaded centry,
 " Quite through the tribe of waiting gentry ;
 " To pass so many crouded stages, 155
 " And stand the staring of your pages ;
 " And, after all, to crown my spleen,
 " Be told,—*you are not to be seen* :
 " Or, if you are, be force'd to bear
 " The awe of your majestic air. 160
 " And

" And can I then be faulty found
 " In dreading this vexatious round?
 " Can it be strange, if I eschew
 " A scene so glorious and so new?
 " Or is he criminal that flies 165
 " The living lustre of your eyes?"



* A NEW SIMILE for the LADIES.

With useful ANNOTATIONS.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

*To make a writer miss his end,
 You've nothing else to do but mend.*

Written in the year 1731.

I Often try'd in vain to find
 A simile † for woman-kind,
 A simile I mean to fit *em,
 In ev'ry circumstance to hit †em.
 Through ev'ry beast and bird I went,
 I ransack'd ev'ry element;
 And after peeping thro' all nature
 To find so whimsical a creature,
 A cloud presented * to my view,
 And straight this parallel I drew. 10

Clouds turn with ev'ry wind about,
 They keep us in suspense and doubt;
 Yet oft perverse, like woman-kind,
 Are seen to scud against the wind:

† Most ladies in reading call this word a smile; but they are to note, it consists of three syllables, si-mi-le. In English, a likeness.

‡ Not to hurt them.

• Not like a gun or pistol.

And

And are not women just the same ? 15
For who can tell at what they aim † ?

Clouds keep the stoutest mortals under,
When bell wing † they discharge their thunder :
So when the alarm-bell is rung,
Of Xanti's || everlasting tongue, 20
The husband dreads its loudness more,
Than light'ning's flash, or thunder's roar.

Clouds weep as they do, without pain,
And what are tears but womens rain ?

† This is not meant as to shooting, but resolving.
† The word bellowing is not here to be understood of a bull ; but a cloud, which makes a noise like a bull when it thunders.

|| Xanti, a nickname for Xantippe, that scold of glorious memory, who never let poor Socrates have one moment's peace of mind ; yet with unexampled patience he bore her pestilential tongue. I shall beg the ladies pardon, if I insert a few passages concerning her ; and at the same time I assure them, it is not to lessen those of the present age, who are possessed of the like laudable talents : for I will confess, that I know three in the city of Dublin, no way inferior to Xantippe, but that they have not as great men to work upon.

When a friend asked Socrates, how he could bear the scolding of his wife Xantippe ? he retorted, and asked him, how he could bear the gagging of his geese ? Ay, but my geese lay eggs for me, replied his friend. So doth my wife bear children, said Socrates. *Diog. Laert.*

Being asked another time by a friend, how he could bear her tongue ? he said, she was of this use to him, that she taught him to bear the impertinences of others with more ease when he went abroad. *Plut. de capiend. ex host. utilit.*

Socrates invited his friend Euthydemus to supper ; Xantippe in great rage went in to them, and overset the table : Euthydemus rising in a passion to go off, my dear friend, stay, said Socrates ; did not a hen do the same thing at your house the other day, and did I shew any resentment ? *Plut. de ira exhibenda.*

I could give many more instances of her termagancy, and his philosophy, if such a proceeding might not look as if I were glad of an opportunity to expose the fair sex ; but, to shew I have no such design, I declare solemnly, that I had much worse stories to tell of her behaviour to her husband ; which I rather passed over, on account of the great esteem which I bear the ladies, especially those in the honourable station of matrimony.

The clouds about the welkin roam *, on the 25
And ladies never stay at home.

The clouds build castles in the air,
A thing peculiar to the fair;
For all the schemes of their forecasting †
Are not more solid, nor more lasting. 30

A cloud is light, by turns, and dark;
Such is a lady with her spark;
Now with a sudden pouting ‡ gloom
She seems to darken all the room;
Again she's pleas'd, his fears beguill'd §,
And all is clear when she has smil'd.
In this they're wondrously alike,
(I hope the simile will strike **),
'Tho' in the darkest dumps †† you view 'em,
Stay but a moment, you'll see thro' 'em. 40

The clouds are apt to make reflection ††,
And frequently produce infection;
So Cælia with small provocation
Blasts ev'ry neighbour's reputation.

The clouds delight in gaudy show, 45
For they, like ladies, have their beau;
The gravest matron * will confess,
That she herself is fond of dress.

* Ramble.

† Not vomiting.

‡ Thrusting out the lip.

§ This is to be understood, not in the sense of wort, when brewers
put yeast or barm in it; but its true meaning is, deceived or cheated.

** Hit your fancy.

†† Sullen fits. We have a merry jig called Dumpty Deary, in-
vented to rouse ladies from the dumps.

‡‡ Reflection of the sun.

* Motherly women.

Observe

Observe the clouds in pomp array'd,
 What various colours are display'd,
 The pink, the rose, the v'lets dye,
 In that great drawing-room, the sky;
 How do these differ from our graces †
 In garden-silks, brocades, and laces?
 Are they not such another fight,
 When met upon a birthday-night?

The clouds delight to change their fashion:
 Dear ladies, be not in a passion,
 Nor let this whim to you seem strange,
 Who ev'ry hour delight in change.

In them and you alike are seen
 The fullen symptoms of the spleen;
 The moment that your vapours rise,
 We see them dropping from your eyes.

In evening fair you may behold
 The clouds are fringe'd with borrow'd gold;
 And this is many a lady's case,
 Who flaunts about in borrow'd lace †.

Grave matrons are like clouds of snow,
 Their words fall thick, and swift, and flow;
 While brisk coquettes ||, like rattling hail,
 Our ears on ev'ry side assail.

Clouds, when they intercept our sight,
 Deprive us of celestial light:

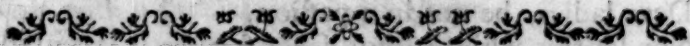
† Not grace before and after meat, nor their graces the duchesses;
 but the graces which attended on Venus.

‡ Not Flanders lace, but gold and silver lace. By borrowed, is
 meant such as run in honest tradesmens debts for what they were not
 able to pay, as many of them did for French silver lace against the last
 birthday.

|| Girls who love to hear themselves prate, and put on a number
 of monkey-airs to catch men.

So when my Chloe I pursue, 75
No heav'n besides I have in view.

Thus, on comparison *, you see,
In ev'ry instance they agree,
So like, so very much the same,
That one may go by t'other's name. 80
Let me proclaim † it then aloud,
That ev'ry woman is a cloud.



An ANSWER to a scandalous POEM, where-
in the author most audaciously presumes to
cast an indignity upon their Highnesses the
CLOUDS, by comparing them to a Wo-
MAN.

Written by DERMOT O-NEPHELEY, Chief Cap
of Howth ‡.

Written in the Year 1733.

Presumptuous bard! how could you dare
A woman with a cloud compare?
Strange pride and insolence you show,
Inferior mortals there below.
And is our thunder in your ears
So frequent or so loud as theirs? 5
Alas! our thunder soon goes out;
And only makes you more devout.
Then is not female clatter worse,
That drives you not to pray, but curse? 10

* I hope none will be so uncomplaisant to the ladies, as to think these comparisons odious.

† Tell it to the whole world, not to proclaim them as robbers and rapparees.

‡ The highest point of Howth is called the Cape of Howth.

We

We hardly thunder thrice a-year ;
 The bolt discharge'd, the sky grows clear ;
 But ev'ry sublunary dowdy,
 The more she scolds, the more she's cloudy.

Some critic may object, perhaps, 15
 That clouds are blam'd for giving claps ;
 But what, alas ! are claps ætherial,
 Compar'd for mischief, to venereal ?
 Can clouds give buboes, ulcers, blotches,
 Or from your noses dig out notches ? 20
 We leave the body sweet and sound ;
 We kill, 'tis true, but never wound.

You know a cloudy sky bespeaks
 Fair weather when the morning breaks ;
 But women, in a cloudy plight, 25
 Foretell a storm to last till night.

A cloud in proper seasons pours
 His blessings down in fruitful show'rs ;
 But woman was by fate design'd
 To pour down curses on mankind. 30

When Sirius * o'er the welkin rages,
 Our kindly help his fire affwages ;
 But woman is a curs'd inflamer,
 No parish-ducking-stool can tame her :
 To kindle strife dame Nature taught her ; 35
 Like fire-works she can burn in water.

For fickleness how durst you blame us,
 Who for our constancy are famous ?
 You'll see a cloud in gentle weather
 Keep the same face an hour together ; 40
 While women, if it could be reckon'd,
 Change ev'ry feature ev'ry second.

* The dog-star.

Observe our figure in a morning,
 Of foul or fair we give you warning ;
 But can you guess from woman's air
 One minute, whether foul or fair ? 45

Go read in ancient books inroll'd
 What honours we possess'd of old.

To disappoint Ixion's rape,
 Jove dress'd a cloud in Juno's shape ; 50
 Which when he had enjoy'd, he swore,
 No goddess could have pleas'd him more :
 No diff'rence could he find between
 His cloud and Jove's imperial queen :
 His cloud produc'd a race of Centaurs 55
 Fam'd for a thousand bold adventures ;
 From us descended *ab origine*,
 By learned authors call'd *nubigenæ*.
 But say, what earthly nymph do you know
 So beautiful to pass for Juno ? 60

Before Æneas durst aspire
 To court her Majesty of Tyre,
 His mother begg'd of us to dress him,
 That Dido might the more caress him :
 A coat we gave him dy'd in grain, 65
 A flaxen wig, and clouded cane ;
 (The wig was powder'd round with fleet,
 Which fell in clouds beneath his feet) :
 With which he made a tearing show ;
 And Dido quickly smok'd the beau. 70

Among your females make inquiries,
 What nymph on earth so fair as Iris ?
 What heav'nly beauty so endow'd ?
 And yet her father is a cloud.
 We dress'd her in a gold brocade, 75
 Befitting Juno's fav'rite maid.

'Tis

'Tis known, that Socrates the wise
 Ador'd us clouds as deities ;
 To us he made his daily pray'rs,
 As Aristophanes declares ; 80
 From Jupiter took all dominion,
 And dy'd defending his opinion.
 By his authority 'tis plain
 You worship other gods in vain.
 And from your own experience know, 85
 We govern all things there below.
 You follow where we please to guide :
 O'er all your passions we preside,
 Can raise them up, or sink them down,
 As we think fit to smile or frown ; 90
 And just as we dispose your brain,
 Are witty, dull, rejoice, complain.

Compare us then to female race !
 We, to whom all the gods give place ;
 Who better challenge your allegiance, 95
 Because we dwell in higher regions,
 You find the gods in Homer dwell
 In seas and streams, or low as hell ;
 Ev'n Jove, and Mercury his pimp,
 No higher climb than mount Olymp, 100
 (Who makes you think the clouds he pierces ?
 He pierce the clouds ! he kifs their a—cs) ;
 While we o'er Teneriffa place'd,
 Are loftier by a mile at least ;
 And when Apollo struts on Pindus, 105
 We see him from our kitchen-windows ;
 Or to Parnassus, looking down,
 Can p—fs upon his laurel crown.

Fate never form'd the gods to fly ;
 In vehicles they mount the sky : 110
 When Jove would some fair nymph inveigle,
 He comes full gallop on his eagle ;

Tho' Venus be as light as air,
 She must have doves to draw her chair;
 Apollo stirs not out of door, 115
 Without his lacker'd coach and four;
 And jealous Juno, ever snarling,
 Is drawn by peacocks in her berlin:
 But we can fly where'er we please,
 O'er cities, rivers, hills, and seas; 120
 From east to west the world we roam,
 And in all climates are at home;
 With care provide you, as we go,
 With sunshine, rain, and hail, or snow.
 You, when it rains, like fools, believe 125
 Jove pisses on you through a sieve:
 An idle tale, 'tis no such matter;
 We only dip a sponge in water,
 Then squeeze it close between our thumbs,
 And shake it well, and down it comes: 130
 As you shall to your sorrow know;
 We'll watch your steps where'er you go;
 And since we find you walk a-foot,
 We'll foundly souce your frize furtout.

'Tis but by our peculiar grace, 135
 That Phoebus ever shews his face:
 For when we please, we open wide
 Our curtains blue from side to side;
 And then how saucily he shows
 His brazen face, and fiery nose; 140
 And gives himself a haughty air,
 As if he made the weather fair.

'Tis sung, where-ever Cælia treads,
 The vi'lets ope their purple heads,
 The roses blow, the cowslip springs 145
 'Tis sung, but we know better things
 'Tis true, a woman on her mettle
 Will often p — fs upon a nettle;

But

But though we own she makes it wetter,
The nettle never thrives the better ; 150
While we by soft prolific show'r's
Can ev'ry spring produce you flow'rs.

Your poets, Chloe's beauty height'ning,
Compare her radiant eyes to light'ning ;
And yet I hope 'twill be allowed, 155
That light'ning comes but from a cloud.

But gods, like us, have too much sense
At poets' flights to take offence :
Nor can hyperboles demean us ;
Each drab has been compar'd to Venus. 160

We own your verses are melodious ;
But such comparisons are odious.



TIM and the FABLES.

From the Tenth Intelligencer.

“ MY meaning will be best unravel'd,
“ When I premise that Tim has travell'd.”

In Lucas's by chance there lay

The fables writ by Mr. Gay.

Tim set the volume on a table, 5

Read over here and there a fable ;

And found, as he the pages twirl'd,

The monkey who had seen the world :

(For Tonson had, to help the sale,

Prefix'd a cut to ev'ry tale). 10

The monkey was completely dress'd,

The beau in all his airs express'd.

Tim with surprise and pleasure staring,

Ran to the glass, and then comparing

His

His own sweet figure with the print, 15
 Distinguish'd ev'ry feature in't,
 The twist, the squeeze, the rump, the fidge an all,
 Just as they look'd in the original.
 By — says Tim, (and let a f——),
 This graver understood his art. 20
 'Tis a true copy, I'll say that for't;
 I well remember, when I sat for't,
 My very face! at first I knew it,
 Just in the dress the painter drew it.
 'Tim, with his likeness deeply smitten, 25
 Would read what underneath was written,
 The merry tale, with moral grave.
 He now began to storm and rave;
 "The cursed villain! now I see
 "This was a libel meant at me; 30
 "Those scribblers grow so bold of late
 "Against us ministers of state!
 "Such Jacobites as he deserve,——
 "Demme, I say, they ought to starve."
Dear Tim, no more such angry speeches,
Unbutton, and let down your breeches, 35
Tear out the tale, and wipe your a——,
I know you love to act a farce.*

* Of the 10th [Intellig.] I writ only the verses, and of those, not the four last shew only line. Letters to and from Dr. Swift.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE *.

ODE to the Hon. Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE †.

Written at Moorpark, June 1689.

Virtue, the greatest of all monarchies,
Till its first emperor rebellious man
Depos'd from off his seat
It fell, and broke with its own weight
Into small states and principalities,
By many a petty lord possess'd,
But ne'er since seated in one single breast.

5

* This is the title given to the poems that follow, by Mr. Hawkesworth: though it is certain, that several of them were published in the author's lifetime.

† When the author's posthumous pieces were reprinted in Ireland, this and the subsequent odes were omitted.

These two odes, and a third, an ode to K. William, when his Majesty was in Ireland, are the only specimens of Dr. Swift's that I know of in the Pindaric measure. It is reported, that, in the early part of his life, he writ several poems in that irregular kind of metre; whereby it is certain, that he aquired no sort of reputation. I have been told, that his cousin the famous John Dryden expressed a good deal of contempt for a pretty large collection of these poems, which had been shown to him in manuscript by his bookseller: for which treatment I verily believe it was, that, in return to his compliment, the Dr. hath on all occasions been so unmercifully severe upon that famous writer. But this kind of usage among the sticklers for reputation, is sanctified by immemorial prescription. To the best of my remembrance, Dryden himself hath declared,

"Poets should ne'er be drones, mean harmless things;

"But guard, like bees, their labours by their stings."

Swift.

'Tis.

'Tis you who must this land subdue,
 The mighty conquest's left for you,
 The conquest and discovery too : 10
 Search out this Utopian ground,
 Virtue's *terra incognita*,
 Where none ever led the way,
 Nor ever since but in descriptions found,
 Like the philosopher's stone 15
 With rules to search it, yet obtain'd by none.

II.

We have too long been led astray,
 Too long have our misguided souls been taught
 With rules from musty morals brought,
 'Tis you must put us in the way ; 20
 Let us (for shame) no more be fed
 With antique relics of the dead,
 The gleanings of philosophy,
 Philosophy, the lumber of the schools,
 The roguery of alchymy, 25
 And we the bubbl'd fools
 Spend all our present stock in hopes of golden rules.

III.

But what does our proud ign'rance learning call !
 We oddly Plato's paradox make good,
 Our knowledge is but mere remembrance all ; 30
 Remembrance is our treasure and our food ;
 Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,
 We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,
 Stale memorandums of the schools ;
 For learning's mighty treasure look 35
 In that deep grave a book,
 Think she there does all her treasures hide,
 And that her troubled ghost still haunts there since
 she dy'd ;
 Confine her walks to colleges and schools,
 Her priests, her train, and followers shew 40
 As if they all were spectres too ;
 They purchase knowlege at the expense
 Of common breeding, common sense,

At

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 251

At once grow scholars and fools ;
 Affect ill-manner'd pedantry, 45
 Rudeness, ill-nature, incivility,
 And sick with dregs of knowledge grown,
 Which greedily they swallow down,
 Still cast it up, and nauseate the company.

IV.

Curs'd be the wretch, nay doubly curs'd, 50
 (If it may lawful be
 'To curse our great enemy),
 Who learn'd himself that heresy first
 (Which since has seiz'd on all the rest),
 That knowledge forfeits all humanity, 55
 Taught us, like Spaniards, to be proud and poor,
 And fling our scraps before our door.
 Thrice happy you have 'scap'd this gen'ral pest ;
 Those mighty epithets, learn'd, good, and great,
 Which we ne'er join'd before, but in romances meet,
 We find in you at last united grown. 61

You cannot be compar'd to one :
 I must, like him that painted Venus' face,
 Borrow from ev'ry one a grace ;
 Virgil and Epicurus will not do, 65
 Their courting a retreat like you,
 Unless I put in Cæsar's learning too,
 Your happy frame at once controls
 This great triumvirate of souls.

V.

Let not old Rome boast Fabius' fate, 70
 He sav'd his country by delays,
 But you by peace,
 You bought it at a cheaper rate ;
 Nor has it left the usual bloody scar,
 To shew it cost its price in war ; 75
 War! that mad game, the world so loves to play,
 And for it does so dearly pay ;
 For though with loss or victory a while
 Fortune the gamesters does beguile,
 Yet at the last the box sweeps all away. 80

VI. Only

VI.

Only the laurel got by peace
 No thunder e'er can blast,
 Th' artillery of the skies
 Shoots to the earth and dies;
 Nor ever green and flourishing 'twill last, 85
 Nor dipt in blood, nor widows tears, nor orphans
 cries;
 About the head crown'd with these bays,
 Like lambent fire the lightning plays;
 Nor its triumphal cavalcade to grace,
 Make up its solemn train with death; 90
 It melts the sword of war, yet keeps it in the sheath.

VII.

The wily shifts of state, those jugglers tricks
 Which we call deep design and politics,
 (As in the theatre the ignorant fry,
 Because the cords escape their eye, 95
 Wonder to see the motions fly);
 Methinks, when you expose the scene,
 Down the ill organ'd engines fall;
 Off fly the visors and discover all,
 How plain I see thro' the deceit! 100
 How shallow, and how gross the cheat!
 Look where the pulley's ty'd above!
 Great God! (said I), what have I seen!
 On what poor engines move
 The thoughts of monarchs, and designs of states!
 What petty motives rule their fates! 106
 How the mouse makes the mighty mountain shake!
 The mighty mountain labours with its birth,
 Away the frightened peasants fly,
 Scar'd at the unheard-of prodigy, 110
 Expect some great gigantic son of earth;
 Lo it appears!
 See how they tremble! how they quake!
 Out starts the little beast, and mocks their idle fears.

VIII. Then

VIII.

Then tell (dear fav'rite muse) 115
 What serpent's that which still resorts,
 Still lurks in palaces and courts,
 Take thy unwonted flight,
 And on the terras light.
 See where she lies! 120
 See how she rears her head,
 And rolls about her dreadful eyes,
 To drive all virtue out, or look it dead!
 'Twas sure this basilisk sent Temple thence,
 And tho' as some ('tis said) for their defence 125
 Have worn a casement o'er their skin,
 So he wore his within,
 Made up of virtue and transparent innocence:
 And though he oft renew'd the fight,
 And almost got priority of fight, 130
 He ne'er could o'ercome her quite,
 (In pieces cut, the viper still did reunite),
 Till at last tir'd with loss of time and ease,
 Resolv'd to give himself, as well as country, peace.

IX.

Sing (beloved muse) the pleasures of retreat, 135
 And in some untouch'd virgin string
 Shew the delights thy sister Nature yields:
 Sing of thy vales, sing of thy woods, sing of thy
 fields;
 Go publish o'er the plain
 How mighty a profelyte you gain! 140
 How noble a reprisal on the great!
 How is the muse luxuriant grown!
 Whene'er she takes this flight,
 She soars clear out of sight;
 These are the paradises of her own. 145
 (The Pegasus, like an unruly horse,
 Though ne'er so gently led
 To the lov'd pasture where he us'd to feed,
 Runs violently o'er his usual course).

254 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Wake from thy wanton dreams, 150
 Come from thy dear lov'd streams,
 The crooked paths of wandering Thames.
 Fain the fair nymph would stay,
 Oft she looks back in vain,
 Oft 'gainst her fountain does complain, 155
 And softly steals in many windings down,
 As loath to see the hated court and town,
 And murmurs as she glides away.

X.

In this new happy scene
 Are noble subjects for your learned pen: 160
 Here we expect from you
 More than your predecessor, Adam, knew:
 Whatever moves our wonder, or our sport,
 Whatever serves for innocent emblems of the court;
 How that which we a kernel see, 165
 (Whose well compacted forms escape the light,
 Unpeirce'd by the blunt rays of sight),
 Shall ere long grow into a tree,
 Whence takes it its increase, and whence its birth,
 Or from the sun, or from the air, or from the earth,
 Where all the fruitful atoms lie, 171
 How some goes downward to the root,
 Some more ambitious upwards fly,
 And from the leaves, the branches, and the fruit:
 You strove to cultivate a barren court in vain, 175
 Your garden's better worth your noble pain,
 Here mankind fell, and hence must rise again.

XI.

Shall I believe a spirit so divine,
 Was cast in the same mold with mine?
 Why then does Nature so unjustly share 180
 Among her elder sons the whole estate,
 And all her jewels and her plate?
 Poor we, cadets of heav'n, not worth her care,
 Take up at best with lumber, and the leavings of a
 fate;

Some

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 255

Some she binds 'prentice to the spade, 185
 Some to the drudgery of a trade,
 Some she does to Egyptian bondage draw,
 Bids us make bricks, yet sends us to look out for
 straw :

Some she condemns for life to try
 To dig the leaden mines of deep philosophy : 190
 Me she has to the muse's galleys ty'd,
 In vain I strive to cross this spacious main,
 In vain I tug and pull the oar,
 And when I almost reach the shore,
 Straight the muse turns the helm, and I launch out
 again : 195

And yet to feed my pride,
 Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining breath,
 With promise of a mad reversion after death.

XII.

Then (Sir) accept this worthless verse,
 The tribute of an humble muse, 200
 'Tis all the portion of my niggard stars;
 Nature the hidden spark did at my birth infuse,
 And kindled first with indolence and ease,
 And since too oft debauch'd by praise,
 'Tis now grown an incurable disease : 205
 In vain to quench this foolish fire I try
 In wisdom and philosophy ;
 In vain all wholesome herbs I sow,
 Where nought but weeds will grow.
 Whate'er I plant (like corn on barren earth) 210
 By an equivocal birth
 Seeds, and runs up to poetry.



To the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

GENTLEMEN,

SINCE every body pretends to trouble you with their follies, I thought I might claim the privilege of an Englishman, and put in my share among the rest. Being last year in Ireland, (from whence I returned about half a year ago), I heard only a loose talk of your society, and believed the design to be only some new folly just fuitable to the age, which God knows I little expected ever to produce any thing extraordinary. Since my being in England, having still continued in the country, and much out of company, I had but little advantage of knowing any more, till about two months ago passing through Oxford, a very learned gentleman there first shewed me two or three of your volumes, and gave me his account and opinion of you. A while after, I came to this place upon a visit to—, where I have been ever since, and have seen all the four volumes, with their supplements! which answering my expectation, the perusal has produced what you find inclosed.

As I have been somewhat inclined to this folly, so I have seldom wanted some body to flatter me in it. And for the ode inclosed, I have sent to a person of very great learning and honour, and since to some others, the best of my acquaintance, (to which I thought very proper to enure it for a greater light); and they have all been pleased to tell me, that they are sure it will not be unwelcome; and that I should beg the honour of you to let it be
 printed

printed before your next volume, (which, I think, is soon to be published); it being so usual before most books of any great value among poets; and before its seeing the world, I submit it wholly to the correction of your pens.

I intreat therefore one of you would descend so far as to write two or three lines to me of your pleasure upon it: Which as I cannot but expect from gentlemen, who have so well shewn, upon so many occasions, that greatest character of scholars, in being favourable to the ignorant; so I am sure nothing at present can more highly oblige me, or make me happier.

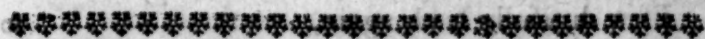
I am,

GENTLEMEN,

Your ever most humble

and most admiring servant,

JONATHAN SWIFT.



ODE to the ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Moor-park, Feb. 14. 1691.

AS when the deluge first began to fall,
That mighty ebb never to flow again,
(When this huge body's moisture was so great,
It quite o'ercame the vital heat;
That mountain which was highest, first of all
Appear'd above the universal main,
To bless the primitive sailer's weary sight;
And 'twas perhaps Parnassus, if in height:

258 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE

It be as great as 'tis in fame,
 And nigh to heav'n as is its name : 10
 So after the inundation of a war,
 When learning's little household did embark
 With her world's fruitful system in her sacred ark,
 At the first ebb of noise and fears,
 Philosophy's exalted head appears : 15
 And the dove-muse will now no longer stay,
 But plumes her silver wings, and flies away :
 And now a laurel wreath she brings from far,
 To crown the happy conqueror,
 To shew the flood begins to cease, 20
 And bring the dear reward of victory and of peace.

II.

The eager muse took wing upon the waves decline,
 When war her cloudy aspect just withdrew,
 When the bright sun of peace began to shine,
 And for a while in heavenly contemplation sat 25
 On the high top of peaceful Ararat ;
 And pluck'd a laurel branch, (for laurel was the
 first that grew,
 The first of plants after the thunder, storm, and
 rain),
 And thence with joyful, nimble wing,
 Flew dutifully back again, 30
 And made an humble chaplet * for the king.
 And the dove-muse is fled once more,
 (Glad of the victory, yet frightened at the war)
 And now discovers from afar
 A peaceful and a flourishing shore : 35
 No sooner did she land
 On the delightful strand,
 Then strait she sees the country all around,
 Where fatal Neptune rul'd erewhile,
 Scatter'd with flow'ry vales, with fruitful gardens
 crown'd, 40

* The ode I writ to the King in Ireland.

And

And many a pleasant wood;
As if the universal Nile
Had rather water'd it, than drown'd;
It seems some floating piece of paradise,
Preserv'd by wonder from the flood, 45
Long wand'ring thro' the deep, as we are told
Fam'd Delos did of old,

And the transported muse imagin'd it
To be a fitter birth-place for the god of wit,
Or the much-talk'd oracular grove; 50
When with amazing joy she hears
An unknown music all around,
Charming her greedy ears
With many a heav'nly song
Of nature and of art, of deep philosophy and love,
Whilst angels tune the voice, and God inspires the
tongue. 56

In vain she catches at the empty sound,
In vain pursues the music with her longing eye,
And courts the wanton echoes as they fly.

III.

Pardon, ye great unknown, and far exalted men,
The wild excursions of a youthful pen; 61
Forgive a young, and (almost) virgin muse,
Whom blind and eager curiosity
(Yet curiosity, they say
Is in her sex a crime needs no excuse) 65
Has force'd to grope her uncouth way,
After a mighty light that leads her wand'ring eye:
No wonder then she quits the narrow path of sense,
For a dear ramble through impertinence;
Impertinence, the scurvy of mankind. 70
And all we fools, who are the greater part of it,
Though we be of two diff'rent factions still,
Both the good-natur'd and the ill;
Yet wheresoe'er you look, you'll always find
We join like flies, and wasps, in buzzing about wit.
In me, who am of the first sect of these, 76
All merit, that transcends the humble rules

Of

260 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Of my own dazzled scanty-sense,
Begets a kinder folly and impertinence
Of admiration and of praise. 80

And our good brethren of the surly sect
Must e'en all herd with us their kindred-fools :
For tho' possess'd of present vogue, they've made
Railing a rule of wit, and obloquy a trade ;
Yet the same want of brains produces each effect. 85

And you whom Pluto's helm does wisely shroud
From us the blind and thoughtless croud,
Like the fam'd hero in his mother's cloud,
Who both our follies and impertinences see, 89
Do laugh perhaps at theirs, and pity mine and me.

IV.

But Censure's to be understood
Th' authentic mark of the elect,
The public stamp heav'n sets on all that's great and
good

Our shallow search and judgement to direct.
The war, methinks, has made 95

Our wit and learning narrow as our trade ;
Instead of boldly sailing far to buy
A stock of wisdom and philosophy,

We fondly stay at home in fear
Of ev'ry censuring privateer ; 100
Forcing a wretched trade by beating down the sale,
And selling basely by retail.

The wits, I mean the Atheists of the age,
Who fain would rule the pulpit, as they do the
stage ;

Wondrous refiners of philosophy, 105
Of morals and divinity,

By the new modish system of reducing all to sense,
Against all logic and concluding laws,
Do own the effects of providence,
And yet deny the cause. 110

This

V.

This hopeful sect, now it begins to see
How little, very little do prevail
Their first and chiefest force,
To censure, to cry down, and rail,
Not knowing what, or where, and who you be, 115
Will quickly take another course:

And by their never-failing ways
Of solving all appearances they please,
We soon shall see them to their ancient methods
And straight deny you to be men, or any thing at all.

I laugh at the grave answer they will make, 121
Which they have always ready, general, and cheap;
'Tis but to say, that what we daily meet,

And by a fond mistake
Perhaps imagine to be wondrous wit, 125
And think, alas, to be by mortals writ,
Is but a croud of atoms jostling in a heap,

Which from eternal seeds begun,
Jostling some thousand years till ripen'd by the sun;
They're now, just now as naturally born, 130
As from the womb of earth a field of corn.

VI.

But as for poor contented me,
Who must my weakness and my ignorance confess.
That I believe in much, I ne'er can hope to see;

Methinks I'm satisfy'd to guess, 135
That this new, noble, and delightful scene
Is wonderfully mov'd by some exalted men,

Who have well studied in the world's disease,
(That epidemic error and depravity,
Or in our judgment or our eye), 140

That what surprises us can only please.
We often search contentedly the whole world round
To make some great discovery,
And scorn it when 'tis found.

262 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Just so the mighty Nile has suffer'd in its fame, 145
 Because 'tis said (and perhaps only said)
 We've found a little inconsiderable head,
 That feeds the huge unequal stream.
 Consider human folly, and you'll quickly own,
 That all the praises it can give, 150
 By which some fondly boast they shall for ever live,
 Won't pay th' impertinence of being known :
 Else why should the fam'd Lydian king,
 Whom all the charms of an usurp'd wife and state,
 With all that power unfelt, courts mankind to be
 great, 155
 Did with new unexperience'd glories wait,
 Still wear, still dote on his invisible ring?

VII.

Were I to form a regular thought of fame,
 Which is perhaps as hard t' imagine right
 As to paint Echo to the sight ; 160
 I would not draw the idea from an empty name :
 Because, alas, when we all die,
 Careless and ignorant posterity,
 Although they praise the learning and the wit,
 And though the title seems to show 165
 The name and man by whom the book was writ,
 Yet how shall they be brought to know,
 Whether that very name was he, or you, or I ?
 Less should I daub it o'er with transitory praise,
 And water-colours of these days : 170
 These days ! where e'en th' extravagance of poetry
 Is at a loss for figures to express
 Mens folly, whimsies, and inconstancy,
 And by a faint description makes them less.
 Then tell us, what is fame, where shall we search
 for it ! 175
 Look where exalted virtue and religion sit
 Inthron'd with heav'nly wit,
 Look where you see
 The greatest scorn of learned vanity.

(And

(And then how much a nothing is mankind ! 180
 Whose reason is weigh'd down by popular air,
 Who by that vainly talks of baffling death ;
 And hopes to lengthen life by a transfusion of
 breath,

Which yet whoe'er examines right will find
 To be an art as vain as bottling up of wind) : 185
 And when you find out these, believe true fame is
 there,
 Far above all reward, yet to which all is due ;
 And this, ye great unknown, is only known in you.

VIII.

The juggling sea-god, when by chance trepann'd
 By some instructed querist sleeping on the sand, 190
 Impatient of all answers, strait became
 A stealing brook, and strove to creep away

Into his native sea,

Vex'd at their follies. murmur'd in his stream ;
 But disappointed of his fond desire, 195
 Would vanish in a pyramid of fire.

This surly, slipp'ry god. when he design'd
 To furnish his escapes,

Ne'er borrow'd more variety of shapes

Than you to please and satisfy mankind, 200
 And seem (almost) transform'd to water, flame,
 and air,

So well you answer all phenomenas there :

Tho' madmen and the wits, philosophers and fools,
 With all that factious, or enthusiastic dotards dream,
 And all the incoherent jargon of the schools ; 205

Though all the fumes of fear, hope, love and
 shame,

Contrive to shock your mind with many a senseless
 doubt ;

Doubts where the Delphic god would grope in ig-
 norance and night,

The god of learning and of light

Would want a * god himself to help him out. 210

* Θεός ἀπο μηχανῆς

IX.

Philosophy, as it before us lies,
 Seems to have borrow'd some ungrateful taste
 Of doubts, impertinence, and niceties,
 From ev'ry age through which it pass'd,
 But always with a stronger relish of the last. 215
 This beauteous queen, by heav'n design'd
 'To be the great original
 For man to dress and polish his uncourtly mind,
 In what mock-habits have they purher since the fall!
 More oft in fools and madmens hands than fages.

She seems a medly of all ages, 221
 With a huge fardingal to swell her fustian stuff,
 A new commode, a top-knot and a ruff,
 Her face patch'd o'er with modern pedantry,

With a long sweeping train 225
 Of comments and disputes, ridiculous and vain,

All of old cut with a new die :

How soon you have restor'd her charms,

And rid her of her lumber and her books,

Dress'd her again genteel and neat, 230

And rather tight than great,

How fond we are to court her to our arms!

How much of heav'n is in her naked looks!

X.

Thus the deluding muse oft blinds me to her ways,

And ev'n my very thoughts transfers 235

And changes all to beauty and the praise

Of that proud tyrant sex of hers.

The rebel muse, alas, takes part

But with my own rebellious heart,

And you with fatal and immortal wit conspire 240

To fan th' unhappy fire.

Cruel unknown! what is it you intend? (friend!

Ah, could you, could you hope a poet for your

Rather forgive what my first transport said :

May all the blood, which shall by woman's scorn be

shed, 245

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE, 265

Lie upon you, and on your childrens head ;
 For you (ah, did I think I e'er should live to see
 The fatal time when that could be !)
 Have e'en increas'd their pride and cruelty.
 Woman seems now above all vanity grown, 250
 Still boasting of her great unknown
 Platonic champions, gain'd without one female wile,
 Or the vast charges of a smile ;
 Which 'tis a shame to see how much of late
 You've taught the covetous wretches to o'er-rate,
 And which they've now the conscience to weigh 256
 In the same balance with our tears,
 And with such scanty wages pay
 The bondage and the slavery of years, [us,
 Let the vain sex dream on, their empire comes from
 And had they common generosity, 261
 They would not use us thus.
 Well—— though you have rais'd her to this high
 Ourselves are rais'd as well as she [degree,
 And spite of all that they or you can do, 265
 'Tis pride and happiness enough to me
 Still to be of the same exalted sex with you.

XI.

Alas, how fleeting, and how vain,
 Is even the nobler man, our learning and our wit !
 I sigh whene'er I think of it ! 270
 As at the closing an unhappy scene
 Of some great king and conqueror's death,
 When the sad melancholy muse
 Stays but to catch his utmost breath,
 I grieve, this noble work so happily begun, 275
 So quickly and so wonderfully carry'd on,
 Must fall at last to interest, folly, and abuse.
 There is a noon-tide in our lives,
 Which still the sooner it arrives,
 Although we boast our winter sun looks bright,
 And foolishly are glad to set it at its height, 281
 Yet so much sooner comes the long and gloomy
 night.

266 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

No conquest ever yet begun,
And by one mighty hero carried to its height,
E'er flourish'd under a successor or a son; 285
It lost some mighty pieces through all hands it past,
And vanish'd to an empty title in the last.

For when the animating mind is fled,
(Which Nature never can retain,
Nor e'er call back again), 290
The body, though gigantic, lies all cold and dead.

XII.

And thus undoubtedly 'twill fare,
With what unhappy men shall dare
To be successors to these great unknown,
On learning's high establish'd throne. 295
Censure, and Pedantry, and Pride,
Numberless nations, stretching far and wide,
Shall (I foresee it) soon with Gothic swarms come
From Ignorance's universal north, [forth
And with blind rage break all this peaceful go-
vernment: 300

Yet shall these traces of your wit remain,
Like a just map, to tell the vast extent
Of conquest in your short and happy reign:
And to all future mankind shew
How strange a paradox is true, 305
That men, who liv'd and dy'd without a name,
Are the chief heroes in the sacred list of fame.

TOLAND'S

TOLAND'S Invitation to DISMAL, to dine
with the CALVES-HEAD CLUB *.

Imitated from HORACE, Epist. 5. lib. 1.

IF, dearest Dismal, you for once can dine
Upon a single fish and tavern wine,
T—l—nd to you this invitation sends,
To eat the calves head with your trusty friends.
Suspend a while your vain ambitious hopes, 5
Leave hunting after bribes, forget your tropes.

*Si potes archaicis convivium recumbere lectis,
Nec modica cœnare times olus omne patella;
Supremo te sole domi, Torquate manebo.*

* * * * *

Mitte leves spes, et certamina divitiarum,

* The members of the Calves-head club were about sixteen of the greatest men in England. They dined once a week at each others houses, or at taverns, if more convenient, by rotation. Swift wrote this invitation in December 1711, occasioned by his friend the Lord Treasurer Oxford's hinting to him one evening, that he wished a ballad were made on the Earl of ***. The ballad, which, according to Swift's observation, is two degrees above Grubstreet, was written and sent to the press the next morning; and when it was brought by the printer to that famous and grand society, whereof Swift was a member, and read by one of the company, it made them all laugh a dozen times; as we are told in a letter from Swift to Stella. It has abundance of wit and humour, strangely adapted to the proceedings and outrage of the Waigs at that particular juncture; and will gratify the men of taste and spirit, who are all of them admirers of the Doctor. *Swift.*

268 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

To-morrow we our mystic feast prepare,
 Where thou, our latest proselyte, shalt share;
 When we, by proper signs and symbols tell,
 How, by brave hands, the royal traitor fell; 10
 The meat shall represent the tyrant's head,
 The wine, his blood, our predecessors shed;
 Whilst an alluding hymn some artists sings,
 We toast confusion to the race of kings:
 At monarchy we nobly shew our spight, 15
 And talk what fools call treason all the night.

Who, by disgraces or ill fortune sunk;
 Feels not his soul enliven'd when he's drunk?
 Wine can clear up G--d--lph--n's cloudy face,
 And fill J--ck Sm--th with hopes to keep his place;
 By force of wine ev'n Sc--rb--r--gh is brave, 21
 Hal grows more pert, and S--mm--rs not so grave:
 Wine can give P--rt--d wit, and Cl--v--nd sense,
 M--t--g--e learning, B--lt--n eloquence:
 Ch--ly, when drunk, can never lose his wand, 25
 And L--nc--n then imagines he has land.

My province is, to see that all be right,
 Glasses and linen clean, and pewter bright;
 From our mysterious club to keep out spies,
 And Tories (dress'd like waiters) in disguise. 30

*Et Moschi causam. Cras nato Cæsare festus
 Dat veniam somnumque dies: impune licebit
 Æstivam sermone benigno tendere noctem.*

* * * * *

*Quid non ebrietas designat? Operta recludit;
 Spes jubet esse ratas; in prælia trudit inermem:
 Sollicitis animis onus eximit addocet artes.
 Fœcundi calices quem non fecere disertum?
 Contraëta quem non in paupertate solutum?
 Hæc ego procurare et idoneus imperor, et non
 Invitus; ne turpe toral, ne sordida mappa
 Coruget nares, ne non es et cantharus, et lanx,*

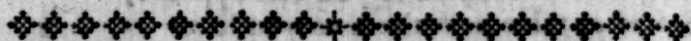
You

You shall be coupled as you best approve,
Seated at table next the men you love,
S--nd--nd, Or--rd, B--le, and R--ch--d's Grace
Will come; and H--mp--n shall have W--p--le's
place.

W--rt--n, unless prevented by a whore, 35
Will hardly fail, and there is room for more!
But I love elbow-room whene'er I drink,
And honest Harry is too apt to st--k.

Let no pretence of bus'ness make you stay;
Yet take one word of counsel by the way. 40
If Gu--rn--y call, send word you're gone abroad,
He'll tease you with King Charles, and Bishop Laud,
Or make you fast, and carry you to pray'rs:
But if he will break in, and walk up stairs,
Steal by the back-door out, and leave him there; 45
Then order Squash to call a hackney-chair.

*Ostendat tibi te; ne fides inter amicos
Sit, qui dicta forus eliminat; ut coeat par,
Jungaturque pari. Brutum tibi, Septimiumque,
Et nisi coena prior, potiorque puella sabinum
Detinet, assumam: locus est et pluribus umbris:
Sed nimis arcta premunt olida convivia caprae.
Tu, quotus esse velis, rescribe; et rebus omissis,
Atria servantem postico falle clientem:*



* A Dialogue between a LAWYER and Dr.
SWIFT †.

Imitated from HORACE, Sat. 1. Book 2.

Written in the year 1729.

SINCE there are persons who complain
 There's too much satire in my vein,
 That I am often found exceeding
 The rules of raillery and breeding,
 With too much freedom treat my betters, 5
 Not sparing even men of letters;
 You, who are skill'd in lawyers lore,
 What's your advice? shall I give o'er,
 Nor ever fools or knaves expose,
 Either in verse or hum'rous prose, 10
 And, to avoid all future ill,
 In my scrutoir lock up my quill?
 Since you are pleas'd to condescend
 To ask the judgement of a friend,
 Your case consider'd, I must think 15
 You should withdraw from pen and ink,

† This poem was wrote by Robert Lindsay, Esq; afterwards one of the judges of the common pleas in Ireland. He was a gentleman remarkable for his learning, taste, wit, and genius; so that in all probability, he was one of the finest spirits Dr. Swift was ever acquainted with in his whole life. He, from a truly patriot spirit, supplied the Dean with all materials relating to the laws of the land, which were necessary on occasion of the controversy concerning Wood's halfpence. The Dean acknowledges his obligations to him in a lively and delicate compliment in the Drapier's letters, [in vol. 3. let. 3. p. 265.] The poem is a specimen of that sort of praise, or, to speak in the language of Lord Orrery, of that sort of flattery, with which Dr. Swift was daily sed in Ireland. Swift.—The Dean appointed Mr. Lindsay one of his executors.

Forbear

Forbear your poetry and jokes,
 And live like other Christian folks :
 Or, if the Muses must inspire
 Your fancy with their pleasing fire, 20
 Take subjects safer for your wit,
 Than those on which you lately writ.
 Commend the times, your thoughts correct,
 And follow the prevailing sect ;
 Assert that Hyde, in writing story, 25
 Shews all the malice of a Tory,
 While Burnet, in his deathless page,
 Discovers freedom without rage ;
 To Woolston recommend our youth
 For learning, probity, and truth, 30
 That noble genius, who unbinds
 The chains which fetter free-born minds,
 Redeems us from the slavish fears
 Which lasted near two thousand years :
 He can alone the priesthood humble, 35
 Make gilded spires and altars tumble.

Must I commend against my conscience
 Such stupid blasphemy and nonsense ?
 To such a subject tune my lyre,
 And sing like one of Milton's choir, 40
 Where Devils to a vale retreat,
 And call the laws of wisdom fate,
 Lament upon their hapless fall,
 That force free virtue should inthrall ?
 Or shall the charms of wealth and pow'r 45
 Make me pollute the Muses bow'r ?

As from the tripod of Apollo,
 Hear from my desk the words that follow :
 Some by philosophers mislaid,
 Must honour you alive and dead ; 50
 And such as know what Greece has writ,
 Must taste your irony and wit ;
 While most that are, or would be great,
 Must dread your pen, your person hate,

And

' impudent as a suburb-whore. What are we to
 ' think of the fine dressed sparks, proud of their
 ' own personal deformities, which appear the more
 ' hideous by the contrast of wearing scarlet and
 ' gold, with what they call toupees * on their heads,
 ' and all the frippery of a modern beau, to make a
 ' figure before women ; some of them with hump
 ' backs, others hardly five feet high, and every
 ' feature of their faces distorted ! I have seen ma-
 ' ny of these insipid pretenders entering into con-
 ' versation with persons of learning, constantly
 ' making the grossest blunders in every sentence,
 ' without conveying one single idea fit for a ra-
 ' tional creature to spend a thought on ; perpetu-
 ' ally confounding all chronology and geography,
 ' even of present times. I compute, that London
 ' hath eleven native fools of the beau and puppy-
 ' kind for one among us in Dublin ; besides two
 ' thirds of ours transplanted thither, who are now
 ' naturalized ; whereby that overgrown capital ex-
 ' ceeds ours in the article of dunces by forty to
 ' one ; and what is more, to our further mortifi-
 ' cation, there is not one distinguished fool of Irish
 ' birth or education, who makes any noise in that
 ' famous metropolis, unless the London prints be
 ' very partial or defective : whereas London is sel-
 ' dom without a dozen of their own educating,
 ' who ingross the vogue for half a Winter toge-
 ' ther, and are never heard of more, but give
 ' place to a new set. This hath been the constant
 ' progress for at least thirty years past, only allow-
 ' ing for the change of breed and fashion.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The following POEM is grounded upon the univer-
 sal folly of mankind of mistaking their talents ; by

* Wigs with long black tails, worn for some years past.

which

which the author doth a great honour to his own species, almost equalling them with certain brutes; wherein, indeed, he is too partial, as he freely confesseth; and yet he hath gone as low as he well could, by specifying four animals; the wolf, the ass, the swine, and the ape; all equally mischievous, except the last, who outdoes them in the article of cunning: so great is the pride of man.

When beasts could speak, (the learned say,
 They still can do so every day),
 It seems they had religion then,
 As much as now we find in men.
 It happen'd, when a plague broke out,
 (Which therefore made them more devout),
 'The king of brutes (to make it plain,
 Of quadrupedes I only mean)
 By proclamation gave command,
 That ev'ry subject in the land
 Should to the priest confess their sins;
 And thus the pious wolf begins.

Good Father, I must own with shame,
 That often I have been to blame:
 I must confess, on Friday last,
 Wretch that I was, I broke my fast:
 But I defy the basest tongue
 To prove I did my neighbour wrong;
 Or ever went to seek my food
 By rapine, theft, or thirst of blood.

The ass approaching next, confess'd,
 That in his heart he lov'd a jest:
 A wag he was, he needs must own,
 And could not let a dunce alone:
 Sometimes his friend he would not spare,
 And might perhaps be too severe:
 But yet, the worst that could he said,
 He was a wit both born and bred;

And,

And, if it be a sin or shame,
Nature alone must bear the blame : 30
One fault he hath, is sorry for't,
His ears are half a foot too short ;
Which could he to the standard bring,
He'd shew his face before the King :
Then for his voice, there's none disputes 35
That he's the nightingale of brutes.

The swine with contrite heart allow'd,
His shape and beauty made him proud :
In diet was perhaps too nice,
But gluttony was ne'er his voice : — 40
In ev'ry turn of life content,
And meekly took what fortune sent :
Inquire through all the parish round,
A better neighbour ne'er was found :
His vigilance might some displease ; 45
'Tis true, he hated sloth like pease.

The mimic ape began his chatter,
How evil tongues his life bespatter :
Much of the cens'ring world complain'd,
Who said his gravity was feign'd : 50
Indeed the strictness of his morals
Engage'd him in an hundred quarrels :
He saw, and he was griev'd to see't,
His zeal was sometimes indiscreet !
He found his virtues too severe 55
For our corrupted times to bear :
Yet such a lewd licentious age
Might well excuse a Stoic's rage.

The goat advance'd with decent pace ;
And first excus'd his youthful face ; 60
Forgiveness begg'd, that he appear'd
('Twas Nature fault) without a beard.
'Tis true, he was not much inclin'd
To fondness for the female kind ;

Not,

276 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Not, as his enemies object,
From chance or natural defect;
Not by his frigid constitution,
But through a pious resolution;
For he had made a holy vow
Of chastity, as monks do now;
Which he resolv'd to keep for ever hence,
As strictly too, as doth his Reverence *.

Apply the tale, and you shall find,
How just it suits with human-kind.
Some faults we own, but can you guess?
—Why, virtue's carried to excess,
Wherewith our vanity endows us,
Though neither foe nor friend allows us.

The lawyer swears, you may rely on't,
He never squeez'd a needy client;
And this he makes his constant rule;
For which his brethren call him fool:
His conscience always was so nice,
He freely gave the poor advice;
By which he lost, he may affirm,
A hundred fees last Easter term.
While others of the learned robe
Would break the patience of a Job,
No pleader at the bar could match
His diligence and quick dispatch;
Ne'er kept a cause, he well may boast,
Above a term or two at most.

The cringing knave, who seeks a place
Without success, thus tells his case:
Why should he longer minch the matter?
He fail'd, because he could not flatter;
He had not learn'd to turn his coat,
Nor for a party give his vote:

* The priest his confessor.

His crime he quickly understood ;
 Too zealous for the nation's good : 100
 He found the ministers resent it,
 Yet could not for his heart repent it.

The chaplain vows he cannot fawn,
 Tho' it would raise him to the lawn :
 He pass'd his hours among his books : 105
 You find it in his meagre looks ;
 He might, if he were worldly wise,
 Preferment get, and spare his eyes :
 But own'd he had a stubborn spirit,
 That made him trust alone in merit : 110
 Would raise by merit to promotion :
 Alas ! a mere chimeric notion.

The Doctor, if you will believe him,
 Confess'd a sin ; and God forgive him !
 Call'd up at midnight, ran to save 115
 A blind old beggar from the grave :
 But see how Satan spreads his snares ;
 He quite forgot to say his pray'rs.
 He cannot help it for his heart,
 Sometimes to act the parson's part : 120
 Quotes from the bible many a sentence,
 That moves his patients to repentance :
 And, when his med'cines do no good,
 Supports their minds with heav'nly food,
 At which, however well intended, 125
 He hears the clergy are offended ;
 And grown so bold behind his back,
 To call him hypocrite and quack.
 In his own church he keeps a seat,
 Says grace before and after meat ; 130
 And calls, without affecting airs,
 His household twice a-day to pray'rs.
 He shuns apothecaries shops,
 And hates to cram the sick with slops ;

278 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

He scorns to make his art a trade; 135
 Nor bribes my lady's fav'rite maid.
 Old nurse-keepers would never hire
 To recommend him to the 'squire;
 Which others, whom he will not name,
 Have often practis'd to their shame. 140

The statesman tells you, with a sneer,
 His fault is to be too sincere;
 And, having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends.
 'The nation's good, his master's glory, 145
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Where all the schemes he had in view;
 Yet he was seconded by few;
 Though some had spread a thousand lies,
 'Twas he defeated the EXCISE. 150
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersions.
 That standing troops was his aversion:
 His practice was, in ev'ry station,
 To serve the King, and please the nation.
 Though hard to find in ev'ry case 155
 The fittest man to fill a place;
 His promises he ne'er forgot.
 But took memorials on the spot:
 His enemies, for want of charity,
 Said, he affected popularity: 160
 'Tis true, the people understood,
 That all he did was for their good;
 Their kind affections he has try'd;
 No love is lost on either side.
 He came to court with fortune clear, 165
 Which now he runs out ev'ry year;
 Must, at the rate that he goes on,
 Inevitably be undone.
 Oh, if his Majesty would please
 To give him but a writ of ease, 170
 Would grant him licence to retire,
 As it hath long been his desire,

By

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 279

By fair accounts it would be found,
 He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
 He owns, and hopes it is no sin, 175
 He ne'er was partial to his kin :
 He thought it base for men in stations
 To croud the court with their relations :
 His country was his dearest mother,
 And ev'ry virtuous man his brother ; 180
 Through modesty or awkward shame,
 (For which he owns himself to blame),
 He found the wisest men he could,
 Without respect to friends or blood ;
 Nor ever acts on private views, 185
 When he hath liberty to chuse.

The sharper swore he hated play,
 Except to pass an hour away :
 And well he might ; for to his cost
 By want of skill he always lost ; 190
 He heard there was a club of cheats,
 Who had contriv'd a thousand feats ;
 Could change the stock, or cog a die,
 And thus deceive the sharpest eye :
 No wonder how his fortune sunk, 195
 His brothers fleece him when he's drunk.

I own the moral not exact ;
 Besides, the tale is false in fact :
 And so absurd, that could I raise up,
 From field Elysian, fabling Æsop, 200
 I would accuse him to his face
 For libelling the four-foot race.
 Creatures of ev'ry kind, but ours,
 Well comprehend their nat'ral pow'rs ;
 While we, whom reason ought to sway, 205
 Mistake our talents ev'ry day.
 The ass was never known so stupid
 To act the part of Tray or Cupid ;

Nor leaps upon his master's lap,
 'There to be stroak'd, and fed with pap, 210
 As Æsop would the world persuade;
 He better understands his trade:
 Nor comes, whene'er his lady whistles;
 But carries loads, and feeds on thistles.
 Our author's meaning, I presume, is 215
 A creature *bipes et implumis* *;
 Wherein the moralist design'd
 A compliment on human-kind:
 For here he owns, that now and then
 Beasts may degen'rate into men †. 220



On Dan JACKSON's picture cut in paper.

TO fair Lady Betty, Dan sat for his picture,
 And defy'd her to draw him so oft as he piqu'd
 her,
 He knew she'd no pencil or colouring by her;
 And therefore he thought he might safely defy her.
 Come sit, says my lady, then whips up her scissar, §
 And cuts out his coxcomb in silk in a trice, Sir.
 Dan sat with attention, and saw with surprise
 How she lengthen'd his chin, how she hollow'd his
 eyes;
 But flatter'd himself with a secret conceit,
 That his thin leathern jaws all her art would defeat.
 Lady Betty observed it, then pull'd out a pin, 11
 And varies the grain of the stuff to his grin:
 And to make roasted silk resemble his raw-bone,
 She rais'd up a thread to the jet of his jaw-bone;

* A definition of man disapproved by all logicians:

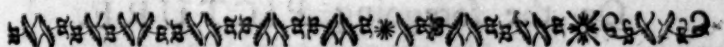
"Homo est animal bipes, implume, erecto vultu."

† See Gulliver in his account of the Houyhnhnams, in vol. 5.

Till at length in exactest proportion he rose, 15
From the crown of his head to the arch of his nose.
And if Lady Betty had drawn him with wig and all,
'Tis certain the copy had outdone the original.

Well, that's but my outside, says Dan, with a vapour.

Say you so? says my Lady; I've lin'd it with paper.
P—— D—— *sculpsit.*



A N O T H E R.

CLarissa draws her scissars from the case,
To draw the lines of poor Dan Jackson's face.
One sloping cut made forehead, nose, and chin,
A nick produce'd a mouth and made him grin,
Such as in tailor's measure you have seen. 5
But still were wanting his grimalkin eyes,
For which gray worsted stocking paint supplies.
Th' unravel'd thread through needle's eye convey'd,
Transferr'd itself into his pasteboard-head.
How came the scissars to be thus outdone? 10
The needle had an eye, and they had none.
O wondrous force of art; now look at Dan—
You'd swear the pasteboard was the better man.
The dev'l, says he, the head is not so full—
Indeed it is, behold the paper-scul.

THO. S—— D *sculp.*



A N O T H E R.

DAN's evil genius in a trice
Had stripp'd him of his coin at dice:

A a 3

Chloe

282 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Chloe observing this disgrace,
On Pam cut out his rueful face.
By G—, says Dan, 'tis very hard,
Cut out at dice, cut out at card!

G. R——D *sculp.*



On the foregoing PICTURE.

WHilst you three merry poets traffic
To give us a description graphic
Of Dan's large nose in modern Sapphic,

I spend my time in making sermons,
Or writing libels on the Germans, 5
Or murmuring at the Whigs preferments.

But when I would find rhyme for Rochfort
And look in English, French, and Scotch for't,
At last I'm fairly force'd to botch for't.

Bid Lady Betty recollect her 10
And tell, who it was could direct her
'To draw the face of such a spectre.

I must confess, that as to me, Sirs,
Though I ne'er saw her hold the scissars,
I now could safely swear, it is her's. 15

'Tis true, no nose could come in better;
'Tis a vast subject stuff'd with matter,
Which all may handle, none can flatter.

Take courage, Dan, this plainly shows,
That not the wisest mortal knows,
What fortune may befall his nose.

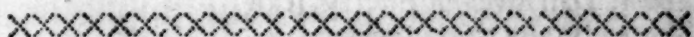
Shew

Shew me the brightest Irish toast,
Who from her lover e'er could boast
Above a song or two at most :

For thee three poets now are drudging all, 25
'To praise the cheeks, chin, nose, the bridge and all,
Both of the picture and original.

Thy nose's length and fame extend
So far, dear Dan, that ev'ry friend
Tries who shall have it by the end. 30

And future poets, as they rise,
Shall read with envy and surprise,
Thy nose outshining Cælia's eyes. SWIFT.



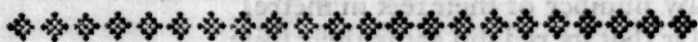
DAN JACKSON'S answer.

*My verse little better you'll find than my face is,
A word to the wise, ut pictura poësis.*

THree merry lads with envy stung,
Because Dan's face is better hung,
Combin'd in verse to rhyme it down,
And in its place set up their own ;
As if they'd run it down much better 5
By number of their feet in metre,
Or that its red did cause their spite,
Which made them draw in black and white.
Be that as 'twill, this is most true,
They were inspir'd by what they drew, 10
Let then such critics know, my face
Gives them their comeliness and grace :
Whilst ev'ry line of face does bring
A line of grace to what they sing.

But

But yet methinks, though with disgrace
Both to the picture and the face,
I should name the men who do rehearse
The story of the picture-farce ;
The 'squire in French as hard as stone,
Or strong as rock, that's all as one,
On face on cards is very brisk, Sirs,
Because on them you play at whisk, Sirs.
But much I wonder, why my crany
Should envy'd be by De-el-any ;
And yet much more, that half-name-fake.
Should join a party in the freak.
For sure I am it was not safe
Thus to abuse his better half,
As I shall prove you, Dan, to be
Divisim and conjunctively.
For if Dan love not Sherry, can
Sherry be any thing to Dan ?
This is the case, whene'er you see
Dan makes nothing of Sherry ;
Or should Dan be by Sherry o'erta'en,
Then Dan would be poor Sheridane :
'Tis hard then he should be decry'd.
By Dan with Sherry by his side.
But if the case must be so hard,
That faces suffer by a card,
Let critics censure, what care I ?
Backbiters only we defy,
Faces are free from injury.



ANSWER to DAN JACKSON, by Mr.
GEORGE ROCHFORD.

YOU say your face's better hung
Than ours—by what? by nose or tongue.
In not explaining you were wrong.

to us, Sir.
Because

Because we thus must state the case, 5
That you have got a hanging face,
'Th' untimely end's a damn'd disgrace
of noose, Sir.

But yet be not cast down, I see
A weaver will your hangman be : 10
You'll only hang in tapestry
with many.

And then the ladies, I suppose,
Will praise your longitude of nose,
For latent charms within your cloaths, 15
dear Danny.

Thus will the fair of ev'ry age
From all parts make their pilgrimage,
Worship thy nose with pious rage
of love, Sir. 20

All their religion will be spent
About thy woven monument,
And not one orison he sent
to Jove, Sir.

You the fam'd idol will become 25
As gardens grace'd in ancient Rome,
By matrons worshipp'd in the gloom
of night.

O happy Dan ! thrice happy sure !
Thy fame for ever shall endure, 30
Who after death can love secure
at fight.

So far I thought it was my duty
Yo dwell upon thy boasted beauty;
Now I'll proceed a word or two t'ye,
in answer

To

286 POSTHUMOUS PIECES in VERSE.

To that part where you carry on
This paradox, That rock and stone,
In your opinion all are one.

How can, Sir, 40

A man of reas'ning so profound,
So stupidly be run aground,
As things so different to confound
t' our senses?

Except you judg'd 'em by the knock 45
Of near an equal hardy block :
Such on experimental stroke
convinces.

Then might you be by dint of reason,
A proper judge on this occasion: 50
'Gainst feeling there's no disputation,
is granted.

Therefore to thy superior wit,
Who made the trial, we submit :
Thy head to prove the truth of it 55
we wanted.

In one assertion you're to blame,
Where Dan and Sherry's made the same,
Endeavouring to have your name
refin'd, Sir. 60

You'll see most grossly you mistook.
If you consult your spelling-book,
(The better half you say you took),
you'll find, Sir.

S, H, E, *she* —and R, I, *ri*, 65
Both put together make *Sherry*.
D, A, N, *Dan* —makes up the three
syllables.

Dan

Dan is but one, and Sherri two,
Then, Sir, your choice will never do. 70
'Therefore I've turn'd, my friend, on you
the tables.

XX

ANSWER by Dr. DELANY.

A Sift me, my muse, whilst I labour to lim him
Credite Pisones isti tabulæ persimilem,
You look and you write with so indiff'rent a grace,
That I envy your verse, though I didn't your face.
And to him that thinks rightly, there's reason e-
nough. 5
'Cause one is as smooth as the other is rough.

But much I'm amaz'd, you should think my
design
Was to rhyme down your nose, or your Harle-
quin grin,
Which you yourself wonder the deed should ma-
lign.
And if 'tis so strange, that your monstership's
cranny 10
Should be envy'd by him, much less by Delany.
Tho' I own to you, when I consider it stricter,
I envy the painter, although not the picture.
And justly she's envy'd, since a fiend of hell
Was never drawn right but by her and Raphell. 15

Next, as to the charge which you tell us is true,
That we were inspir'd by the subject we drew:
Inspir'd we were, and well, Sir, you knew it,
Yet not by your nose, but the fair one that drew it;

Had

Had your nose been the muse, we had ne'er been
 inspir'd, 20
 Though perhaps it might justly've been said we were
 fir'd.

As to the division of words in your staves,
Like my countryman's horn-comb, into three halves,
I meddle not with't, but presume to make merry,
You call Dan one half, and t'other half Sherry : 25
Now, if Dan's a half, as you call't o'er and o'er,
Then I can't be deny'd that Sherry's two more.
For pray give me leave to say, Sir, for all you,
That Sherry's at least of double the value.
But perhaps, Sir, you did it to fill up the verse, 30
So crouds in a concert (like actors in farce)
Play two parts in one, when scrapers are scarce. }
But be that as 'twill, you'll know more anon, Sir,
When Sheridan sends to *merry* Dan answer.



ANSWER by Dr. SHERIDAN.

THree merry lads you own we are ;
 'Tis very true, and free from care,
 But invious we cannot bear,
 believe, Sir.

For were all forms of beauty thine.
 Were you like Nereus, soft and fine,
 We should not in the least repine,
 or grieve, Sir.

Then know from us, most beauteous Dan,
That roughness best becomes a man :
'Tis women should be pale and wan,
and taper.

And all your trifling beaux and fops,
Who comb their brows and sleek their chops,
Are but the offspring of toy-shops, 15
mere vapour.

We know your morning-hours you pass
To cull end gather out a face ;
Is this the way you take your glass ?
Forbear it. 20

Those loads of paint upon your toilet,
Will never mend your face, but spoil it,
It looks as if you did par-boil it,
Drink claret.

Your cheeks by sleeking are so clean, 25
That they're like Cynthia in the wain,
Or breast of goose when 'tis pick'd clean,
or pullet.

See what by drinking you have done,
You have made your phiz a skeleton, 30
From the long distance of your crown,
t'your gullet !



DAN JACKSON's Reply.

Written by the DEAN in the name of DAN
JACKSON.

WEary'd with saying grace and pray'r,
I hasten'd down to country-air,
To read your answer, and prepare
reply to't

290 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

But your fair lines so grossly flatter,
Pray do they praise me or bespatter?
I much suspect you mean the latter,
ah fly-boot!

It must be so; what else, alas!
Can mean my culling of a face,
And all that stuff of toilet, glass,
and box-bomb?

But be't as 'twill, this you must grant,
That you're a daub, whilst I but paint;
Then which of us two is the quaint-
er coxcomb?

I value not your jokes of noose,
Your gibes and all your foul abuse,
More than the dirt beneath my shoes,
nor fear it.

Yet one thing vexes me, I own,
Thou sorry scarecrow of skin and bone,
To be call'd lean by a skeleton,
who'd bear it?

'Tis true indeed, to curry friends,
You seem to praise to make amends,
And yet before your stanza ends,
you flout me

'Bout latent charms beneath my cloaths;
For every one that knows me, knows
That I have nothing like my nose
about me.

I pass now where you leer and laugh,
'Cause I call Dan my better half!
Oh, ~~that~~ you think you have me safe!
but hold, Sir,

Is not a penny often found
To be much greater than a pound?
By your good leave, my most profound,
and bold Sir, 40

Dan's noble mettle, Sherry base;
So Dan's the better, though the less;
An ounce of gold's worth ten of brass,
dull pedant.

As to your spelling, let me see,
If S H E makes *sher*, and R I makes *ry*,
Good spelling master, your crany
has lead on't.

Another REPLY by the DEAN in DAN
JACKSON's name.

THree days for answer I have waited,
I thought an ace you'd ne'er have bated,
And art thou force'd to yield, ill-fated
poetaster?

Henceforth acknowledge that a nose 5
Of thy dimensions fit for prose;
But every one that knows Dan, knows
thy master.

Blush for ill spelling, for ill lines.
And fly with hurry to *Ramines*: 10
Thy fame, thy genius now declines,
proud boaster.

292 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

I hear with some concern you roar,
And flying think to quit the score,
By clapping billets on your door
and posts, Sir

Thy ruin, Tom, I never meant,
I'm griev'd to hear your banishment,
But pleas'd to find you do relent
and cry on. 20

I maul'd you when you look'd so bluff;
But now I'll feeret keep your stuff;
For know, prostration is enough
to th' lion.

XX

SHEIDAN'S SUBMISSION.

Written by the DEAN.

*Cedo jam, misere cognoscens premia rixae,
Si risca est, ubi tu pulsas, ego vapulo tantum.*

Poor Sherry, inglorious
To Dan the victorious,
Presents, as 'tis fitting,
Petition and greeting.

TO you victorious and brave
Your now suda'd and suppliant slave
Most humbly sues for pardon,
Who when I fought still cut me down,
And when I, vanquish'd, fled the town,
Pursu'd and laid me hard on.

Now

Now lowly crouch'd, I cry, *Peccavi*,
And prostrate, supplicate *pour ma vie*,
Your mercy I rely on.
For you, my conq'rour and my King,
In pard'ning, as in punishing,
Will shew yourself a lion.

Alas, Sir, I had no design,
But was unwarily drawn in;
For spite I ne'er had any. 15
'Twas the damn'd 'squire with the hard name;
The de'il too that ow'd me a shame,
The devil and Delany;

They tempted me t' attack your Highness,
And then with wonted will and sliness, 20
They left me in the lurch.
Unhappy wretch! for now I ween,
I've nothing left to vent my spleen.
But ferula and birch;

And they, alas, yield small relief 25
Seem rather to renew my grief,
My wounds bleed all anew:
For ev'ry stroke goes to my heart;
And at each lash I feel the smart
Of lash laid on by you. 30



TOM MULLINIX and DICK.

TOM and Dick had equal fame,
And both had equal knowledge;
Tom could write and spell his name,
But Dick had seen the college.

Dick a coxcomb, Tom was mad, 5
 And both alike diverting;
 Tom was held the merrier lad,
 But Dick the best at farting.

Dick would cock his nose in scorn, 10
 But Tom was kind and loving;
 Tom a foot-boy bred and born,
 But Dick was from an oven.

Dick could neatly dance a jig, 15
 But Tom was best at borees;
 Tom would pray for ev'ry Whig,
 And Dick curse all the Tories.

Dick would make a woful noise, 20
 And scold at an election;
 Tom huzza'd the blackguard boys,
 And held them in subjection.

Tom could move with lordly grace,
 Dick nimbly skipt the gutter;
 Tom could talk with solemn face,
 But Dick could better sputter,

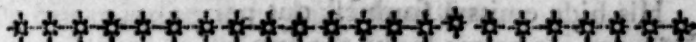
Dick was come to high renown 25
 Since he commence'd phyfician;
 Tom was held by all the town
 The deeper politician.

Tom had the genteeler fwing, 30
 His hat could nicely put on;
 Dick knew better how to fwing
 His can upon a button.

Dick for repartee was fit, 35
 And Tom for deep discerning;
 Dick was thought the brighter wit,
 But Tom had better learning.

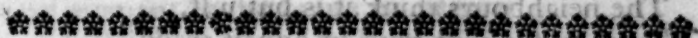
Dick

Dick with zealous no's and ay's
 Could roar as loud as Stentor,
 In the house 'tis all he says;
 But Tom is eloquenter. 40



DICK, A MAGGOT.

AS when from rooting in a bin,
 All powder'd o'er from tail to chin,
 A lively maggot fallies out,
 You know him by his hazel snout:
 So when the grandson of his grandfire
 Forth issues wriggling, Dick Drawcanfir, 5
 With powder'd rump, and back and side,
 You cannot blanch his tawny hide;
 For 'tis beyond the power of meal
 The gypsey visage to conceal: 10
 For, as he shakes his wainscot chops,
 Down ev'ry mealy atom drops,
 And leaves the tartar phiz, in show
 Like a fresh t——d just dropt on snow.



CLAD ALL IN BROWN.

Imitated from COWLEY.

TO DICK.

FOulest brute that stinks below,
 Why in this brown dost thou appear!
 For

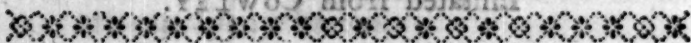
For, wouldst thou make a fouler show,
 Thou must go naked all the year.
 Fresh from the mud a wallowing sow, 5
 Would then be not so brown as thou.

'Tis not the coat that looks so dun ;
 His hide emits a foulness out ;
 Nor one jot better looks the sun
 Seen from behind a dirty cloud : 10
 So t——ds within a glass inclose,
 The glass will seem as brown as those.

Thou now one heap of foulness art,
 All outward and within is foul ;
 Condensed filth in ev'ry part, 15
 Thy body's clothed like thy soul ;
 Thy soul, which thro' thy hide of buff,
 Scarce glimmers like a dying snuff.

Old carted bawds such garments wear,
 When pelted all with dirt they shine ; 20
 Such their exalted bodies are,
 As shrivel'd and as black as thine.
 If thou wert in a cart, I fear
 Thou wouldst be pelted worse than they're.

Yet when we hear thee thus array'd, 25
 The neighbours think it is but just,
 That thou shouldst take an honest trade,
 And weekly carry out the dust.
 Of cleanly houses who will doubt,
 When Dick cries, " Dust to carry out ?" 30



DICK'S VARIETY.

DULL uniformity in fools
 I hate, who gape and sneer by rules.

You

You, Mullinix, and slobb'ring C——,
 Who ev'ry hour and day the same are ;
 That vulgar talent I despise
 Of pissing in the rabble's eyes.
 And when I listen to the noise
 Of idiots roaring to the boys ;
 To better judgements still submitting,
 I own I see but little wit in :
 Such pastimes, when our taste is nice,
 Can please at most but once or twice.

But then consider, Dick, you'll find
 His genius of superior kind ;
 He never muddles in the dirt,
 Nor scours the streets without a shirt ;
 Though Dick, I dare presume to say,
 Could do such feats as well as they.
 Dick I could venture ev'ry where,
 Let the boys pelt him if they dare ;
 He'd have 'em tried at the assizes
 For priests and Jesuits in disguises :
 Swear they were with the Swedes at Bender,
 And lifting troops for the pretender.

But Dick can fart, and dance, and frisk
 No other monkey half so brisk ;
 Now has the Speaker by the ears,
 Next moment in the house of peers ;
 Now scolding at my Lady Eustace,
 Or thrashing Babby in her new stays.
Presto begone : with t'other hop
 He's powd'ring in a barber's shop ;
 Now at the antechamber thrusting
 His nose, to get the circle just in,
 And damns his blood, that in the rear
 He sees one single Tory there :
 Then woe be to my Lord Lieutenant,
 Again he'll tell him, and again on't.



Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of
HORACE, addressed to Dr. WILLIAM
KING, late Lord Archbishop of Dublin.

Paulum sepulta, &c.

Virtue conceal'd within our breast,

Is inactivity at best :

But never shall the muse endure

To let your virtues lie obscure,

Or suffer envy to conceal

Your labours for the public weal.

Within your breast all wisdom lies,

Either to govern or advise ;

Your steddy soul preserves her frame

In good and evil times the same.

Pale Avarice, and lurking Fraud

Stand in your sacred presence aw'd ;

Your hand alone from gold abstains,

Which drags the slavish world in chains.

Him for a happy man I own,

Whose fortune is not overgrown ;

And happy he who wisely knows

To use the gifts that heav'n bestows ;

Or, if it please the pow'rs divine,

Can suffer want, and not repine.

The man who, infamy to shun,

Into the arms of death would run,

That man is ready to defend

With life his country, or his friend.

VERSES



VERSES made for women who cry apples, &c.

APPLES.

Come buy my fine wares,
Plumbs, apples, and pears,
A hundred a penny,
In conscience too many:
Come, will you have any?
My children are seven,
I wish them in heaven,
My husband's a sot,
With his pipe and his pot,
Not a farthing will gain 'em,
And I must maintain 'em.

3
5

ASPARAGUS.

Ripe 'sparagras,
Fit for lad or lass,
To make their water pass:
O, 'tis pretty picking
With a tender chicken.

5

ONIONS.

Come, follow me by the smell,
Here's delicate onions to sell,
I promise to use you well,
They make the blood warmer;
You'll feed like a farmer;
For this is ev'ry cook's opinion:
No sav'ry dish without an onion:

3

5

But

300 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

But lest your kissing should be spoil'd,
Your onions must be th'roughly boil'd ;

Or else you may spare

10

Your mistress a share,

The secret will never be known ;

She cannot discover

The breath of her lover,

But think it as sweet as her own.

15

OYSTERS.

CHarming oysters I cry,

My masters come buy,

So plump and so fresh,

So sweet is the flesh,

No Colchester oyster

Is sweeter and moister ;

Your stomach they settle,

And rouse up your mettle ;

They'll make you a dad

Of a lass or a lad ;

And Madam your wife

They'll please to the life ;

Be she barren, be she old,

Be she slut, or be she scold,

Eat my oysters, and lie near her,

She'll be fruitful, never fear her.

10

15

HERRINGS.

BE not sparing,

Leave off swearing.

Buy my herring

Fresh from Malahide *.

Better ne'er was try'd.

* Malahide, about five miles from Dublin, famous for herrings.

Come eat 'em with pure fresh butter and mustard,
 Their bellies ars soft, and as white as a custard.
 Come, sixpence a dozen to get me some bread,
 Or, like my own herrings, I soon shall be dead.

O R A N G E S.

Come buy my fine oranges, sauce for your veal,
 And charming when squeeze'd in a pot of brown
 ale,
 Well roasted with sugar and wine in a cup,
 They'll make a sweet bishop when gentlefolks sup.



To L O V E.

I N all I wish how happy should I be,
 Thou grand deluder, were it not for thee?
 So weak thou art, that fools thy pow'r despise,
 And yet so strong, thou triumph'st o'er the wife,
 Thy traps are laid with such peculiar art, 5
 They catch the cautious; let the rash depart.
 Most nets are fill'd by want of thought and care,
 But too much thinking brings us to thy snare.
 Where held by thee, in slavery we stay,
 And throw the pleasing part of life away. 10
 But what does most my indignation move,
 Discretion thou wert ne'er a friend to Love!
 Thy chief delight is to defeat those arts,
 By which he kindles mutual flames in hearts;
 While the blind loit'ring god is at his play, 15
 Thou steal'st his golden pointed darts away;
 Those darts which never fail; and in their stead
 Convey'st malignant arrows tipt with lead:
 The heedless god suspecting no deceits,
 Shoots on, and thinks he has done wondrous feats;
 Vol. VIII. C c But

302 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

But the poor nymph, who feels her vitals burn, 21
 And from her shepherd can find no return,
 Laments and rages at the power divine,
 When, curs'd Discretion! all the fault was thine.
 Cupid and Hymen thou hast set at odd^s, 25
 And bred such feuds betwixt those kindred gods,
 That Venus cannot reconcile her sons;
 When one appears, away the other runs.
 The former scales, wherein he us'd to poise
 Love against love, and equal joys with joys, 30
 Are now fill'd up with avarice and pride,
 Where titles, power, and riches still subside.
 Then, gentle Venus, to thy father run,
 And tell him how thy children are undone;
 Prepare his bolts to give one fatal blow, 35
 And strike Discretion to the shades below.



The following lines were wrote upon a very
 old glass of Sir ARTHUR ACHESON's.

FRail glass, thou mortal art, as well as I,
 Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.



Answered extempore by Dr. SWIFT.

WE both are mortal; but thou frailer creature
 Mayst die, like me, by chance, but not by
 nature.

VERSES

VERSES cut by two of the DEAN's friends*,
upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours.

A Bard, on whom Phœbus his spirit bestow'd,
Resolving t'acknowledge the bounty he ow'd,
Found out a new method at once of confessing,
And making the most of so mighty a blessing.
To the god he'd be grateful, but mortals he'd chuse
By making his patron preside in his house ;
And wisely foresaw this advantage from thence,
That the god would in honour bear most of th' ex-
pence :

So the bard he finds drink, and leaves Phœbus to
treat

With the thoughts he inspires, regardless of meat.
Hence they that come hither expecting to dine,
Are always fobb'd off with sheer white and sheer
wine.

On another window.

ARE the guests of this house still doom'd to be
cheated ?

Sure the fates have decreed they by halves should
be treated.

In the day of good John †, if you came here to dine,
You had choice of good meat, no choice of good
wine.

* Th se were written by Dr. Delany in conjunction with Stella,
and produced the verses, intitled, Apollo to the Dean.

† Dr. John Stearn, late Lord Bishop of Clogher, who had been the
predecessor of Dr. Swift in the deanery of St. Patrick's, and was al-
ways distinguished for his great hospitality.

In Jonathan's reign, if you come here to eat, 5
 You have choice of good wine, no choice of good
 meat.

Oh Jove, then how fully might all fides be blest,
 Wouldst thou but agree to this humble request:
 Put both deans in one, or if that's too much trou-
 ble,
 Instead of the deans, make the dean'ry double. 10



AN EPITAPH by Dr. SWIFT to the memory
 of FREDERICK Duke of SCHOMBERG,
 who was unhappily killed in crossing the ri-
 ver Boyne on the 1st of July 1690, and was
 buried in St. Patrick's cathedral, where the
 Dean and chapter erected a small monument
 to his honour at their own expence.

Hic infra situm est corpus
 FREDERICI DUCIS DE SCHOMBERG,
 ad BUDINDAM occisi, A. D. 1690.

DECANUS et CAPITULUM maximopere
 etiam atque etiam petierunt,

Ut HEREDES DUCIS monumentum

In memoriam PARENTIS erigendum curarent:

Sed postquam per epistolas, per amicos,
 diu ac sæpe orando nil profecere;

Hunc demum lapidem ipsi statuerunt,

* Saltem ut scias, hospes,

* The words that Dr. Swift first concluded the epitaph with, were,
 " Saltem ut sciat viator indignabundus, quali in cellula tanti ductoris
 " cineres delitescunt." For the author was always heard to speak with
 great reverence of the memory of that brave Duke, as well as his glo-
 rious master K. William; and indeed of all others who have struggled
 for the liberties of these kingdoms, against the repeated attempts of
 arbitrary power. *Dub. edit.*

Ubinam terrarum SCONBERGENSES cineres delite-
scunt.

*Plus potuit fama virtutis apud alienos,
Quam sanguinis proximitas apud suos.*

A. D. 1731.

A BALLAD on the Game of TRAFFIC.*

Written at the castle of Dublin, in the time of the
Earl of Berkeley's government.

MY Lord †, to find out who must deal,
Delivers cards about,
But the first knave does seldom fail
To find the Doctor out.

* By casting our eyes over this ballad, we may observe in what manner the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, and their little group at the castle of Dublin, spent their evenings in private, when they were totally disengaged from the noise, the bustle, and the plague of business and ceremony. The several characters which make up this little group, are the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, Mrs. Biddy Floyd, Mrs. Herries, Mrs. Weston, and Dr. Swift. This ballad appears to have been designed as a piece of rallery upon the whole set, and written purely from their domestic entertainment. This poem so far as it runs, is full of mirth and humour; the second stanza in particular is wonderfully striking.

"But then his honour cry'd," &c.

The surprise of my Lord Berkeley, and the bringing Jack How to remembrance upon the sight of a knave, for no other reason than because he was a famous anti-courtier in those times, perpetually opposing and thwarting the measures of K. William in the house of commons, is a whimsical piece of drollery in the poetic strain, especially when addressed to a court lord in one of the highest employments. We are at a loss to know whether any more characters were designed to have been introduced into this ballad; but we may reasonably suppose there were, because in reality it seemeth to have been broken off in the very midst of its career. However, indeed the politeness of Dr. Swift would not suffer him to enlarge or correct it, after my Lady Betty Berkeley had in a manner given it the finishing stroke; on occasion of which he writ the Ballad to the tune of the cutpurse, which hath abundance of life, humour, pleasantry, and politeness. *Swift.*

† The Earl of Berkeley.

306 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

But then his Honour cry'd, Godzooks ! 5
And seem'd to knit his brow ;
For on a knave he never looks
But h'thinks upon Jack How.

My Lady, though she is no player,
Some bungling partner takes, 10
And wedg'd in corner of a chair
Takes snuff, and holds the stakes.

Dame Floyd * looks out in grave suspense
For pair-royals and sequents ;
But wisely cautious of her pence 15
The castle seldom frequents.

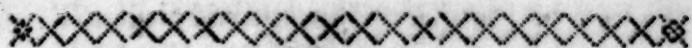
Quoth Herries, fairly putting cases,
I'd won it on my word,
If I had but a pair of aces,
And could pick up a third. 20

But Weston has a new-cast gown
On Sundays to be fine in,
And, if she can but win a crown,
'Twill just new dye the lining.

" With these is Parson Swift, 25
" Not knowing how to spend his time,
" Does make a wretched shift,
" To deafen them with puns and rhyme †."

* Biddy Floyd. See letter to Colonel Hunter.

† Lady Betty Berkeley, finding this ballad in the author's room unfinished, underwrit the last stanza, and left the paper where she had found it.

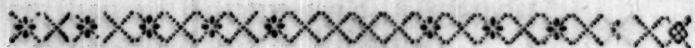


VERSES said to be written on the UNION.

THE Queen † has lately lost a part
 Of her entirely-English heart,
 For want of which, by way of botch,
 She piece'd it up again with Scotch.
 Bless'd revolution, which creates
 Divided hearts, united states! 5
 See how the double nation lies;
 Like a rich coat with skirts of frize:
 As if a man in making posies
 Should bundle thistles up with roses. 10
 Who ever yet a union saw
 Of kingdoms without faith or law?
 Henceforward let no statesmen dare
 A kingdom to a ship compare;
 Lest he should call our commonweal 15
 A vessel with a double keel;
 Which, just like ours, new rigg'd and mann'd,
 And got about a league from land,
 By change of wind to leeward side,
 The pilot knew not how to guide. 20
 So tossing faction will o'erwhelm
 Our crazy double-bottom'd realm.

† Anne.

* WILL



* WILL WOOD's petition to the people of Ireland, being an excellent new SONG.

Supposed to be made and sung in the street of Dublin, by WILLIAM WOOD, ironmonger and half-penny-monger, 1725.

MY dear Irish folks,
Come leave off your jokes,
And buy up my halfpence so fine :
So fair and so bright,
'They'll give you delight,
Observe how they glister and shine.

They'll sell, to my grief,
As cheap as neck-beef,
For counters at cards to your wife;
And every day
Your children may play
Span-farthing, or tofs on the knife.

Come hither and try ;
I'll teach you to buy
A pot of good ale for a farthing :
Come ; threepence a score,
I ask you no more,
And a fig for the Drapier and Harding *.

When tradesmen have gold,
The thief will be bold,
By day and by night for to rob him :
My copper is such,
No robber will touch,
And so you may daintily bob him.

* The Drapier's printer.

The

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 309

'The little blackguard,
Who gets very hard 25
His halfpence for cleaning your shoes ;
When his pockets are cramm'd
With mine, and be d——d,
He may swear he hath nothing to lose. 30

Here's halfpence in plenty,
For one you'll have twenty,
Though thousands are not worth a pudden.
Your neighbours will think,
When your pocket eries chink, 35
You are grown plaguy rich on a sudden.

You will be my thankers.
I'll make you my bankers,
As good as Ben Burton or Fade †:
For nothing shall pass 40
But my pretty brass,
And then you'll be all of a trade,

I'm a son of a whore,
If I have a word more
To say in this wretched condition. 45
If my coin will not pass,
I must die like an ass ;
And so I conclude my petition.

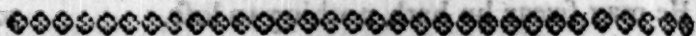


AN EPIGRAM ON WOOD'S BRASS MONEY.

C Art'ret was welcom'd to the shore,
First with the brazen canons roar ;
To meet him next the soldier comes,
With brazen trumps and brazen drums ;

† Two famous bankers.

Approaching near the town, he hears
 The brazen bell salute his ears :
 But when Wood's brags began to found,
 Guns, trumpets, drums, and bells were drown'd.



A N O T H E R.

On the D—E of C—s.

J—s B—s was the Dean's familiar friend :
 James grows a Duke ; their friendship here must
 end.

Surely the Dean deserves a fore rebuke,
 From knowing James, to say he knows a Duke.



AN EPIGRAM ON SCOLDING.

GREAT folks are of a finer mold !
 Lord ! how politely they can scold !
 While a coarse English tongue will itch
 For whore and rogue, and dog and bitch.

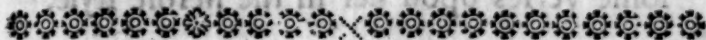


CATULLUS DE LESBIA.

Lesbia mi dicit semper male ; nec tacit unquam
 De me, Lesbiam me, dispeream nisi amat.
 Quo signo ? quia sunt totidem mea : deprecor illam
 Assidue ; verum, dispeream, nisi amo.

IN ENGLISH.

L Esbia for ever on me rails,
To talk of me she never fails.
Now hang me, but for all her art,
I find that I have gain'd her heart.
My proof is this; I plainly see,
The case is just the same with me;
I curse her ev'ry hour sincerely,
Yet, hang me, but I love her dearly.



Mr. JASON HASSARD, a woollen-drapier in
Dublin, put up the sign of the golden
fleece, and desired a motto in verse.

J ason, the valiant prince of Greece,
From Colchos brought the golden fleece;
We comb the wool, refine the stuff;
For modern Jasons that's enough.
Oh! could we tame yon watchful dragon *,
Old Jason would have less to brag on.



• The AUTHOR's manner of living.

ON rainy days alone I dine,
Upon a chick, and pint of wine.
On rainy days I dine alone,
And pick my chicken to the bone :

* England.

312 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

But this my servant much enrages.
No scraps remain to save board-wages.
In weather fine I nothing spend,
But often sponge upon a friend:
Yet when he's not so rich as I;
I pay my club, and so good b'y'—.

5

10



To a LADY, who desired the author to write
some verses upon her in the heroic style.

Written at London in the year 1726.

AFTER venting all my spite,
Tell me, what have I to write?
Ev'ry error I would find
Through the mazes of your mind,
Have my busy muse employ'd,
Till the company is cloy'd.
Are you positive and fretful,
Heedless, ignorant, forgetful?
These, and twenty follies more,
I have often told before.

5

10

Hearken what my lady says;
Have I nothing then to praise?
Ill it fits you to be witty,
Where a fault should move your pity.
If you think me too conceited,
Or to passion quickly heated;
If my wand'ring head be less
Set on reading than on dress:
If I always seem so dull t'ye,
I can solve the diffi—culty.

15

20

You

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 313

5 You would teach me to be wife ;
Truth and honour how to prize ;
How to shine in conversation,
And with credit fill my station ;
How to relish notions high ; 25
How to live, and how to die.

But it was decreed by fate,
Mr. Dean, you come too late ;
Well I know you can discern,
I am now too old to learn : 30
Follies from my youth instill'd
Have my soul entirely fill'd :
In my head and heart they centre ;
Nor will let your lessons enter.

Bred a fondling and an heirefs ; 35
Dress'd like any lady-may'refs ;
Cocker'd by the servants round,
Was too good to touch the ground ;
Thought the life of ev'ry lady
Should be one continual playday ; 40
Balls, and masquerades, and shows,
Visits, plays, and powder'd beaux.

Thus you have my case at large ;
And may now perform your charge.
Those materials I have furnish'd, 45
When by you refin'd and burnish'd,
Must, that all the world may know 'em,
Be reduce'd into a poem.
But I beg suspend a while
That same paltry burlesque style ; 50
Drop for once your constant rule,
Turning all to ridicule :
Teaching others how to ape ye ;
Court now parliament can 'scape ye ;
Treat the public and your friends 55
Both alike, while neither mends.

Sing my praise in strain sublime;
 Treat not me with doggrel rhyme.
 'Tis but just, you should produce
 With each fault each fault's excuse: 60
 Not to publish ev'ry trifle,
 And my few perfections stifle.
 With some gifts at least endow me,
 Which my very foes allow me,
 Am I spiteful, proud, unjust? 65
 Did I ever break my trust?
 Which of all your modern dames
 Censures less, or less defames?
 In good manners am I faulty?
 Can you call me rue or haughty? 70
 Did I e'er my mite with-hold
 From the impotent and old?
 When did ever I omit
 Due regard for men of wit?
 When have I esteem express'd 75
 For a coxcomb gaily dress'd?
 Do I, like the female tribe,
 Think it wit to flee and gibe?
 Who, with less-designing ends,
 Kindlier entertains their friends? 80
 With good words and count'nance sprightly
 Strive to treat them all politely.

Think not cards my chief diversion;
 'Tis a wrong unjust aspersion:
 Never knew I any good in 'um, 85
 But to doze my head like *lodanum*:
 We by play, as men by drinking,
 Pass our nights to drive out thinking.
 From my ailments give me leisure;
 I shall read and think with pleasure; 90
 Conversation learn to relish,
 And with books my mind embellish.

Now,

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 315

Now, methinks, I hear you cry,
Mr. Dean you must reply.

Madam, I allow 'tis true : 95
All these praises are your due.
You, like some acute philosopher,
Ev'ry fault have drawn a gloss over ;
Placing in the strongest light
All your virtues to my sight. 100

Though you lead a blameless life,
Live an humble, prudent wife ;
Answer all domestic ends,
What is this to us your friends ?
Though your children by a nod 105
Stand in awe without the rod :
Though by your obliging sway
Servants love you, and obey ;
Though you treat us with a smile,
Clear your looks, and smooth your stile ; 110
Load our plates from ev'ry dish ;
This is not the thing we wish.
Col'nel — may be your debtor,
We expect employment better.
You must learn, if you would gain us, 115
With good sense to entertain us.

Scholars, when good sense describing,
Call it tasting and imbibing ;
Metaphoric meat and drink
Is to understand and think : 120
We may carve for others thus,
And let others carve for us :
To discourse, and to attend,
Is, to help yourself and friend.
Conversation is but carving : 125
Carve for all yourself is starving :
Give no more to ev'ry guest :
Than he's able to digest :

316 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Give him always of the prime,
And but little at a time.
Carve to all but just enough ;
Let them neither starve nor stuff :
And that you may have your due,
Let your neighbours carve for you.
This comparison will hold,
Could it well in rhyme be told,
How conversing, list'ning,, thinking,
Justly may resemble drinking ;
For a friend a glass you fill,
What is this but to instil ?

To conclude this long essay :
Pardon if I disobey ;
Nor against my nat'ral vein
Treat you in heroic strain.
I, as all the parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in prose :
Still to lash, and lashing smile,
Ill befits a lofty style.
From the planet of my birth
I encounter vice with mirth,
Wicked ministers of state,
I can easier scorn, than hate :
And I find it answers right ;
Scorn torments them more than spight.
All the vices of a court
Do but serve to make me sport.
Were I in some foreign realm,
Which all vices overwhelm ;

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

What

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 317

When my muse officious ventures
 On the nation's representers. 160
 Teaching by what golden rules
 Into knaves they turn their fools :
 How the helm is rul'd by Walpole,
 At whose oars, like slaves, they all pull;
 Let the vessel split on shelves; 165
 With the fright enrich themselves:
 Safe within my little wherry,
 All their madness makes me merry :
 Like the watermen of Thames,
 I row by, and call them names. 170
 Like the ever-laughing sage,
 In a jest I spend my rage.
 (Though it must be understood,
 I would hang them if I cou'd)
 If I can but fill my nitch, 175
 I attempt no higher pitch.
 Leave to D'Anvers and his mate,
 Maxims wise to rule the state.
 Pult'ney deep, accomplish'd St. Johns,
 Scourge the villains with a vengeance : 180
 Let me, though the smell be noisom,
 Strip their bums, let Caleb * horle 'em,
 Then apply Alecto's whip,
 Till they wriggle, howl, and skip.

Duce is in you, Mr. Dean : 185
 What can all this passion men !
 Mention courts, you'll ne'er be quiet ;
 On corruptions running riot,
 End, as it befits your station :
 Come to use and application : 190
 Nor with senates keep a fuss.
 I submit and answer thus..

* Caleb D'Anvers, the famous writer of the paper called the
Craftsman. These papers are supposed to be written by the Lord
 Bolingbroke, and Mr. Pulteney, created Earl of Bath.

318 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

If the machinations brewing,
 To complete the public ruin,
 Never once could have the pow'r 195
 To affect me half an hour;
 (Sooner would I write, in buskins,
 Mournful elegies on * Bluskins);
 If I laugh at Whig and Tory;
 I conclude *à fortiori*, 200
 All your eloquence will scarce
 Drive me from my fav'rite farce.
 This I must insist on. For, as
 It is well observ'd by † Horace,
 Ridicule has greater pow'r 205
 To reform the world, than four.
 Horses thus, let jockies judge else,
 Switches better guide than cudgels.
 Basting heavy, dry, obtuse,
 Only dulness can produce; 210
 While a little gentle jerking
 Sets the spirits all a working.

Thus, I find it by experiment,
 Scolding moves you less than merriment.
 I may storm and rage in vain; 215
 It but stupifies your brain.
 But with raillery to nettle,
 Sets your thoughts upon their mettle:
 Gives imagination scope;
 Never lets your mind elope; 220
 Drives out brangling and contention,
 Brings in reason and invention.
 For your sake, as well as mine,
 I the lofty style decline.

I who love to have a fling 225
 Both at f——n——e-h——se and k——;

* A famous thief, who was hanged some years since.

† "Ridiculum acri-

"Fortius et melius, &c."

That

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 319

That they might some better way tread,
 To avoid the public hatred;
 Thought no method more commodious,
 Than to show their vices odious; 230
 Which I chuse to make appear,
 Not by anger, but a sneer :
 As my method of reforming
 Is by laughing, not by storming;
 (For my friends have always thought 235
 Tenderness my greatest fault) ;
 Would you have me change my style ;
 On your faults no longer smile,
 But, to patch up all your quarrels,
 Quote you texts from Plutarch's morals ; 240
 Or from Solomon produce
 Maxims teaching wisdom's use ?

If I treat you like a C ——— d H ———,
 You have cheap enough compounded.
 Can you put in higher claims 245
 Than the owners of St. J ——— s ?
 You are not so great a grievance,
 As the hirelings of St. Stephen's.
 You are of a lower class
 Than my friend Sir Robert Brads. 250
 None of these have mercy found ;
 I have laugh'd, and lash'd them round.

Have you seen a rocket fly ?
 You could swear it pierce'd the sky :
 It but reach'd the middle air, 255
 Bursting into pieces there :
 Thousand sparkles falling down,
 Light on many a coxcomb's crown :
 See what mirth the sport creates ;
 Sings hair, but breaks no pates. 260
 Thus should I attempt to climb,
 Treat you in a style sublime,

Such

Such a rocket is my muse ;
 Should I lofty numbers chuse,
 Ere I reach'd Parnassus' top, 265
 I should burst. and bursting drop.
 All my fire would fall in scraps ;
 Give your head some gentle raps ;
 Only make it smart a while ;
 Then could I forbear to smile, 270
 When I found the tingling pain,
 Ent'ring warm your frigid brain :
 Make you able upon fight,
 To decide of wrong and right ;
 Talk with sense whate'er you please on : 275
 Learn to relish Truth and Reason ?

Thus we should gain our prize ;
 I to laugh, and you grow wise.



The DISCOVERY*.

WHEN wise Lord Berkley first came here,
 Statesmen and mob expected wonders ;
 Nor thought to find so great a peer
 Ere a week past committing blunders.
 Till on a day cut out by fate,
 When folks come thick to make their court,
 Out slipt a mystery of state.

* When the Earl of Berkeley went over to Ireland as one of the Lords Justices, the author, in compliance with his invitation, went over with him as chaplain and private secretary. But Bush, another of the Earl's attendants, having insinuated, that the place of secretary was not proper for a clergyman, found means, soon after they arrived at Dublin, to obtain it for himself.—Swift, fired with indignation at this injurious treatment, writ this satirical copy of verses. *Swift.*

To

To give the town and country sport.
 Now enters Bush † with new state-airs,
 His Lordship's premier minister; 10
 And who in all profound affairs
 Is held as needful as his clyster ‡,
 With head reclining on his shoulder,
 He deals and hears mysterious chat,
 While every ignorant beholder 15
 Asks of his neighbour, Who is that ?
 With this he put up to my Lord,
 The courtiers kept their distance due,
 He twitch'd his sleeve, and stole a word;
 Then to a corner both withdrew. 20
 Imagine now my Lord and Bush
 Whisp'ring in junto most profound,
 Like good King Phyz, and good King Ush *,
 While all the rest stood gaping round. 25
 At length a spark not too well bred,
 Of forward face and ear acute,
 Advance'd on tiptoe, lean'd his head,
 To overhear the grand dispute;
 To learn what northern kings design,
 Or from Whitehall some new exprefs, 30
 Papists disarm'd, or fall of coin;
 For sure (thought he) it can't be less.
 My Lord, said Bush, a friend and I.
 Disguis'd in two old thread-bare coats,
 Ere morning's dawn stole out to spy 35
 How markets went for hay and oats :
 With that he draws two handfuls out,
 The one was oats, the other hay;
 Puts this to's Excellency's snout,
 And begs he would the other weigh. 40
 My Lord seems pleas'd, but still directs

† My Lord's wife secretary.

‡ Always taken before my Lord went to council.

• Vide the rehearsal.

By all means to bring down the rates :
 Then, with a congee circumflex,
 Bush, smiling round on all, retreats.
 Our list'ner stood a while confus'd, 45
 But gath'ring spirits wisely ran for't,
 Enrage'd to see the world abus'd
 By two such whisp'ring kings of Brentford.



The P R O B L E M.

That my Lord B——ley stinks when he's in
 love._____

DID ever problem thus perplex,
 Or more employ the female sex?
 So sweet a passion, who would think,
 Jove ever form'd to make a stink!
 The ladies vow and swear they'll try, 5
 Whether it be a truth or lie.

Love's fire, it seems, like inward heat,
 Works in my Lord by stool and sweat;
 Which brings a stink from ev'ry pore,
 And from behind and from before; 10
 Yet what is wonderful to tell it,
 None but the fav'rite nymph can smell it,
 But now to solve the nat'ral cause
 By sober philosophic laws:
 Whether all passions when in ferment, 15
 Work out, as anger does in vermin;
 So when a weazel you torment,
 You find his passion by his scent.
 We read of kings, who in a fright,
 Though on a throne, would fall to sh—— 20
 Beside all this, deep scholars know,
 That the main string of Cupid's bow,

Once

Once on a time was an a——gut,
 Now to a nobler office put,
 By favour or desert preferr'd 25
 From giving passage to a t——
 But still, though fix'd among the stars,
 Does sympathize with human a——.
 Thus, when you feel an hard-bound breech,
 Conclude love's bowstring at full stretch, 30
 Till the kind looseness comes, and then
 Conclude the bow relax'd again.

And now the ladies all are bent
 To try the great experiment,
 Ambitious of a regent's heart, 35
 Spread all their charms to catch a f——
 Watching the first unfav'ry wind,
 Some ply before, and some behind.
 My Lord, on fire amidst the dames,
 F——ts like a laurel in the flames, 40
 The fair approach the speaking part,
 To try the backway to his heart,
 For as when we a gun discharge,
 Although the bore be ne'er so large,
 Before the flame from muzzle burst, 45
 Just at the breech it flashes first :
 So from my Lord his passion broke,
 He farted first, and then he spoke.

The ladies vanish in the smother,
 To confer notes with one another ; 50
 And now they all agree to name
 Whom each one thought the happy dame.
 Quoth Neal, whate'er the rest may think,
 I'm sure 'twas I that smelt the stink.
 You smell the stink, by G——, you lie, 55
 Quoth Ross, for I'll be sworn 'twas I.
 Ladies, quoth Levens, pray forbear,
 Let's not fall out, we all had share ;

And,

324 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

And, by the most I can discover,
My Lord's an universal lover.

60



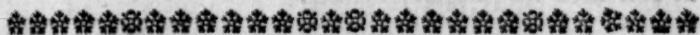
A LOVE-POEM from a PHYSICIAN to his
MISTRESS.

Written at London in the year 1738 *.

BY poets we are well assur'd
That love, alas ! can ne'er be cur'd :
A complicated heap of ills,
Despising boluses and pills,
Ah ! Chloe, this I find is true,
Since first I gave my heart to you.
Now, by your cruelty hard bound,
I strain my guts, my colon wound :
Now, jealousy my grumbling tripes
Assaults with grating, grinding gripes :
When pity in those eyes I view,
My bowels wambling make me spue,
When I an am'rous kiss design'd,
I belch'd a hurricane of wind.
Once you a gentle sigh let fall,
Remember how I suck'd it all ;
What colic pangs from thence I felt.
Had you but known, your heart would melt,
Like ruffling winds in caverns pent,
Till nature pointed out a vent.
How have you torn my heart to pieces,
With maggots, humours, and caprices !
By which I got the hæmorrhoids,
And loathsome worms my anus voids.
Whene'er I hear a rival nam'd,
I feel my body all inflam'd,

* Dean Swift was not in London after the year 1727.

Which breaking out in boils and blanes,
 With yellow filth my linen stains.
 Or, parch'd with an unextinguish'd thirst,
 Small beer I guzzle till I burst : 30
 And then I drag a bloated corpus,
 Swell'd with a dropsy like a porpus ;
 When, if I cannot purge or stale,
 I must be tapp'd to fill a pail.



On a PRINTER's being sent to Newgate,
 by ———.

BETTER we all were in our graves
 Than live in slavery to slaves ;
 Worse than the anarchy at sea,
 Where fishes on each other prey :
 Where ev'ry trout can make as high rants 5
 O'er his inferiors as our tyrants !
 And swagger while the coast is clear :
 But should a lordly pike appear,
 Away you see the varlet scud,
 Or hide his coward snout in mud. 10
 Thus, if a gudgeon meet a roach,
 He dare not venture to approach ;
 Yet still has impudence to rise,
 And, like Domitian, leap at flies.



On the little house by the church-yard of
 CASTLENOOK.

W^Hoever pleaseth to inquire,
 Why yonder steeple wants a spire,
 VOL. VIII. E e The

326 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

The grey old fellow, poet Joe *,
 The philosophic cause will shew.
 Once on a time a western blast
 At least twelve inches overcast,
 Reck'ning roof, weather-cock, and all,
 Which came with a prodigious fall ;
 And tumbling topsy-turvy round,
 Light with its bottom on the ground.
 For, by the laws of gravitation,
 It fell into its proper station.

This is the little strutting pile.
 You see just by the church-yard stile ;
 The walls in tumbling gave a knock ;
 And thus the steeple got a shock :
 From whence the neighb'ring farmer calls
 The steeple, Knock, the vicar, * Walls.

The vicar once a-week creeps in,
 Sits with his knees up to his chin ;
 Here cons his notes, and takes a whet,
 Till the small ragged flock is met.

A traveller, who by did pass,
 Observ'd the roof behind the grass ;
 On tiptoe stood and rear'd his snout,
 And saw the parson creeping out ;
 Was much surpris'd to see a crow
 Venture to build his nest so low.

A schoolboy ran unto't, and thought,
 The crib was down, the blackbird caught.
 A third, who lost his way by night,
 Was force'd for safety to alight ;
 And stepping o'er the fabric-roof,
 His horse had like to spoil his hoof.

* Mr. Beaumont of Trim.

* Reverend A. chdeacon Wall.

POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE. 327

Warburton took it in his noddle, 35
This building was design'd a model
Or of a pigeon-house, or oven,
To bake one loaf, or keep one dove in.

Then Mrs. Johnson gave her verdict,
And ev'ry one was pleas'd that heard it; 40
All that you make this stir about,
Is but a still which wants a spout,
The Rev'rend Dr. * Raymond guess'd,
More probably than all the rest;
He said, but that it wanted room, 45
It might have been a pigmy's tomb.

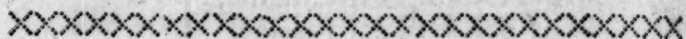
The Doctor's family came by,
And little Miss began to cry,
Give me that house in my own hand :
Then Madam bad the chariot stand, 50
Call'd to the clerk in manner mild,
Pray reach that thing here to the child ;
That thing, I mean, among the kale;
And here's to buy a pot of ale.

The clerk said to her in a heat, 55
What ! sell my master's country-seat,
Where he comes ev'ry week from town ?
He would not sell it for a crown.
Poh ! fellow keep not such a pother,
In half an hour thou'lt make another.. 60

Says † Nancy, I can make for Miss
A finer house ten times than this ;
The Dean will give me willow-sticks,
And Joe my apron-full of bricks.

* Minister of Trim.

† The waiting-woman.



Upon stealing a CROWN when the Dean
was asleep.

By Dr. SHERIDAN.

DEar Dean, since you in sleepy wise
Have op'd your mouth, and clos'd your eyes,
Like ghost I glide along your floor,
And softly shut the parlour door;
For should I break your sweet repose, 5
Who knows what money you might lose!
Since oftentimes it has been found,
A dream has given ten thousand pound.
Then sleep, my friend, dear Dean, sleep on,
And all you get shall be your own. 10
Provided you to this agree,
'That all you lose belongs to me.



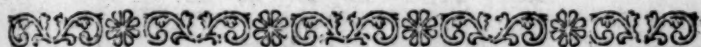
The DEAN's answer.

SO, about twelve at night the punk
Steals from the cully when he's drunk;
Nor is contented with a treat,
Without her privilege to cheat.
Nor can I the least diff'rence find, 5
But that you left no clap behind.
But jest apart, restore, you capon ye,
My twelve thirteens * and sixpence ha'penny.
To eat my meat, and drink my medlicot,
And then to give me such a deadly cut— 10

* An English shilling passes for thirteen pence in Ireland.

But 'tis observ'd that men in gowns
Are most inclin'd to plunder crowns.
Could you but change a crown as easy
As you can steel one, how 'twould please ye!
I thought the Lady at St. Cath'rines †
Knew how to set you better patterns;
For this I will not dine with Agmondisham ‡,
And for his victuals let a ragman dish 'em.

Saturday night.



* An EPITAPH on Dr. SWIFT's dog.

OF all the dogs array'd in fur,
Here under lies the truest cur.
He knew no tricks, he never flatter'd:
Nor those he fawn'd upon, bespatter'd:
So far a courtier, he would wait,
And condescend to lick a plate:
But never strove, O Swift, when fed,
To bite the hand which gave him bread.

Oh, that your dogs, who walk on two,
Had only been but half as true!
Through thick and thin, replete or hollow,
Thy steps unerring he would follow;
While they who pride on being scholars,
Desert thee now with golden collars;
Or, like Actæon's horrid pack,
Return, to fall upon thy back.

† Lady Montcastle.

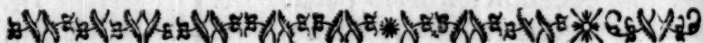
‡ Agmondisham Vesey, Esq; a very worthy gentleman, for whom the author had a great esteem.



The author and his friends used to divert themselves for amusement in making riddles; some of which have been printed, and were well received; as we hope the following will be, although we cannot tell the authors of each. [See vol. 8. p. 80.]

A R I D D L E.

I With borrow'd silver shine,
 What you see is none of mine.
 First I shew you but a quarter,
 Like the bow that guards the Tartar,
 Then the half, and then the whole. 5
 Ever dancing round the pole.
 And what will raise your admiration,
 I am not one of God's creation,
 But sprung, (and I this truth maintain),
 Like Pallas, from my father's brain. 10
 And after all, I chiefly owe
 My beauty to the shades below.
 Most wondrous forms you see me wear,
 A man, a woman, lion, bear,
 A fish, a fowl, a cloud, a field, 15
 All figures heav'n or earth can yield;
 Like Daphne sometimes in a tree:
 Yet am not one of all you see.



A N O T H E R.

Begotten, and born, and dying with noise,
 The terror of women, and pleasure of boys,
 Like

Like the fiction of poets concerning the wind,
 I'm chiefly unruly, when strongest confin'd,
 For silver and gold I don't trouble my head, 5
 But all I delight in is pieces of lead;
 Except when I trade with a ship or a town,
 Why then I make pieces of iron go down.
 One property more I would have you remark,
 No lady was ever more fond of a spark: 10
 The moment I get one, my soul's all a-fire,
 And I roar out my joy, and in transport expire.



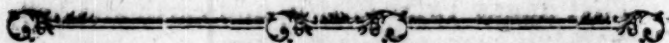
A N O T H E R.

There is a gate, we know full well,
 That stands 'twixt heav'n, and earth and hell,
 Where many for a passage venture,
 But very few are fond to enter;
 Although 'tis open night and day, 5
 They for that reason shun this way;
 Both dukes and lords abhor its wood,
 They can't come near it for their blood.
 What other way they take to go,
 Another time I'll let you know, 10
 Yet commoners with greatest ease,
 Can find an entrance when they please.
 The poorest hither march in state,
 (Or they can never pass the gate),
 Like Roman generals triumphant, 15
 And then they take a turn and jump on't.
 If gravest parsons here advance,
 They cannot pass before they dance;
 There's not a soul that does resort here,
 But strips himself to pay the porter. 20



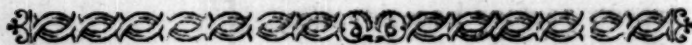
A N O T H E R.

From heav'n I fall, tho' from earth I begin,
 No lady alive can shew such a skin.
 I'm bright as an angel, and light as a feather;
 But heavy and dark when you squeeze me together.
 Though candour and truth in my aspect I bear, 5
 Yet many poor creatures I help to insnare.
 Though so much of heav'n appears in my make,
 The foulest impressions I easily take.
 My parent and I produce one another, 9
 The mother the daughter, the daughter the mother.



A N O T H E R.

IM up, and down, and round about,
 Yet all the world can't find me out;
 Though hundreds have employ'd their leisure,
 They never yet could find my measure. 5
 I'm found almost in ev'ry garden,
 Nay in the compass of a farthing.
 There's neither chariot, coach, nor mill,
 Can move an inch except I will.



A N O T H E R.

I Am jet-black, as you may see,
 The son of pitch, and gloomy night;

Yet

334 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Never finding full repast,
Till I eat the world at last.



A N O T H E R.

WE are little airy creatures,
All of diff'rent voice and features,
One of us in glass is set,
One of us you'll find in jet,
T'other you may see in tin,
And the fourth a box within;
If the fifth you should pursue,
It can never fly from you.

5



A N O T H E R.

ALL of us in one you'll find,
Brethren of a wondrous kind;
Yet among us all no brother
Knows one title of the other;
We in frequent councils are,
And our marks of things declare,
Where, to us unknown, a clerk,
Sits, and takes them in the dark.
He's the register of all
In our ken, both great and small;
By us forms his laws and rules,
He's our master, we his tools;
Yet we can with greatest ease
Turn and wind them where we please.

5

10

One of us alone can sleep,
Yet no watch the rest will keep,

15

But.

But the moment that he closes,
Ev'ry brother else reposes.

If wine's bought, or victuals dress'd,
One enjoys them for the rest. 20

Pierce us all with wounding steel,
One for all of us will feel.

Though ten thousand canons roar,
Add to them ten thousand more ;
Yet but one of us is found 25
Who regard the dreadful sound.

Do what is not fit to tell,
There's but one of us can smell.



A N O T H E R.

FONTINELLA TO FLORINDA.

W^Hen on my bosom thy bright eyes,
Florinda, dart their heav'nly beams,
I feel not the least love-surprize,

Yet endless tears flow down in streams ;
There's nought so beautiful in thee, 5
But you may find the same in me.

The lilies of thy skin compare ;

In me you see them full as white ;
The roses of your cheeks, I dare

Affirm, can't glow to more delight : 10
Then, since I shew as fine a face,
Can you refuse a soft embrace ?

Ah

336 POSTHUMOUS PIECES IN VERSE.

Ah lovely nymph, thou'rt in thy prime !
 And so am I whilst thou art here ;
 But soon will come the fatal time, 15
 When all we see shall disappear.
 'Tis mine to make a just reflection,
 And yours to follow my direction.

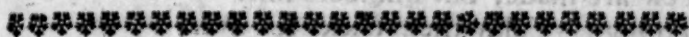
Then catch admirers while you may ;
 Treat not your lovers with disdain ; 20
 For time with beauty flies away,
 And there is no return again,
 To you the sad account I bring,
 Life's autumn has no second spring.



A N O T H E R.

Never speaking, still awake,
 Pleasing most when most I speak,
 The delight of old and young,
 Though I speak without a tongue.
 Nought but one thing can confound me, 5
 Many voices joining round me ;
 Then I fret, and rave, and gabble,
 Like the labourers of Babel.
 Now I am a dog, or cow,
 I can bark, or I can low, 10
 I can bleat, or I can sing,
 Like the warblers of the spring,
 Let the love-sick bard complain,
 And I mourn the cruel pain ;
 Let the happy swain rejoice, 15
 And I join my helping voice ;
 Both are welcome, grief or joy,
 I with either sport and toy.
 Though a lady, I am stout,
 Drums and trumpets bring me out ; 20

Then I clafh, and roar and rattle,
 Join in all the din of battle.
 Jove, with all his loudeft thunder,
 When I'm vex'd can't keep me under ;
 Yet fo tender is my ear, 25
 That the loweft voice I fear ;
 Much I dread the courtier's fate,
 When his merit's out of date,
 For I hate a filent breath.
 And a whifper is my death. 30



A N O T H E R.

Moft things by me do rife and fall,
 And as I please they're great and fmall ;
 Invading foes, without refiftance,
 With eafe I make to keep their diftance ;
 Again, as I'm difpos'd, the foe, 5
 Will come, though not a foot they go.
 Both mountains, woods, and hills, and rocks,
 And gaming goats, and fleecy flocks,
 And lowing herds, and piping fwains,
 Come dancing to me o'er the plains. 10
 The greateft whale that fwims the fea,
 Does infantly my power obey.
 In vain from me the faylor flies ;
 The quickeft fhip I can furprife,
 And turn it as I have a mind. 15
 And move it againft tide and wind.
 Nay, bring me here the talleft man,
 I'll fqueeze him to a little fpan.
 Or bring a tender child and pliant,
 You'll fee me ftretch him to a giant ; 20
 Nor fhall they in the leaft complain,
 Becaufe my magic gives no pain.



A N O T H E R.

WE are little brethren twain,
 Arbiters of loss and gain,
 Many to our counters run,
 Some are made, and some undone.
 But men find it to their cost,
 Few are made, but numbers lost.
 Though we play them tricks for ever,
 Yet they always hope our favour.



TO DR. SHERIDAN.

DEar Sheridan ! a gentle pair
 Of Gallstown lads (for such they are)
 Besides a brace of grave divines
 Adore the smoothness of thy lines;
 Smooth as our basons silver flood,
 Ere George had robb'd it of its mud;
 Smoother than Pegasus' old shoe,
 Ere Vulcan comes to make him new.
 The board on which we set our a—s,
 Is not so smooth as are thy verses.
 Compar'd with which, (and that's enough),
 A smoothing-ir'n itself is rough.
 Nor praise I less that circumcision,
 By modern poets call'd elision,
 With which, in proper station plac'd,
 Thy polish'd lines are firmly brace'd.
 Thus, a wise tailor is not pinching,
 But turns at ev'ry seem an inch in,
 Or else, be sure, your broad-cloth breeches
 Will ne'er be smooth, nor hold their stitches.

20
Thy

Thy verse, like bricks, defy the weather,
 When smooth'd by rubbing them together;
 Thy words so closely wedg'd, and short are,
 Like walls more lasting without mortar;
 By leaving out the needless vowels, 25
 You save the charge of lime and trowels.
 One letter still another locks,
 Each groov'd and dove-tail'd, like a box;
 Thy muse is tuckt up and succinct;
 In chains thy syllables are linkt. 30
 Thy words together ty'd in small hanks,
 Close as the Macedonian phalanx;
 Or like the umbo of the Romans,
 Which fiercest foes could break by no means.
 The critic to his grief will find, 35
 How firmly these indentures bind:
 So in the kindred painter's art
 The short'ning is the nicest part.

Philologers of future ages,
 How will they pore upon thy pages! 40
 Nor will they dare to break the joints,
 But help thee to be read with points:
 Or, else to shew their learned labour, you
 May backward be perus'd like Hebrew,
 Wherein they need not lose a bit 45
 Or of thy harmony or wit.
 To make a work completely fine,
 Number, and weight, and measure join;
 Then all must grant your lines are weighty,
 Where thirty weigh as much as eighty. 50
 All must allow your numbers more,
 Where twenty lines exceed fourscore;
 Nor can we think your measure short,
 Where less than forty fill a quart,
 With Alexandrian in the close, 55
 Long, long, long, long, like Dan's long nose.

A REBUS written by a LADY * on the Reverend Dean SWIFT. With his Answer.

CUT the name of the MAN who his
mistress deny'd, *Joseph.*
And let the first of it be only apply'd
To join with the prophet who DAVID
did chide. *Nathan.*
Then say, what a horse is that runs very fast,
And that which deserves to be first put the last; 5
Spell all then, put them together, to find
The name and the virtues of him I design'd.
Like the patriarch in Egypt, he's vers'd in the state;
Like the prophet in Jewry, he's free with the great;
Like a racer, he flies to succour with speed, 10
When his friends want his aid, or desert is in need.



The ANSWER.

THE nymph who wrote this in an amorous fit,
I cannot but envy the pride of her wit,
Which thus she will venture profusely to throw
On so mean a design, and a subject so low.
For mean's her design, and her subject as mean, 5
The first but a *Rebus*, the last but a *Dean*.
A Dean's but a parson; and what is a rebus?
A thing never known to the muses or Phœbus;
The corruption of verse; for when all is done,
It is but a paraphrase made on a pun. 10

But a genius like her's no subject can stifle,
 It shews and discovers itself through a trifle:
 By reading this trifle, I quickly began
 To find her a great wit, but the Dean a small man.
 Rich ladies will furnish their garets with stuff, 15
 Which others for mantuas would think fine enough:
 So the wit that is lavishly thrown away here,
 Might furnish a second rate poet a year,
 Thus much for the verse, we proceed to the next,
 Where the Nymph has entirely forsaken her text: 20
 Her fine panegyrics are quite out of season,
 And what she describes to be merit is treason:
 The changes which faction had made in the state,
 Have put the Dean's politics quite out of date:
 Now no one regards what he utters with freedom,
 And should he write pamphlets, no great man
 would read 'em; 20
 And should want or desert stand in need of his aid,
 This racer would prove but a dull-founder'd jade.

Written by the Rev. Dr. SWIFT on his
 OWN DEAFNESS.

*V*ertiginosus, inops, surdus, male gratus amicis;
 Non campana sonans, tonitru non ab Jove missum;
 Quod mage mirandum, saltem si credere fas est,
 Non clamosa meas mulier jam percutit aures.

In E N G L I S H.

Deaf, giddy, helpless, left alone,
 To all my friends a burden grown;
 No more I hear my church's bell,
 Than if it rang out for my knell:

At thunder now no more I start,
 Than at the rumbling of a cart :
 Nay, what's incredible, alack !
 I hardly hear a woman's clack.



A Letter to Dr. HELSHAM.

SIR, *Nov. 23. 1731, at night.*

WHe n left you, I found myself of the grape's
 juice sick :

I'm so full of pity, I never abuse sick ;
 And the patientest patient that ever you knew sick :
 Both when I am purge-sick, and when I am spue-
 sick.

I pitied my cat, whom I knew by her mew-sick ; 5
 She mended at first, but now she's anew-sick.

Captain Butler made some in the church black and
 blue-sick ;

Dean Cross, had he preach'd, would have made us
 all pew-sick.

Are not you, in a croud, when you sweat and stew-
 sick ?

Lady Santry got out of the church * when she grew
 sick, 10

And, as fast as she could, to the deanry flew sick.

Miss Morice was (I can assure you 'tis true) sick ;

For who would not be in that numerous crew sick ?

Such music would make a fanatic or Jew sick :

Yet ladies are seldom at ombre or lue sick : 15

Nor is old Nanny Shales †, whene'er she does brew
 sick.

* St. Patrick's cathedral, where the music on St. Cecilia's day was usually performed.

† Vide " Gratton inter Belcamp et Clenshoh."

My footman came home from the church of a
bruise sick,
And look'd like a rake, who was made in the stews
sick ;
But you, learned doctors, can make whom you
chuse sick.
Poor I myself I was, when I withdrew, sick. 20
For the smell of them made me like Garlic and rue
sick.
And I got through the croud, though not led by a
clue sick.
You hop'd to find many (for that was your cue)
sick ;
But there were not a dozen (to give 'em their due)
sick,
And those, to be sure, stuck together like glue,
sick. 25
So are ladies in crouds, when they squeeze and
they screw, sick.
You may find they are all, by their yellow pale
hue, sick ;
So am I, when tobacco, like Robin, I chew, sick.



To Dr. SHERIDAN.

Nov. 23, at night.

IF I write any more, it will make my poor muse
sick.

This night I came home with a very cold dew sick,
And I wish I may soon be not of an ague sick ;
But I hope I shall ne'er be, like you, of a shrew sick,
Who often has made me, by looking ascue, sick. 5



A LETTER to Dr. HELSHAM.

S I R,

Pray discontinue what follows.

THE dullest beast, and gentleman's liquor,
When young, is often due to the vicar.

The dullest of beasts, and swines delight,
Make up a bird very swift of flight.

The dullest beast when high in stature,
And another of royal nature,
For breeding is a useful creature.

5 }

The dullest beast, and a party distressed,
When too long, is bad at best.

The dullest beast, and the saddle it wears,
Is good for partridge, not for hares.

10

The dullest beast and kind voice of a cat,
Will make a horse go, though he be not fat.

The dullest of beasts and of birds in the air,
Is that by which all Irishmen swear.

15

The dullest beast and fam'd college for Teagues,
Is a person very unfit for intrigues.

The dullest beast and a cobbler's tool,
With a boy that is only fit for a school,
In summer is very pleasant and cool.

20 }

The

The dullest beast, and that which you kifs,
May break a limb of master or mis.

Of serpent-kind, and what at distance kills,
Poor Mistrefs Dingley oft hath felt its bills.

The dullest beast, and eggs unsound, 25
Without it I rather would walk on the ground.

The dullest beast, and what covers a house,
Without it a writer is not worth a louse.

The dullest beast, and scandalous vermin,
Of roast or boil'd, to the hungry is charming. 30

The dullest beast, and what's cover'd with crust,
There's no body but a fool that would trust.

The dullest beast mending highways,
Is to a horse an evil disease.

The dullest beast, and a hole in the ground, 35
Will dress a dinner worth five pound.

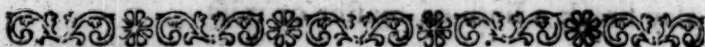
The dullest beast, and what doctors pretend
The cook-maid often has by the end.

The dullest beast, and fish for lent,
May give you a blow you'll for ever repent. 40

The dullest beast, and a shameful jeer,
Without it a lady should never appear.

Wednesday night.

I writ all these before I went to bed. Pray explain
them for me, because I cannot do it.



PROBATUR ALITER

A Long-ear'd beast, and a field-house for cattle,
Among the coals does often rattle.

A long-ear'd beast, a bird that prates,
The bridegroom's first gift to their mates,
Is by all pious Christians thought, 5
In clergymen the greatest fault.

A long-ear'd beast, and woman of Endor,
If your wife be a scold, that will mend her.

With a long-ear'd beast and med'cines use,
Cooks make their fowl look tight and spruce. 10

A long-ear'd beast, and holy fable,
Strengthens the shoes of half the rabble.

A long-ear'd beast, and Rhenish wine,
Lies in the lap of ladies fine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Flanders college, 15
Is Dr. T——l to my knowledge.

A long-ear'd beast, and building knight;
Censorious people do in spight.

A long-ear'd beast, and bird of night,
We finners are too apt to flight. 20

A long-ear'd beast, and shameful vermin,
A judge will eat, though clad in ermine.

A long-ear'd beast, and Irish cart,
Can leave a mark, and give a smart.

A long-ear'd beast in mud to lie, 25
No bird in air so swift can fly.

A long-ear'd beast, and a sputt'ring old Whig,
I wish he were in it, and dancing a jig.

A long-ear'd beast, and liquor to write,
Is a damnable smell both morning and night. 30

A long-ear'd beast, and the child of a sheep,
At whist they will make a desperate sweep.

A long-

A long-ear'd beast, and till midnight you stay,
Will cover a house much better than clay.
A long-ear'd beast, and the drink you love best,
You call him a sloven in earnest or jest. 36
A long-ear'd beast, and the sixteenth letter,
I'd not look at all, unless I look'd better.
A long-ear'd beast give me, and eggs unsound,
Or else I will not ride one inch of ground. 40
A long-ear'd beast, another name for jeer,
To ladies skins there's nothing comes so near.
A long-ear'd beast, and kind nose of a cat,
Is useful in journeys, take notice of that.
A long-ear'd beast, and what seasons your beef,
On such an occasion the law gives relief. 46
A long-ear'd beast, a thing that force must drive
in,
Bears up his house, that's of his own contriving.



TOM's metamorphosis into a POET and
SPANIEL.

TOM was a little merry grig,
Fiddled and dance'd to his own jig;
Good-natur'd, but a little silly,
Irresolute, and shally-shilly:
What he should do he could not guess: 5
They mov'd him like a man at chess.
Swift told him once that he had wit:
Swift was in jest, poor Tom was bit;
Thought himself son of second Phœbus.
For ballad, pun, lampoon, and rebus. 10
He took a draught of Helicon,
But swallow'd so much water down,
He got a dropsy: now they say 'tis
Turn'd to poetic diabetes;

And

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And all the liquor he has past, 15
 Is without spirit, salt, or taste.
 But since it past, Tom thought it wit;
 And therefore writ, and writ, and writ.
 He writ the wonder of all wonders,
 He writ the blunder of all blunders: 20
 He writ a merry farce for puppet,
 Taught actors how to squeak and hop it;
 A treatise on the wooden man *;
 A ballad on the nose of Dan †;
 The art of making April fools, 25
 And four and thirty punning rules:
 The learned say, that Tom went snacks
 With philomaths for almanacks;
 Though they divided are, some say
 He writ for Whaley, some for Campsey ‡. 30
 Hundreds there are who will make oath,
 He writ alternately for both:
 For though they made the calculations,
 Tom writ the monthly observations.
 Such were his writings: but his chatter 35
 Was one continued clitter clatter.
 Swift flit his tongue, and made him talk,
 Cry *Cup of sack*, and *Walk, knaves, walk*:
 And fitted little prating Poll,
 For wiry cage in common hall; 40
 Made him expert at quibble jargon,
 And quaint at felling of a bargain.
 Poll he could talk in different *linguo's*,
 But he could never learn *distinguo's*:
 Swift tried in vain, and angry thereat, 45
 Into a spaniel turn'd his parrot:
 Made him to walk on his hind-legs,
 And now he dances, fawns, and begs;
 Then cuts a caper o'er a stick,
 Lies close, will whine, and creep, and lick. 50

* The sign of a wooden man in Essex-street, Dublin.

† A person remarkable for a nose of an enormous size.

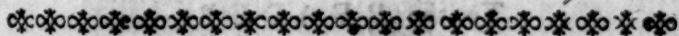
‡ Two almanack-makers in Dublin.

Swift puts a bit upon his snout,
 Poor Tom he dares not look about ;
 But soon as Swift once gives the word,
 He snaps it up, though 'twere a t—d.



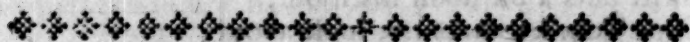
* Mrs. PILKINGTON to Dr. SWIFT, on his
 Birthday.

While I the godlike men of old,
 In admiration wrapt, behold !
 Rever'd antiquity explore,
 And turn the long-liv'd volumes o'er,
 Where Cato, Plutarch, Flaccus shine 5
 In ev'ry excellence divine ;
 I grieve, that our degen'rate days
 Produce no mighty souls like these ;
 Patriot, philosopher, and bard,
 Are names unknown, and seldom heard. 10
 Spare your reflection, Phœbus cries,
 'Tis as ungrateful as unwise ;
 Can you complain this sacred day,
 That virtues or that arts decay ?
 Behold in Swift reviv'd appears 15
 The virtues of unnumber'd years :
 Behold in him, with new delight,
 The patriot, bard, and sage unite ;
 And know, Ierne in that name
 Shall rival Greece and Rome in fame. 20



A LOVE-SONG.

A Pud in is almi des ire,
 Mimis tres I ne ver re qui re ;
 Alo veri findit a gestis,
 His miseri ne ver at restis.



AN EPIGRAM ON DIC.

DIC, heris agro at, an da quarto finale.
Fora ringat ure nos, an da stringat ure tale.



THE LIFE and genuine CHARACTER of the
Reverend Dr. SWIFT, D. S. P. D.

Written by himself.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The verses on the death of Dr. Swift, written by himself, being very much inquired after by his friends, many of whom pretended to have genuine copies, although he never suffered any of them to take one; the following was published with breaks, dashes, and triplets, (which the author never made use of), to disguise his manner of writing; by which, however, they were deceived, although the genuine one was not published until the year 1739: but, in order to oblige the reader, we published the following, (although he would not own it); which, the best judges allow, hath many fine strokes of wit and humour*.

TO THE READER.

This poetical account of the Life and Character of the reverend Dr. Swift, so celebrated through the world for his many ingenious writings, was occasioned by a maxim of Rochefoucault; and is now published

* See the verses on Swift's Death, in vol. 8. p. 12.

from the author's last correct copy, being dedicated by the publisher to Alexander Pope of Twickenham, Esq.

TO ALEXANDER POPE, Esq;

Of Twickenham, in the county of Middlesex.

AS you have been long an intimate friend of the author of the following poem, I thought you would not be displeased with being informed of some particulars, how he came to write it, and how I, very innocently, procured a copy.

It seems the Dean, in conversation with some friends, said, he could guess the discourse of the world concerning his character after his death, and thought it might be no improper subject for a poem. This happened above a year before he finished it; for it was written by small pieces, just as leisure or humour allowed him.

He shewed some parts of it to several friends, and when it was completed, he seldom refused the sight of it to any visiter: so that, probably, it hath been perused by fifty persons; which being against his usual practice, many people judged, likely enough, that he had a desire to make the people of Dublin impatient to see it published, and at the same time to disappoint them: for he never would be prevailed on to grant a copy, and yet several lines were retained by memory, and are often repeated in Dublin.

It is thought, that one of his servants, in whom he had great confidence, and who had access to his closet, took an opportunity, while his master was riding some miles out of town, to transcribe the whole poem: and it is probable, that the servant lent it to others, who were not trusty, (as is generally the case). By this accident I having got a

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very correct copy from a friend in Dublin, lie under no obligation to conceal it.

I have shewn it to very good judges, friends of the Dean, (if I may venture to say so to you, who are such a superior judge and poet), who are well acquainted with the author's style and manner; and they all allow it to be genuine, as well as perfectly finished and correct; his particular genius appearing in every line, together with his peculiar way of thinking and writing.

I should be very sorry to offend the Dean, although I am a perfect stranger to his person: but since the poem will infallibly be soon printed, either here or in Dublin, I take myself to have the best title to send it to the press; and I shall direct the printer to commit as few errors as possible.

I am, SIR, with the greatest respect,

*From my chambers in
the Inner-Temple,
London, April 1.
1733.*

your most obedient, and

most humble servant,

L. M.

XX

The LIFE and CHARACTER of Dr. SWIFT.

Upon a Maxim in Rochefoucault *.

Wise Rochefoucault a maxim writ,
Made up of malice, truth, and wit:
If what he says be not a joke,
We mortals are strange kind of folk.

But hold:—before we farther go,
'Tis fit the maxim we should know.

5

* See the maxim, in vol. 8. p. 12.

He

He says, " Whenever fortune sends
 " Disasters to our dearest friends,
 " Although we outwardly may grieve,
 " We oft are laughing in our sleeve." 10
 And when I think upon't this minute,
 I fancy there is something in it.

We see a com'rade get a fall,
 Yet laugh our hearts out, one and all.

Tom for a wealthy wife looks round, 15
 A nymph that brings ten thousand pound :
 He no where could have better pick'd ;
 A rival comes, and Tom——is nick'd——
 See how behave his friends protest,
 They turn the matter to a jest ; 20
 Loll out their tongues, and thus they talk,
 " Poor Tom has got a plaguy baulk !"——

I could give instances enough,
 That human friendship is but stuff.
 Whene'er a flatt'ring puppy cries, 25
 You are his dearest friend ;—— he lies :
 To lose a guinea at piquet,
 Would make him rage, and storm, and fret ;
 Bring from his heart sincerer groans,
 Than if he heard you broke your bones. 30

Come, tell me truly, would you take well,
 Suppose your friend and you were equal,
 To see him always foremost stand,
 Affect to take the upper hand,
 And strive to pass in public view 35
 For much a better man than you ?
 Envy, I doubt, would powerful prove,
 And get the better of your love :
 'Twould please your palate, like a feast,
 To see him mortify'd at least 40

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'Tis true, we talk of friendship much,
But who are they that can keep touch? —
True friendship in two breasts requires
The same aversions and desires:
My friend should have, when I complain, 45
A fellow-feeling of my pain.

Yet, by experience, oft we find,
Our friends are of a diff'rent mind;
And were I tortur'd with the gout,
They'd laugh to see me make a rout, 50 }
Glad that themselves could walk about.

Let me suppose two special friends,
And each to poetry pretends;
Would either poet take it well,
To hear the other bore the bell? — 55
His rival for the chiefest reckon'd,
Himself pass only for the second! —

When you are sick, your friends, you say,
Will send their howd'ye's ev'ry day:
Alas! that gives you small relief! — 60
They send for manners; — not for grief; —
Nor, if you dy'd, would fail to go
That ev'ning to a puppet show: —
Yet come in time to show their loves,
And get a hat-band, scarf, and gloves. 65

To make these truths the better known,
Let me suppose the case my own.

The day will come when't shall be said,
"D'ye hear the news? — the Dean is dead! —
"Poor man: he went all on a sudden! — 70
H'as dropp'd, and "giv'n the crow a pudding!"
What money was behind him found?
"I hear about two thousand pound —

" 'Tis

" 'Tis own'd he was a man of wit," ——
 Yet many a foolish thing he writ ; —— 75
 " And sure he must be deeply learn'd ! ——
 That's more than ever I discern'd ! ——
 " I know his nearest friends complain,
 " He was too airy for a Dean. ——
 " He was an honest man, I'll swear : " —— 80
 Why, Sir, I differ from you there ;
 For I have heard another story,
 He was a most confounded Tory ! ——
 " Yet here we had a strong report,
 " That he was well receiv'd at court. " —— 85
 Why, then it was, I do assert,
 Their goodness, more than his desert ——
 He grew, or else his comrades ly'd,
 Confounded dull, — before he dy'd.

He hop'd to have a lucky hit, 90 }
 Some medals sent him for his wit ; }
 But truly there the Dean was bit —— }
 " And yet, I think, for all your jokes,
 " His claim as good as other folks " ——

" Must we the drapier then forget ? 95
 " Is not our nation in his debt ?
 " 'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters ! " ——
 He should have left them for his betters ;
 We had a hundred abler men,
 Nor need depend upon his pen —— 100
 Say what you will about his reading,
 You never can defend his breeding !
 Who in his satires running riot,
 Could never leave the world in quiet ; ——
 Attacking, when he took the whim, 105
 Court, city, camp, all one to him. ——

But why would he, except he slobber'd,
 Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert ;

Whose

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Whose councils aid the sov'reign pow'r,
To save the nation ev'ry hour? 110
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it like a moth. —

" If he makes mankind bad as elves, 115
" Answer, they may thank themselves :
" If vice can never be abash'd,
" It must be ridicul'd or lash'd."
But if I chance to make a slip,
What right had he to hold the whip? 120

" If you resent it, who's to blame?
" He neither knew you, nor your name.
" Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
" because its owner is a duke;
" Vice is a vermin, sportsmen say 125 }
" No vermin can demand fair play,
" But ev'ry hand may justly slay."

I envy not the wits, who write
Merely to gratify their spite ;
Thus did the Dean ; his only scope 130
Was, to be held a misanthrope,
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he lik'd, much good may't do him :
This gave him enemies in plenty,
Throughout two realms nineteen in twenty : 135
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times :
For had we made him timely offers,
To raise his post, or fill his coffers ;
Perhaps he might have truckled down, 140
Like other brethren of the gown.
For party he would scarce have bled —
I say no more, — because he's dead. —

But

" But who could charge him to his face,
 " That e'er he cringe'd to men in place? 145
 " His principles, of ancient date,
 " Ill suit with those profess'd of late;
 " The Pope, or Calvin, he'd oppose,
 " And thought they both were equal foes:
 " That church and state had suffer'd more 150
 " By Calvin than the scarlet whore:
 " Thought popish and fanatic zeal
 " Both bitter foes to Britain's weal.
 " The Pope would of our faith bereave us——
 " But still our monarchy would leave us—— 155
 " Not so the vile fanatic crew;
 " That ruin'd church and monarch too.

" Supposing these reflections just,
 " We should indulge the Dean's disgust,
 " Who saw this factious tribe carefs'd, 160
 " And lovers of the church distress'd——
 " The patrons of the good old cause,
 " In senates sit, in making laws;
 " The most malignant of the herd,
 " In surest way to be preferr'd —— 165
 " And preachers find the better quarter,
 " For railing at the royal martyr.

" Whole swarms of sects with grief, he saw,
 " More favour'd than the church by law:
 " Thought Protestant too good a name 170
 " For canting hypocrites to claim,
 " Whose protestation hides a sting
 " Destructive to the church and king:
 " Which might as well, in his opinion,
 " Become an Atheist, or Socinian." 175

A Protestant's a special clinker;
 " It serves for sceptic and free-thinker;
 " It serves for stubble, hay, and wood,
 " For ev'ry thing—but what it should."

What

What writings has he left behind? — 180
 " I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :
 " A few in verse ; but most in prose —"
 Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :
 All scribbled in the worst of times,
 To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes, 185
 To praise Queen Anne ; nay more, defend her,
 As never fav'ring the pretender ;
 Or libels yet conceal'd from sight, —
 Against the court to shew his spite :
 Perhaps, his travels, part the third ; 190
 A lie at ev'ry second word :
 Offensive to a loyal ear : —
 But — not one sermon, you may swear. —

" Sir, our accounts are diff'rent quite,
 " And your conjectures are not right ; 195
 " 'Tis plain his writings were design'd
 " To please, and to reform mankind :
 " And if he often mis'd his aim,
 " The world must own it to their shame :
 " The praise is his, and their's the blame. 200
 " Then, since you dread no further lashes,
 " You freely may forgive his ashes."

The End of the MISCELLANIES in VERSE.



A LETTER to a YOUNG CLERGYMAN
lately entered into Holy Orders *.

S I R,

Dublin, Jan. 9. 1719-20.

ALthough it was against my knowledge or advice that you entered into holy orders, under the present dispositions of mankind towards the church; yet, since it is now supposed too late to recede, (at least according to the general practice and opinion), I cannot forbear offering my thoughts to you upon this new condition of life you are engaged in.

I could heartily wish, that the circumstances of your fortune had enabled you to have continued some years longer in the university, at least till you were ten years standing; to have laid in a competent stock of human learning, and some knowledge in divinity, before you attempted to appear in the world; for I cannot but lament the common course, which, at least, nine in ten of those who enter into the ministry are obliged to run. When they have taken a degree, and are consequently grown a burden to their friends, who now think themselves fully discharged, they get into orders as soon as they can, (upon which I shall make no remarks); first solicit a readership, and, if they be very fortunate, arrive in time to a curacy here in town, or else are sent to be assistants in the country, where they probably

* This ought to be read by all the young clergymen in the three kingdoms. Tho' it be addressed only to a young clergyman, yet it is adapted to every age and understanding. It contains observations that delight and improve every mind; and may be read with pleasure and advantage by the oldest and most exemplary divines. *Orrery.*

continue

continue several years, (many of them their whole lives), with thirty or forty pounds for their support ; till some bishop, who happens not to be overstocked with relations, or attached to favourites, or is content to supply his diocese without colonies from England, bestows upon them some inconsiderable benefice, when it is odds they are already incumbered with a numerous family. I would be glad to know, what intervals of life such persons can possibly set apart for the improvement of their minds ; or which way they could be furnished with books, the library they brought with them from their college being usually not the most numerous, or judiciously chosen. If such gentlemen arrive to be great scholars, it must, I think, be either by means supernatural, or by a method altogether out of any road yet known to the learned. But I conceive the fact directly otherwise, and that many of them lose the greatest part of the small pittance they received at the university.

I take it for granted, that **you** intend to pursue the beaten tract, and are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit ; only I hope you will think it proper to pass your quarantine among some of the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to read and to speak, before you venture to expose your parts in a city-congregation ; not that these are better judges, but because, if a man must needs expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail upon some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and allow him with the utmost freedom to give you notice of whatever he shall find amiss, either in your voice or gesture : for want of which early warning many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines, a certain ungra-

cious manner, or an unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to shake off.

I could likewise have been glad, if you had applied yourself a little more to the study of the English language, than I fear you have done; the neglect whereof is one of the most general defects among the scholars of this kingdom, who seem not to have the least conception of a style, but run on in a flat kind of phraseology, often mingled with barbarous terms and expressions peculiar to the nation: neither do I perceive that any person either finds or acknowledges his wants upon this head, or in the least desires to have them supplied. Proper words in proper places make the true definition of a style. But this would require too ample a disquisition to be now dwelt on. However, I shall venture to name one or two faults, which are easy to be remedied with a very small portion of abilities.

The first is, the frequent use of obscure terms, which by the women are called *hard words*, and by the better sort of vulgar *fine language*; than which I do not know a more universal, inexcusable, and unnecessary mistake, among the clergy of all distinctions, but especially the younger practitioners. I have been curious enough to take a list of several hundred words in a sermon of a new beginner, which not one of his hearers among a hundred could possibly understand; neither can I easily call to mind, any clergyman of my own acquaintance, who is wholly exempt from this error, although many of them agree with me in the dislike of the thing. But I am apt to put myself in the place of the vulgar, and think many words difficult or obscure, which the preacher will not allow to be so, because those words are obvious to scholars. I believe the method observed by the famous Lord Falkland, in some of his writing, would not be an ill one for young divines. I was assured by an old person of quality, who knew him well, that when

he doubted whether a word were perfectly intelligible or no, he used to consult one of her lady's chambermaids, (not the waiting-woman, because it was possible she might be conversant in romances), and by her judgement was guided whether to receive or reject it. And if that great person thought such a caution necessary, in treatises offered to the learned world, it will be sure at least as proper in sermons, where the meanest hearer is supposed to be concerned, and where very often a lady's chambermaid may be allowed to equal half the congregation, both as to quality and understanding. But I know not how it comes to pass, that professors in most arts and sciences are generally the worst qualified to explain their meanings to those who are not of their tribe. A common farmer shall make you understand, in three words, "that his foot is out of joint, or his collar-bone broken; wherein a surgeon, after a hundred terms of art, if you are not a scholar, shall leave you to seek. It is frequently the same case in law, physick, and even many of the meaner arts.

And upon this account it is, that, among hard words, I number likewise those which are peculiar to divinity as it is a science, because I have observed several clergymen, otherwise little fond of obscure terms, yet in their sermons very liberal of those which they find in ecclesiastical writers, as if it were our duty to understand them; which I am sure it is not. And I defy the greatest divine to produce any law, either of God or man, which obliges me to comprehend the meaning of *omniscience*, *omnipresence*, *ubiquity*, *attribute*, *beatific vision*, with a thousand others so frequent in pulpits, any more than that of *eccentric*, *idiolyncracy*, *entity*, and the like. I believe I may venture to insist further, that many terms used in holy writ, particularly by St. Paul, might, with more discretion, be changed in-

to

to plainer speech, except when they are introduced as part of a quotation.

I am the more earnest in this matter, because it is a general complaint, and the justest in the world. For a divine hath nothing to say to the wisest congregation of any parish in this kingdom, which he may not express in a manner to be understood by the meanest among them. And this assertion must be true, or else God requires from us more than we are able to perform. However, not to contend whether a logician might possibly put a case that would serve for an exception, I will appeal to any man of letters, whether at least nineteen in twenty of those perplexing words might not be changed into easy ones, such as naturally first occur to ordinary men, and probably did so at first to those very gentlemen who are so fond of the former.

We are often reproved by divines from the pulpits on account of our ignorance in things sacred, and perhaps with justice enough; however it is not very reasonable for them to expect, that common men should understand expressions which are never made use of in common life. No gentleman thinks it safe or prudent to send a servant with a message, without repeating it more than once, and endeavouring to put it into terms brought down to the capacity of the bearer; yet, after all this care, it is frequent for servants to mistake, and sometimes occasion misunderstandings among friends; although the common domestics in some gentlemen's families have more opportunities of improving their minds than the ordinary sort of tradesmen.

It is usual for clergymen who are taxed with this learned defect, to quote Dr. Tillotson, and other famous divines, in their defence; without considering the difference between elaborate discourses upon important occasions, delivered to princes and parliaments, written with a view of being made public, and a plain sermon, intended for the middle or

lower size of people. Neither do they seem to remember the many alterations, additions, and expungings, made by great authors, in those treatises which they prepare for the public. Besides, that excellent prelate above mentioned was known to preach after a much more popular manner in the city-congregations; and if in those parts of his works he be any where too obscure for the understandings of many who may be supposed to have been his hearers, it ought to be numbered among his omissions.

The fear of being thought pedants, hath been of pernicious consequence to young divines. This hath wholly taken many of them off from their severer studies, in the university; which they have exchanged for plays, poems, and pamphlets, in order to qualify them for tea-tables and coffee-houses. This they usually call *polite conversation, knowing the world, and reading men instead of books*. These accomplishments, when applied in the pulpit, appear by a quaint, terse, florid style, rounded into periods and cadencies, commonly without either propriety or meaning. I have listen'd with my utmost attention for half an hour to an orator of this species, without being able to understand, much less to carry away one single sentence out of a whole sermon. Others, to shew that their studies have not been confined to sciences, or ancient authors, will talk in the style of a gaming ordinary, and White Friars*, when, I suppose, the hearers can be little

* The stile of White Friars was that of sharpers, bullies, and other fugitives from the law. This precinct, in 1609, obtained from K. James a charter of exemption from parish, ward and city offices, except in the militia. Being possessed thereof, the inhabitants claimed afterwards a power and right to protect the persons of debtors; whereby the place became filled with lawless refugees of all sorts, who grew to such a height of wickedness and impudence, that it was found necessary in K. William's time, by act of parliament, to suppress and bring them to justice.

edified by the terms of *palming*, *shuffling*, *biting*, *bamboozling*, and the like, if they have not been sometimes conversant among pick-pockets and sharpers. And truly, as they say, a man is known by his company, so it should seem, that a man's company may be known by his manner of expressing himself, either in public assemblies, or private conversation.

It would be endless to run over the several defects of style among us. I shall therefore say nothing of the mean and the paltry, (which are usually attended by the fustian) much less of the slovenly and indecent. Two things I will just warn you against. The first is the frequency of flat unnecessary epithets; and the other is, the folly of using old threadbare phrases, which will often make you go out of your way to find and apply them, are nauseous to rational hearers, and will seldom express your meaning as well as your own natural words.

Although, as I have already observed, our English tongue is too little cultivated in this kingdom, yet the faults are nine in ten owing to affectation, and not to the want of understanding. When a man's thoughts are clear, the properest words will generally offer themselves first; and his own judgment will direct him in what order to place them, so as they may be best understood. When men err against this method, it is usually on purpose, and to shew their learning, their oratory, their politeness, or their knowledge of the world. In short, that simplicity, without which no human performance can arrive to any great perfection, it is nowhere more eminently useful than in this.

I have been considering that part of oratory which relates to the moving of the passions. This, I observe, is in esteem and practice among some church-divines, as well as among all the preachers and hearers of the fanatic or enthusiastic strain. I will here deliver to you (perhaps with

more freedom than prudence) my opinion upon the point.

The two great orators of Greece and Rome, Demosthenes and Cicero, though each of them a leader, (or, as the Greeks call'd it, a *demagogue*) in a popular state, yet seem to differ in their practice upon this branch of their art. The former, who had to deal with a people of much more politeness, learning, and wit, laid the greatest weight of his oratory upon the strength of his arguments offered to their understanding and reason; whereas Tully considered the dispositions of a sincere, more ignorant, and less mercurial nation, by dwelling almost entirely on the pathetic part.

But the principal thing to be remembered, is, that the constant design of both these orators in all their speeches was, to drive some one particular point, either the condemnation or acquittal of an accused person, a persuasive to war, the enforcing of a law, and the like: which was determined upon the spot, according as the orators on either side prevailed. And here it was often found of absolute necessity, to inflame or cool the passions of the audience: especially at Rome, where Tully spoke, and with whose writings young divines, (I mean those among them who read old authors) are more conversant than with those of Demosthenes, who by many degrees excelled the other, at least as an orator. But I do not see how this talent of moving the passions can be of any great use, towards directing Christian men in the conduct of their lives, at least in these northern climates *, where I am confident the strongest eloquence of that kind will leave few impressions upon any of our spirits, deep enough to

* This dissuasive against an attempt to move the passions, is not intended to censure those discourses, by which hope and fear are excited by an exhibition of their proper objects in proper language; but that, cant only, by which hypocrites affect to be melted into tears.

last till the next morning, or rather to the next meal.

But what hath chiefly put me out of conceit with this moving manner of preaching, is the frequent disappointment it meets with. I know a gentleman who made it a rule in reading, to skip over all sentences where he spied a note of admiration at the end. I believe those preachers who abound in *epiphonemas* *, if they look about them, would find one part of the congregation out of countenance, and the other asleep, except perhaps an old female beggar or two in the isles, who (if they be sincere) may probably groan at the sound.

Nor is it a wonder that this expedient should so often miscarry, which requires so much art and genius to arrive at any perfection in it; as every man will find, much sooner than learn, by consulting Cicero himself.

I therefore intreat you to make use of this faculty (if you be ever so unfortunate as to think you have it) as seldom, and with as much caution as you can; else I may probably have occasion to say of you, as a great person said of another upon this very subject. A lady asked him, coming out of church, whether it were not a very moving discourse? "Yes," said he, "I was extremely sorry, for the man is my friend."

If, in company, you offer something for a jest, and no body seconds you in your own laughter, or seems to relish what you said, you may condemn their taste, if you please, and appeal to better judgments; but, in the mean time, it must be agreed, you make a very indifferent figure; and it is at least equally ridiculous, to be disappointed in endeavouring to make other folks grieve, as to make them laugh.

A plain convincing reason may possibly operate

* *Epiphonema* signifies a sententious kind of exclamation.

upon the mind, both of a learned and ignorant hearer, as long as they live, and will edify a thousand times more than the art of wetting the handkerchiefs of a whole congregation, if you were sure to attain it.

If your arguments be strong, in God's name offer them in as moving a manner as the nature of the subject will properly admit, wherein reason and good advice will be your safest guides: but beware of letting the pathetic part swallow up the rational; for I suppose philosophers have long agreed, that passion should never prevail over reason.

As I take it, the two principal branches of preaching are, first, to tell the people what is their duty, and then to convince them that it is so. The topics for both these, we know, are brought from scripture and reason. Upon the former, I wish it were often practised, to instruct the hearers in the limits, extent, and compass of every duty, which requires a good deal of skill and judgement: the other branch is, I think, not so difficult. But what I would offer upon both is this, that it seems to be in the power of a reasonable clergyman, if he will be at the pains, to make the most ignorant man comprehend what is his duty, and to convince him by arguments drawn to the level of his understanding, that he ought to perform it.

But I must remember, that my design in this paper was, not so much to instruct you in your business, either as a clergyman or a preacher, as to warn you against some mistakes, which are obvious to the generality of mankind, as well as to me; and we who are hearers, may be allowed to have some opportunities in the quality of being standers-by. Only, perhaps, I may now again transgress, by desiring you to express the heads of your divisions in as few and clear words as you possibly can; otherwise I, and many thousand others, will never be

be able to retain them, nor consequently to carry away a syllable of the sermon.

I shall now mention a particular, wherein your whole body will be certainly against me, and the laity, almost to a man, on my side. However it came about, I cannot get over the prejudice of taking some little offence at the clergy, for perpetually reading their sermons; perhaps my frequent hearing of foreigners, who never make use of notes, may have added to my disgust. And I cannot but think, that whatever is read, differs as much from what is repeated without book, as a copy does from an original. At the same time, I am highly sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this method; and that, in such a case, your sermons would be much less valuable than they are, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter. I knew a clergyman of some distinction, who appeared to deliver his sermon without looking into his notes; which when I complimented him upon, he assured me, he could not repeat six lines; but his method was, to write the whole sermon in a large plain hand, with all the forms of margin, paragraph, marked page, and the like; then on Sunday morning he took care to run it over five or six times, which he could do in an hour; and when he delivered it, by pretending to turn his face from one side to the other, he would (in his own expression) pick up the lines, and cheat his people by making them believe he had it all by heart. He farther added, that whenever he happened by neglect to omit any of these circumstances, the vogue of the parish was, "Our Doctor gave us but an indifferent sermon to-day." Now, among us, many clergymen act so directly contrary to this method, that, from a habit of saving time and paper, which they acquired at the university, they write in so diminutive

minutive a manner, with such frequent blots and interlineations, that they are hardly able to go on without perpetual hesitations, or extemporary expletives: and I desire to know, what can be more inexcusable, than to see a divine and a scholar at a loss in reading his own compositions, which it is supposed he has been preparing with much pains and thought, for the instruction of his people? The want of a little more care in this article, is the cause of much ungraceful behaviour. You will observe some clergymen, with their heads held down from the beginning to the end, within an inch of the cushion, to read what is hardly legible; which, besides the untoward manner, hinders them from making the best advantage of their voice: others again have a trick of popping up and down every moment from their paper to the audience, like an idle schoolboy on a repetition-day.

Let me intreat you, therefore, to add one half-crown a-year to the article of paper; to transcribe your sermons in as large and plain a manner as you can; and either make no interlineations, or change the whole leaf; for we, your hearers, would rather you should be less correct, than perpetually stammering, which I take to be one of the worst solecisms in rhetoric. And, lastly, read your sermon once or twice a-day, for a few days before you preach it. To which you will probably answer some years hence, "that it was but just finished," "when the last bell rang to church;" and I shall readily believe, but not excuse you.

I cannot forbear warning you, in the most earnest manner, against endeavouring at wit in your sermons; because, by the strictest computation, it is very near a million to one that you have none; and because too many of your calling have consequently made themselves everlastingly ridiculous by attempting it. I remember several young men in this town, who could never leave the pulpit under
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half a dozen conceits; and this faculty adhered to those gentlemen a longer or shorter time, exactly in proportion to their several degrees of dulness: accordingly, I am told that some of them retain it to this day. I heartily wish the brood were at an end.

Before you enter into the common unsufferable cant of taking all occasions to disparage the Heathen philosophers, I hope you will differ from some of your brethren, by first inquiring what those philosophers can say for themselves. The system of morality to be gathered out of the writings or sayings of those ancient sages, falls undoubtedly very short of that delivered in the gospel; and wants, besides, the divine sanction which our Saviour gave to his. Whatever is further related by the evangelists, contains chiefly matters of fact, and consequently of faith; such as, the birth of Christ, his being the Messiah, his miracles, his death, resurrection, and ascension; none of which can properly come under the appellation of human wisdom, being intended only to make us wise unto salvation. And therefore, in this point, nothing can be justly laid to the charge of the philosophers, further than that they were ignorant of certain facts which happened long after their death. But I am deceived, if a better comment could be any where collected upon the moral part of the gospel, than from the writings of those excellent men; even that divine precept of loving our enemies, is at large insisted on by Plato, who puts it, as I remember, into the mouth of Socrates. And as to the reproach of Heathenism, I doubt they had less of it than the corrupted Jews, in whose time they lived. For it is a gross piece of ignorance among us, to conceive that, in those polite and learned ages, even persons of any tolerable education, much less the wisest philosophers, did acknowledge or worship any more than one almighty power, u -
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der several denominations, to whom they allowed all those attributes we ascribe to the Divinity: and, as I take it, human comprehension reacheth no further. Neither did our Saviour think it necessary to explain to us the nature of God; because, as I suppose, it would be impossible, without bestowing on us other faculties than we possess at present. But the true misery of the Heathen world appears to be, what I before mentioned, the want of a divine sanction, without which the dictates of the philosophers failed in the point of authority; and consequently the bulk of mankind lay indeed under a great load of ignorance, even in the article of morality; but the philosophers themselves did not. Take the matter in this light, and it will afford field enough for a divine to enlarge on, by shewing the advantages which the Christian world hath over the Heathen, and the absolute necessity of divine revelation, to make the knowledge of the true God, and the practice of virtue, more universal in the world.

I am not ignorant how much I differ in this opinion from some ancient fathers in the church, who arguing against the Heathens, made it a principal topic to decry their philosophy as much as they could; which I hope is not altogether our present case. Besides, it is to be considered, that those fathers lived in the decline of literature; and in my judgement (who should be unwilling to give the least offence) appear to be rather most excellent holy persons, than of transcendent genius and learning. Their genuine writings (for many of them have extremely suffered by spurious additions) are of admirable use for confirming the truth of ancient doctrines and discipline, by shewing the state and practice of the primitive church. But among such of them as have fallen in my way, I do not remember any, whose manner of arguing or ex-
rting I could heartily recommend to the imita-

tion of a young divine, when he is to speak from the pulpit. Perhaps I judge too hastily; there being several of them in whose writings I have made very little progress, and in others none at all. For I pursued only such as were recommended to me, at a time when I had more leisure, and a better disposition to read, than have since fallen to my share.

To return then to the Heathen philosophers: I hope you will not only give them quarter, but make their works a considerable part of your study. To these I will venture to add the principal orators and historians, and perhaps a few of the poets; by the reading of which, you will soon discover your mind and thoughts to be enlarged, your imagination extended and refined, your judgement directed, your admiration lessened, and your fortitude increased; all which advantages must needs be of excellent use to a divine, whose duty it is to preach and practise the contempt of human things.

I would say something concerning quotations; wherein I think you cannot be too sparing, except from scripture, and the primitive writers of the church. As to the former, when you offer a text as a proof or an illustration, we your hearers expect to be fairly used, and sometimes think we have reason to complain, especially of you younger divines; which make us fear, that some of you conceive you have no more to do than to turn over a concordance, and there having found the principal word, introduce as much of the verse as will serve your turn, though in reality it makes nothing for you. I do not altogether disapprove the manner of interweaving texts of scripture through the style of your sermon; wherein, however, I have sometimes observed great instances of indiscretion and impropriety; against which I therefore venture to give you a caution.

As to quotations from ancient fathers, I think they are best brought in to confirm some opinion controverted by those who differ from us. In other cases, we give you full power to adopt the sentence for your own, rather than tell us, "as St. Austin excellently observes." But to mention modern writers by name, or to use the phrase of "a late excellent prelate of our church," and the like, is altogether intolerable, and, for what reason I know not, makes every rational hearer ashamed. Of no better a stamp is your Heathen philosopher, and famous poet, and Roman historian, at least in common congregations; who will rather believe you on your own word, than on that of Plato or Homer.

I have lived to see Greek and Latin almost entirely driven out of the pulpit; for which I am heartily glad. The frequent use of the latter was certainly a remnant of Popery, which never admitted scripture in the vulgar language; and I wonder that practice was never accordingly objected to us by the Fanatics.

The mention of quotations puts me in mind of common-place books, which have been long in use by industrious young divines; and, I hear, do still continue so. I know they are very beneficial to lawyers and physicians, because they are collections of facts or cases, whereupon a great part of their several faculties depend: of these I have seen several, but never yet any written by a clergyman. Only, from what I am informed, they generally are extracts of theological and moral sentences, drawn from ecclesiastical and other authors, reduced under proper heads, usually begun, and perhaps finished, when the collectors were young in the church, as being intended for materials, or nurseries to stock future sermons. You will observe the wise editors of ancient authors, when they meet a sentence worthy of being distinguished, take special care

care to have the first word printed in capital letters, that you may not overlook it: such, for example, as “ the inconstancy of fortune, the goodness of peace, the excellence of wisdom, the certainty of death; that prosperity makes men insolent, and adversity humble;” and the like eternal truths, which every ploughman knows well enough, though he never heard of Aristotle or Plato. If theological common-place books be no better filled, I think they had better be laid aside; and I could wish that men of tolerable intellectuals would rather trust their own natural reason, improved by a general conversation with books, than to enlarge on a point which they are supposed already to understand. If a rational man reads an excellent author with just application, he shall find himself extremely improved, and perhaps insensibly led to imitate that author’s perfections, although in a little time he should not remember one word in the book, nor even the subject it handled: for books give the same turn to our thoughts and way of reasoning, that good and ill company does to our behaviour and conversation; without either loading our memories, or making us even sensible of the change. And particularly I have observed in preaching, that no men succeed better than those who trust entirely to the stock or fund of their own reason, advanced indeed, but not overlaid by commerce with books. Whoever only reads in order to transcribe wise and shining remarks, without entering into the genius and spirit of the author, as it is probable he will make no very judicious extract, so he will be apt to trust to that collection in all his compositions, and be misled out of the regular way of thinking, in order to introduce those materials which he has been at the pains to gather: and the product of all this will be found a manifest incoherent piece of patch-work.

Some gentlemen, abounding in their university erudition, are apt to fill their sermons with philosophical terms, and notions of the metaphysical or abstracted kind ; which generally have one advantage, to be equally understood by the wise, the vulgar, and the preacher himself. I have been better entertained, and more informed, by a few pages in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, than by a long discourse upon the will and the intellect, and simple or complex ideas. Others again are fond of dilating on matter or motion, talk of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms, of theories, and phænomena ; directly against the advice of St. Paul, who yet appears to have been conversant enough in those kind of studies.

I do not find that you are any where directed in the canons or articles, to attempt explaining the mysteries of the Christian religion, And indeed, since Providence intended there should be mysteries, I do not see how it can be agreeable to piety, orthodoxy, or good sense, to go about such a work. For, to me, there seems to be a manifest dilemma in the case : If you explain them, they are mysteries no longer ; if you fail, you have laboured to no purpose. What I should think most reasonable and safe for you to do upon this occasion, is, upon solemn days to deliver the doctrine, as the church holds it, and confirm it by scripture. For my part, having considered the matter impartially, I can see no great reason which those gentlemen you call the *Free-thinkers*, can have for their clamour against religious mysteries ; since it is plain they were not invented by the clergy, to whom they bring no profit, nor acquire any honour ; for every clergyman is ready, either to tell us the utmost he knows, or to confess that he does not understand them : neither is it strange, that there should be mysteries in divinity, as well as in the commonest operations of nature.

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And here I am at a loss what to say upon the frequent custom of preaching against Atheism, Deism, Freethinking, and the like, as young divines are particularly fond of doing, especially when they exercise their talent in churches frequented by persons of quality; which, as it is but an ill compliment to the audience, so I am under some doubt whether it answers the end.

Because persons under those imputations are generally no great frequenters of churches, and so the congregation is but little edified for the sake of three or four souls, who are past grace: neither do I think it any part of prudence, to perplex the minds of well-disposed people with doubts which probably would never have otherwise come into their heads. But I am of opinion, and dare be positive in it, that not one in a hundred of those who pretend to be Freethinkers, are really so in their hearts. For there is one observation which I never knew to fail, and I desire you will examine it in the course of your life, That no gentleman of a liberal education, and regular in his morals, did ever profess himself a Freethinker. Where then are these kind of people to be found? Among the worst part of the soldiery, made up of pages, younger brothers of obscure families, and others of desperate fortunes; or else among idle town-fops, and now and then a drunken 'squire of the country. Therefore nothing can be plainer, than that ignorance and vice are two ingredients absolutely necessary in the composition of those you generally call Freethinkers, who, in propriety of speech, are no thinkers at all. And since I am in the way of it, pray consider one thing farther. As young as you are, you cannot but have already observed, what a violent run there is among too many weak people against university education: be firmly assured, that the whole cry is made up by those who were either never sent to a college, or, through their irregulari-

ties and stupidity, never made the least improvement while they were there. I have above forty of the latter sort now in my eye; several of them in this town, whose learning, manners, temperance, probity, good nature, and politics, are all of a piece: others of them, in the country, oppressing their tenants, tyrannising over the neighbourhood, cheating the vicar, talking nonsense, and getting drunk at the sessions. It is from such seminaries as these, that the world is provided with the several tribes and denominations of Freethinkers; who, in my judgment, are not to be reformed by arguments offered to prove the truth of the Christian religion, because reasoning will never make a man correct an ill opinion, which by reasoning he never acquired; for, in the course of things, men always grow vicious, before they become unbelievers. But if you could once convince the town or country profligate, by topics drawn from the view of their own quiet, reputation, health, and advantage, their infidelity would soon drop off. This, I confess, is no easy task; because it is, almost in a literal sense, to fight with beasts. Now, to make it clear, that we are to look for no other original of this infidelity, whereof divines so much complain, it is allowed on all hands, that the people of England are more corrupt in their morals, than any other nation at this day under the sun: and this corruption is manifestly owing to other causes, both numerous and obvious, much more than to the publication of irreligious books, which indeed are but the consequence of the former; for all the writers against Christianity, since the revolution, have been of the lowest rank among men in regard to literature, wit, and good sense, and upon that account wholly unqualified to propogate heresies, unless among a people already abandoned.

In an age, where every thing disliked by those who think with the majority is called disaffection,

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it may perhaps be ill interpreted, when I venture to tell you, that this universal depravation of manners is owing to the perpetual bandying of factions among us for thirty years past; when, without weighing the motives of justice, law, conscience, or honour, every man adjusts his principles to those of the party he hath chosen, and among whom he may best find his own account: but, by reason of our frequent vicissitudes, men who were impatient of being out of play, have been forced to recant, or at least to reconcile their former tenets with every new system of administration. Add to this, that the old fundamental custom of annual parliaments being wholly laid aside, and elections growing chargeable, since gentlemen found that their country-seats brought them in less than a seat in the house, the voters, that is to say, the bulk of the common people, have been universally seduced into bribery, perjury, drunkenness, malice, and slander.

Not to be farther tedious, or rather invidious, these are a few, among other causes, which have contributed to the ruin of our morals, and consequently to the contempt of religion: for imagine to yourself, if you please, a landed youth, whom his mother would never suffer to look into a book, for fear of spoiling his eyes, got into parliament, and observing all enemies to the clergy heard with the utmost applause, what notions he must imbibe, how readily he will join in the cry, what an esteem he will conceive of himself, and what a contempt he must entertain, not only for his vicar at home, but for the whole order.

I therefore again conclude, that the trade of infidelity hath been taken up only for an expedient to keep in countenance that universal corruption of morals, which many other causes first contributed to introduce and to cultivate. And thus Mr. Hobbes's saying upon reason may be much more

more properly applied to religion, That "if religion will be against a man, a man will be against religion." Though, after all, I have heard a profligate offer much stronger arguments against paying his debts, than ever he was known to do against Christianity. Indeed the reason was, because in that juncture he happened to be closer pressed by the bailiff than the parson.

Ignorance may perhaps be the mother of superstition; but experience hath not proved it to be so of devotion; for Christianity always made the most easy and quickest progress in civilized countries. I mention this, because it is affirmed, that the clergy are in most credit where ignorance prevails, (and surely this kingdom would be called the paradise of clergymen, if that opinion were true); for which they instance England in the times of Popery. But whoever knoweth any thing of three or four centuries before the reformation, will find the little learning then stirring was more equally divided between the English clergy and laity, than it is at present. There were several famous lawyers in that period, whose writings are still in the highest repute; and some historians and poets, who were not of the church. Whereas now-a-days our education is so corrupted, that you will hardly find a young person of quality with the least tincture of knowledge, at the same time that many of the clergy were never more learned, or so scurvily treated. Here among us, at least, a man of letters, out of the three professions, is almost a prodigy. And those few who have preserved any rudiments of learning, are (except perhaps one or two smatterers) the clergy's friends to a man: and I dare appeal to any clergyman in this kingdom, whether the greatest dunce in his parish be not always the most proud, wicked, fraudulent, and intractable, of his flock.

I think

I think the clergy have almost given over perplexing themselves and their hearers with obtruse points of predestination, election, and the like ; at least, it is time they should ; and therefore I shall not trouble you further upon this head.

I have now said all I could think convenient with relation to your conduct in the pulpit. Your behaviour in the world is another scene, upon which I shall readily offer you my thoughts, if you appear to desire them from me, by your approbation of what I have here written ; if not, I have already troubled you too much.

I am, SIR,

Your affectionate

friend and servant.



AN ESSAY on the FATES of CLERGY- MEN *.

THere is no talent so useful towards rising in the world, or which puts men more out of the reach of fortune, than that quality generally possessed by the dullest sort of men, and in common speech called discretion: a species of lower prudence, by the assistance of which people of the meanest intellectuals, without any other qualification, pass through the world in great tranquillity, and with universal good treatment, neither giving nor taking offence. Courts are seldom unprovided of persons under this character; on whom, if they happen to be of great quality, most employments, even the greatest, naturally fall, when competitors will not agree; and in such promotions nobody rejoices or grieves. The truth of this I could prove by several instances within my own memory; for I say nothing of present times.

And indeed, as regularity and forms are of great use in carrying on the business of the world, so it is very convenient, that persons endued with this kind of discretion should have that share which is proper to their talents, in the conduct of affairs, but by no means meddle in matters which require "genius, learning, strong comprehension, quickness of conception, magnanimity, generosity, sagacity," or any other superior gift of human minds; because this sort of discretion is usually attended with a strong desire of money, and few

* This essay was printed in the *Intelligencer*, No 5. and No 7.

scruples about the way of obtaining it ; with servile flattery and submission ; with a want of all public spirit or principle ; with a perpetual wrong judgement, when the owners come into power and high place, how to dispose of favour and preferments having no measure for merit and virtue in others, but those very steps by which themselves ascended ; nor the least intention of doing good or hurt to the public, farther than either one or t'other is likely to be subservient to their own security or interest. Thus, being void of all friendship and enmity, they never complain, or find fault with the times, and indeed never have reason to do so.

Men of eminent parts and abilities, as well as virtues, do sometimes rise in the court, sometimes in the law, and sometimes even in the church. Such were the Lord Bacon, the Earl of Strafford, Archbishop Laud, in the reign of King Charles I. and others in our own times, whom I shall not name : but these, and many more, under different princes, and in different kingdoms, were disgraced, or banished, or suffered death, merely in envy to their virtues and superior genius, which emboldened them, in great exigencies and distresses of state, (wanting a reasonable infusion of this aldermanly discretion), to attempt the service of their prince and country out of the common forms.

This evil fortune which generally attends extraordinary men in the management of great affairs, hath been imputed to divers causes, that need not be here set down, when so obvious an one occurs ; if what a certain writer observes be true, that “ when a great genius appears in the world, the “ dunces are all in confederacy against him.”

And if this be his fate, when he employs his talents wholly in his closet, without interfering with any man's ambition or avarice, what must he expect, when he ventures out to seek for preferment in a court, but universal opposition, when he is mounting

mounting the ladder, and every hand ready to turn him off when he is at the top? And in this point, fortune generally acts directly contrary to nature: for in nature we find, that bodies full of life and spirit mount easily, and are hard to fall; whereas heavy bodies are hard to rise, and come down with greater velocity, in proportion to their weight: but we find fortune every day acting just the reverse of this.

This talent of discretion, as I have described it in its several adjuncts and circumstances, is no where so serviceable as to the clergy; to whose preferment nothing is so fatal as the character of wit, politeness in reading or manners, or that kind of behaviour which we contract by having too much conversed with persons of high station and eminency; these qualifications being reckoned by the vulgar of all ranks to be marks of levity, which is the last crime the world will pardon in a clergyman: To this I may add a free manner of speaking in mixed company, and too frequent an appearance in places of much resort, which are equally noxious to spiritual promotion.

I have known indeed a few exceptions to some parts of these observations. I have seen some of the dullest men alive aiming at wit, and others, with as little pretensions, affecting politeness in manners and discourse; but never being able to persuade the world of their guilt, they grew into considerable stations, upon the firm assurance which all people had of their discretion, because they were a size too low to deceive the world to their own disadvantage. But this, I confess, is a trial, too dangerous often to engage in.

There is a known story of a clergyman, who was recommended for a preferment by some great man at court to an archbishop. His Grace * said, he

* Dr. Tenison, late Archbishop of Canterbury.

had heard that the clergymen used to play at whist and swobbers; that, as to playing now and then a sober game at whist for pastime, it might be pardoned; but he could not digest those wicked swobbers; and it was with some pains that my Lord Somers could undeceive them. I ask, by what talents we may suppose that great prelate ascended so high, or what sort of qualifications he would expect in those whom he took into his patronage, or would probably recommend to court for the government of distant churches?

Two clergymen, in my memory, stood candidates for a small free school in Yorkshire, where a gentleman of quality and interest in the country, who happened to have a better understanding than his neighbours, procured the place for him who was the better scholar, and more gentlemanly person of the two, very much to the regret of all the parish. The other being disappointed, came up to London, where he became the greatest pattern of this lower discretion that I have known and possessed it with as heavy intellectuals; which together with the coldness of his temper, and gravity of his deportment, carried him safely through many difficulties, and he lived and died in a great station; while his competitor is too obscure for fame to tell us what became of him.

This species of discretion, which I so much celebrate, and do most heartily recommend, hath one advantage not yet mentioned; it will carry a man safe through all the malice and variety of parties, so far, that whatever faction happens to be uppermost, his claim is usually allowed for a share of what is going. And the thing seems to me highly reasonable. For in all great changes, the prevailing side is usually so tempestuous, that it wants the ballast of those whom the world calls *moderate men*, and I call *men of discretion*; whom people in power may, with little ceremony, load as heavy as they please, drive

them through the hardest and deepest roads, without danger of foundering or breaking their backs, and will be sure to find them neither resty nor vicious.

I will here give the reader a short history of two clergymen in England, the characters of each, and the progress of their fortunes in the world; by which the force of worldly discretion, and the bad consequences from the want of that virtue, will strongly appear.

Corusodes, an Oxford student, and a farmer's son, was never absent from prayers or lecture, nor once out of his college after Tom had tolled, he spent every day ten hours in his closet, in reading his courses, dozing, clipping papers, or darning his stockings; which last he performed to admiration. He could be soberly drunk, at the expence of others, with college ale, and at those seasons was always most-devout. He wore the same gown five years, without dragging or tearing. He never once looked into a play-book or a poem. He read Virgil and Ramus in the same cadence, but with a very different taste. He never understood a jest, or had the least conception of wit.

For one saying he stands in renown to this day. Being with some other students over a pot of ale, one of the company said so many pleasant things, that the rest were much diverted, only Corusodes was silent and unmoved. When they parted, he called this merry companion aside, and said, "Sir, " I perceive by your often speaking. and your " friends laughing, that you spoke many jests; " and you could not but observe my silence: But, " Sir, this is my humour; I never make a jest " myself, nor ever laugh at another man's."

Corusodes, thus endued, got into holy orders; having, by the most extreme parsimony, saved thirty-four pounds out of a very beggarly fellowship; went up to London, where his sister was waiting-

waiting-woman to a lady; and so good a solicitor, that, by her means, he was admitted to read prayers in the family twice a-day, at ten shillings a-month. He had now acquired a low, obsequious, awkward bow, and a talent of gross flattery, both in and out of season; he would shake the butler by the hand; he taught the page his catechism; and was sometimes admitted to dine at the steward's table. In short he got the good word of the whole family, and was recommended by my Lady for chaplain to some other noble houses, by which his revenue (besides vails) amounted to about thirty pounds a year. His sister procured him a scarf from my Lord, who had a small design of gallantry upon her; and, by his Lordship's solicitation, he got a lectureship in town of sixty pounds a-year; where he preached constantly in person, in a grave manner, with an audible voice, a style ecclesiastic, and the matter (such as it was) well suited to the intellectuals of his hearers. Some time after a country living fell in my Lord's disposal; and his Lordship, who had now some encouragement given him of success in his amour, bestowed the living on Cornsodes) who still kept his lectureship and residence in town; where he was a constant attendant at all meetings relating to charity, without ever contributing further than his frequent pious exhortations. If any woman of better fashion in the parish happened to be absent from church, they were sure of a visit from him in a day or two, to chide and dine with them.

He had a select number of poor, constantly attending at the street-door of his lodgings, for whom he was a common solicitor to his former patroness, dropping in his own half-crown among the collections, and taking it out when he disposed of the money. At a person of quality's house, he would never sit down, till he was thrice bid, and then upon the corner of the most distant chair. His

whole demeanor was formal and starched ; which adhered so close, that he could never shake it off in his highest promotion.

His Lord was now in high employment at court, and attended by him with the most abject assiduity ; and his sister being gone off with child to a private lodging, my Lord continued his graces to Corusodes, got him to be a chaplain in ordinary, and in due time a parish in town, and a *dignity in the church*.

He paid his curates punctually, at the lowest salary, and partly out of the communion-money ; but gave them good advice in abundance. He married a citizen's widow, who taught him to put out small sums at *ten per cent.* and brought him acquainted with jobbers in Change-alley. By her dexterity he sold the clerkship of his parish, when it became vacant.

He kept a miserable house : but the blame was laid wholly upon Madam ; for the good Doctor was always at his books, or visiting the sick, or doing other offices of charity and piety in his parish.

He treated all his inferiors of the clergy with a most sanctified pride ; was rigorously and universally censorious upon all his brethren of the gown, on their first appearance in the world, or while they continued meanly preferred : but give large allowance to the laity of high rank or great riches, using neither eyes nor ears for their faults. He was never sensible of the least corruption in courts, parliaments, or ministries, but made the most favourable constructions of all public proceedings ; and power, in whatever hands, or whatever party, was always secure of his most charitable opinion. He had many wholesome maxims, ready to excuse all miscarriages of state : *Men are but men ; Erunt vitia donec homines ;* and, *Quod supra nos, nil ad nos ;* with several others of equal weight.

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It would lengthen my paper beyond measure, to trace out the whole system of his conduct; his dreadful apprehensions of Popery; his great moderation towards dissenters of all denominations; with hearty wishes, that, by yielding somewhat on both sides, there might be a general union among Protestants; his short, inoffensive sermons, in his turns at court, and the matter exactly suited to the present conjecture of prevailing opinions; the arts he used to obtain a mitre, by writing against Episcopacy; and the proofs he gave of his loyalty, by palliating or defending the murder of a martyred prince.

Endued with all these accomplishments, we leave him in the full career of success, mounting fast towards the top of the ladder ecclesiastical, which he had a fair probability to reach; without the merit of one single virtue; moderately stocked with the least valuable parts of erudition; utterly devoid of all taste, judgement, or genius; and in his grandeur, naturally chusing to hawl up others after him, whose accomplishments most resemble his own; except his beloved sons, nephews, or other kindred, be in competition; or, lastly, except his inclinations be diverted by those who have power to mortify or farther advance him.

Eugenio set out from the same university, and about the same time with Corusodes. He had the reputation of an arch lad at school, and was unfortunately possessed with a talent for poetry; on which account he received many chiding letters from his father, and grave advice from his tutor. He did not neglect his college-learning; but his chief study was the authors of antiquity, with a perfect knowledge in the Greek and Roman tongues. He could never procure himself to be chosen fellow; for it was objected against him, that he had written verses, and particularly some, wherein he glanced at a certain reverend Doctor, famous for dullness; that

he had been seen bowing to ladies, as he met them in the streets; and it was proved, that once he had been found dancing, in a private family, with half a dozen of both sexes.

He was the younger son to a gentleman of a good birth, but small estate; and his father dying, he was driven to London to seek his fortune. He got into orders, and became reader in a parish-church at twenty pounds a-year, was carried by an Oxford friend to Will's coffee-house, frequented in those days by men of wit, where in some time he had the bad luck to be distinguished. His scanty salary compelled him to run deep in debt for a new gown and cassock, and now and then forced him to write some paper of wit or humour, or preach a sermon for ten shillings, to supply his necessities. He was a thousand times recommended by his poetical friends to great persons, as a young man of excellent parts, who deserved encouragement, and received a thousand promises; but his modesty, and generous spirit, which disdained the slavery of continual application and attendance, always disappointed him; making room for vigilant dunces, who were sure to be never out of sight.

He had an excellent faculty in preaching, if he were not sometimes a little too refined, and apt to trust too much to his own way of thinking and reasoning.

When, upon the vacancy of preferment, he was hardly drawn to attend upon some promising lord, he received the usual answer, that he came to late; for it had been given to another the very day before. And he had only this comfort left, that every body said, it was a thousand pities something could not be done for poor Mr. Eugenio.

The remainder of his story will be dispatched in a few words. Wearied with weak hopes, and weaker pursuits, he accepted a curacy in Derbyshire, of thirty pounds a-year; and when he was five and forty,
he

he had the great felicity to be preferred by a friend of his fathers to a vicarage worth annually sixty pounds, in the most desert parts of Lincolnshire; where his spirit quite sunk with those reflections that solitude and disappointments bring, he married a farmer's widow, and is still alive, utterly undistinguished and forgotten; only some of the neighbours have accidentally heard, "that he had been a notable man in his youth."

END OF VOL. VIII.

STATES OF CONNECTICUT

IN SENATE,
JANUARY 10, 1869.
REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE
LAND OFFICE,
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION
PASSED BY THE SENATE,
MAY 1, 1868.
HARTFORD:
PUBLISHED BY
J. B. ROBERTS,
1869.

10 NO 69

10 NO 69

